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GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

SELECTED WRITINGS

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*First published in the year of Victory 1945*

**O**ne man soweth and another reapeth . . .'  
Paul

THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN  
COMPLETE CONFORMITY WITH  
THE AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS

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*Giuseppe Mazzini*



# GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

## SELECTED WRITINGS

*Edited  
and arranged with an Introduction*

*by*

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*Dedicated*  
*to*  
GIOVANE ITALIA  
*and*  
YOUNG INDIA

*Every true revolution is a programme ; and derived from a new, general, positive, and organic principle. The first thing necessary is to accept that principle. Its development must then be confided to men who are believers in it, and emancipated from every tie or connection with any principle of an opposite nature.'*

MAZZINI

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## INTRODUCTION

### I

**T**he awakening of Italy in the nineteenth century dates from two great events, the French Revolution and the invasion by Napoleon. Till then Italy was, as a historian put it, 'like a comedy of Goldoni, dukes enjoying taxes and mistresses, priests accepting oblations and snuff, nobles sipping chocolate and pocketing rent, while the poor peasants, kept behind the scenes, sweated and toiled for a bare subsistence.' Various currents now burst upon the Italian life and shook the foundations of mediaevalism and autocracy.

Although the influence of the French Revolution was confined to a small minority of thinkers, there were few outward indications of antagonism against the absolutist régime. Alarmed at the spread of revolutionary ideas, the Italian princes sought to reinforce their absolute power by encouraging the reformists and progressive activities of their governments. But it was not long before such activities were checked and a reaction set in. The ideals of liberty and progress, however, found expression in literature. Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803) was the poet of the new age. He embodied his ideas of Italy's destiny in classic tragedies and reminded the youth of their country's virility in the past when she was 'twice mother of the European nations.' The influence of this literary genius was so great in inspiring noble and patriotic emotion that De Sanctis wrote as late as 1855 that 'every time Italy renews her strength and a new renaissance dawns in her modern history she returns with great enthusiasm to Alfieri.'

The nineteenth century in Italy opened with the invasion of Napoleon. We need not recount here the details of his conquests and of his despotic career in Italy; but he found the Italian states in such a condition that he could arrange the whole peninsula 'as a house-keeper shifts the furniture in an unsatisfactory room.' He detached Nice and Savoy from Piedmont, Lombardy from Austria, and grouped together the less important states south of the Po into a republic. In Rome he seized upon the temporal power of the Pope and set up a Roman Republic. He then converted Genoa into the Republic of Liguria. Under his domination, the Great Venetian Council had to resign and the Republic of St. Mark, after an existence of a thousand years, came to an end.

In 1805, having become Emperor of France, Napoleon transformed,



as by analogy, the northern part of the peninsula into the Kingdom of Italy. In Milan he crowned himself in the Duomo with the iron crown, saying: 'God has given it to me and woe to him who touches it.' In the following year he proceeded to put an end to the Holy Roman Empire, and forced the Emperor, Francis II, to resign the Imperial crown. But Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign gave a mortal blow to his régime in Italy. With its fall, the Italian states proceeded to work for the restoration of the old order.

In Piedmont Victor Emmanuel I set about putting back everything to the position in which it was before the Napoleonic era, as though nothing had happened in the meantime. The Code Napoleon was abolished, the feudal privileges were restored to the old dispossessed nobles and the old system of law and penal procedure were re-established. He annexed Genoa to his state. But in the Papal States the reaction was complete. There the inquisition was restored, the position of the Jesuits was firmly re-established and laymen were excluded from the government.

Through its complete domination in Lombardy and Venetia, the Austrian Government was able to make its will supreme in Italy. In close alliance with Austria it was agreed that the Italian sovereigns should admit no changes in their administration that were not consistent with the tradition of the old monarchical institutions. The consequences of a foreign government holding a tight rein were that it impeded all forms of national activity and prevented the diffusion of the ideals of national independence and unity nourished in the heart of a minority of elect Italian spirits. Thus conditions in Italy were such that any political activity in the interest of the nationalist cause had to be conducted in secrecy. The partisans of Italian independence organized the *Carbonaria* which became one of the foremost among the secret societies so widely diffused in the peninsula. The *Carbonaria* took its name symbolically from *carbone*, coal, which is black, but on being kindled burns with a bright flame. Its rites, rituals, symbols, oaths and general organizational structure bore resemblance to those of freemasonry. Its members regarded Christ as being the first victim of tyranny and pledged themselves to offer a resolute opposition to foreign oppression and despotism.

The first insurrection broke out in Naples in 1820 and was organized by the Army which was largely penetrated by the *Carbonaria*. Byron, who enrolled in the organization, wrote in his diary that he met a

company of the sect, singing with all their might '*Sem tutti soldat per la libertà*' (we are all soldiers for liberty). The insurrection was a repercussion of the triumphant Spanish revolution of that year. A detachment of cavalry under two young officers marched upon Avelino and demanded a constitution based upon the principles of popular representation, individual liberty and liberty of the Press, and trials according to law. In a few days the revolutionary tumults spread throughout the Kingdom of Naples and the King, seeing that the army was completely won over by the insurgents, granted a constitution and swore allegiance to it.

But the powers of the Holy Alliance—the Emperors of Austria, Prussia and Russia—decided to intervene and invited the King of Naples to attend a conference. There the King was persuaded to withdraw the constitution and Austria undertook the task of restoring despotism in Naples. Within a short time the constitution, parliament, free press and all the other democratic institutions promised by the King were brushed away, and Ferdinand now assumed the rôle of a despot, subjecting to severe repression all those who still declared their fidelity to the cause of the Neapolitan revolution.

Meanwhile the *Carbonaria* had been busy in Piedmont. Here the demand was to wage war against Austria and to set up a constitutional régime under the House of Savoy. The leaders of the movement included the intelligentsia and a few representatives of Italian nobility. Although the insurrection was suppressed by an Austrian army, it proved that the ideals of liberty and independence had become enshrined in the spirit of the new generation. What patriots suffered for love of their country may be read in *Le Mie Prigioni* (My Prisons) by Silvio Pellico. One of the great Italian poets, Ugo Foscolo refused to take the oath of allegiance to the despotic government and fled to England, giving, as he said, 'to New Italy a new institution, Exile.' A host of men of letters, liberal politicians and patriotic citizens left their beloved country but they made all Europe aware of the birth of the *Risorgimento*. In the foreground of that event was romantic literature which revived classical and mediaeval memories, the pride of the Italian race and the sense of nationality, and which fostered the ideals of national independence and liberty.

Such were the main currents of thought in Italy during the early years of Mazzini, the great apostle of the *Risorgimento*.

## II

Giuseppe Mazzini (1805-1872) was born in Genoa on 22nd June, 1805, the year of Napoleon's coronation as King of Italy. His father was a distinguished citizen of Genoa, a doctor of some repute and professor of Anatomy at the university. He had been a member of the Government under the Ligurian Republic and took an active interest in the European movements of his time. It is most likely that Mazzini's republican ideas have their origin to an extent from what he heard within the four walls of his father's house.

When he was sixteen, the insurrection broke out in Piedmont. We have already mentioned that this attempt at the overthrow of the yoke of an autocratic rule was ruthlessly suppressed and many Italian patriots were brutally treated by the Austrians. A number of mutineers flocked into Genoa in the hope of embarking for Spain, and the young Mazzini happened to meet some of these Piedmontese refugees in the streets of the city. Mazzini recorded his impression in the following words: 'I see the people pass before my eyes in the livery of wretchedness and political subjection, ragged and hungry, painfully gathering the crumbs that wealth tosses insultingly to it, or lost and wandering in riot and the intoxication of a brutish, angry, savage joy; and I remember that those brutalized faces bear the finger-print of God, the mark of the same mission as our own. I lift myself to the vision of the future and behold the people rising in its majesty, brothers in one faith, one bond of equality and love, one ideal of citizen virtue that ever grows in beauty, ungoaded by wretchedness, awed by the consciousness of its rights and duties. And in the presence of that vision my heart beats with anguish for the present and glories for the future.' It was then he realized that his life was destined to be dedicated to the cause of the liberation of his motherland. 'The idea of an existing wrong in my own country,' he wrote forty years later, 'against which it was a duty to struggle, flashed before my mind on that day for the first time, never again to leave me.'

Mazzini's university career was a brilliant one, and in his twenty-first year he graduated as a Doctor-of-Law. In those days the ordinary procedure of justice in Italy was complicated and expensive. As a young lawyer Mazzini pleaded the causes of the poor *gratis* for a number of years and earned the reputation of being 'L'Avocatino,' an 'advocate of the poor.'

At the age of twenty-four, he became deeply interested in politics and was admitted into the Society of the *Carbonari*, which aimed at the overthrow of both royal and priestly absolutism. The Society worked, as already mentioned, for the revolutionary Rights of Man and initiated insurrections among the army and working classes. Mazzini was arrested on the charge of conspiracy and confined to the fortress of Savona for six months. The Governor of Genoa complained to Mazzini's father saying that Mazzini 'was a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks at night, and habitually silent as to the subject of his meditations, and that the Government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was unknown to it.' Although the court acquitted him, the authorities gave him the choice between internment in a small town or exile. Mazzini thought he would serve the cause of Italy best as an exile, and left his home in 1831.

In that year the Carbonari instigated a revolutionary rising in the hope of receiving substantial support from France. But the insurrection, conceived in haste and organized in confusion, failed to win the masses. From his exile, Mazzini watched the disastrous consequences of this ephemeral insurrection and realized the necessity of a new organization, composed of men who had the capacity to inspire 'those artisans of revolutionary movement, the people and the youth.' Confirmed in his faith in the youth, he addressed his countrymen as follows :

'Place the young at the head of the insurgent masses ; you do not know what strength is latent in those young bands, what magic influence the voice of the young have on the crowd ; you will find in them a host of apostles for the new religion. But youth lives on movement, grows great in enthusiasm and faith. Consecrate them with a lofty mission, inflame them with emulation and praise, spread through their ranks the word of fire, the word of inspiration ; speak to them of country, of glory, of power, of great memories.'

Mazzini himself took the initiative and established an Association, *La Giovana Italia*, in Marseilles with a few patriots recruited from the refugees who had escaped from Italy. He declared that this Association was no mere political party but it represented 'a creed and apostolate,' and that its aim was to formulate and preach 'the gospel of the new age, the gospel of humanity.' Upon the principles of political, social, economic and religious reforms, implicit in the

manifesto of 'Young Italy,' Mazzini drew up an elaborate but precise programme designed to establish Italian unity and republican form of government.

But he realized that the immediate task was to educate the people politically so that they themselves would be prepared to break through the chain of their servitude and feel inspired by a nobler faith in the future of Italy. Through the journal of Young Italy (*Giovane Italia*), smuggled into his country, Mazzini presented his ideas and ideals to the people and greatly influenced the current of thought of his era.

For the first time the idea of Italian unity, presented with messianic fervour, began to assume a resolute form in the minds of the people. The enterprise of organizing the work in Marseilles with a handful of young men was not only extremely difficult but hazardous on account of the surveillance of the French Government. 'We had no office, no helpers,' wrote Mazzini, looking back to those times of struggle. 'All day and a great part of the night, we were buried in our work, writing articles and letters, getting information from travellers, enlisting seamen, folding papers, fastening envelopes, dividing our time between literary and manual work. La Cecilia was compositor; Lamberti corrected the proofs; another of us made himself literally porter, to save expense of distributing the papers. We lived as equals and brothers; we had but one thought, one hope, one ideal to reverence. The foreign republicans loved and admired us for our tenacity and unflagging industry. We were often in real want, but we were light-hearted in a way, and smiling because we believed in the future.'

For two years the work continued with unabated energy and through the Journal of Young Italy (*Giovane Italia*) the message of Mazzini reached a wide circle of Italian patriots. The results surpassed even Mazzini's optimistic hopes. In order to differentiate the *Young Italy* movement from Carbonarism, Mazzini issued a manifesto declaring that his Association was not based on a theory of individualism and that its goal was to promote collective action. The watchword of the Association proclaimed: 'Revolutions must be made by the people and for the people. This is our Word; it sums up our whole doctrine.'

Meanwhile the French Government at the instigation of Piedmont decreed his banishment and confiscated his press. Mazzini refused to abandon his work and remained in Marseilles a 'voluntary prisoner' under the roof of one of his French sympathisers. He started a secret

press and employed French compositors to run it. The arrangement was fraught with grave risks but Mazzini went on until the news of the executions of many of his followers in Genoa reached him. He left France and came to Geneva in order to promote a new plan of insurrection in Italy.

The insurrection was however stillborn but the attempt made Mazzini's sojourn in Switzerland extremely difficult. For several months he fled from place to place and went through incalculable hardships. In the midst of his desolate solitude and great suffering, he formulated a philosophy of life, which sustained him throughout the trials and tribulations that followed his restless career. Faith born of titanic gloom made him strong in the sense of his mission. 'We have made,' he then wrote, 'the cause of the people our own; we have voluntarily taken on ourselves the sorrows of all a generation. We have snatched a spark from the Eternal God, and placed ourselves between Him and the people; we have taken on ourselves the part of the emancipator, and God has accepted us.'

He became greatly interested in the political development of Switzerland and eventually founded a 'Young Switzerland' Society with a view to disseminating the true concepts of a republican state and of federalism. The journal of the Society, *La Jeune Suisse*, which appeared twice a week in French and German, had about a year's existence and was suppressed by the Swiss Government. 'But,' as Bolton King truly observes, 'whatever may have been the immediate fruits of Mazzini's work, at all events his ideas triumphed. The Swiss Constitution of 1848 embodied their essentials, and it is worth noting that Druey, one of its two draughtsmen, was his personal friend.'<sup>1</sup>

During his sojourn in Switzerland, Mazzini conceived a plan for an alliance of the republicans found among the Italian, German and Polish exiles. 'Young Europe,' as the organization was designated, was to be a kind of 'College of Intellectuals' which would methodically survey the rise and development of popular movements of the continent. The Association of *Young Europe* declared: 'All privilege is a violation of equality. All arbitrary rule is a violation of liberty. Every act of egotism is a violation of fraternity.' Since no true international co-operation was possible save among free men and equals, *Young Europe* aimed at establishing the union of republican nationalities. Its propaganda mission was not particularly successful but it

<sup>1</sup> Bolton King: *Mazzini*, 1902

did succeed in bringing home to a large section of European youth that the basic interests of democracy were international and that they could be promoted only by association.

The European governments, especially the French, viewed the international aspect of Mazzini's activities with suspicion and brought such pressure to bear on the Swiss government that it had to decree his banishment. Neither Mazzini's political activities nor his literary studies could be continued in an atmosphere of suspicion and hostility. The privations of a life of hiding had become unbearable and Mazzini then decided to take refuge in London where he arrived early in 1837.

### III

In London he was a free man : no life of hiding, no irritation from constant police surveillance. But he was, to quote his own words 'lost in a vast crowd of strangers, in a country where poverty, especially in a foreigner, is a reason for distrust . . .' It was not long before he made some friends and found work in the literary field. The difficulties of earning a living by writing articles were, however, great. He could not yet write in English, and the expenses of translation absorbed a large part of the remuneration he received. About the contents of his articles one editor complained that they were 'too metaphysical, too mystical, too soaring above the heads of their readers,' and suggested that he should 'write things to amuse people, on Italian carnivals and masques, etc.' 'Why should I,' Mazzini writes to his mother, 'for the sake of a few sovereigns write silly articles to make strangers *laugh* at Italy while I *weep* for her?'

But Mazzini soon became a frequent contributor to several periodicals, and his literary output was considerable. Apart from suggestive essays and literary criticisms, he worked on Ugo Foscolo's unfinished notes on the *Divina Comedia* and directed his thoughts on ambitious literary enterprises.

Yet it was not easy for him to put aside political work. He decided to educate the Italian population in London—mostly working men, shopkeepers, organ-grinders, waiters, hawkers, etc.—in the ideals of a united, independent and republican Italy. He founded the Italian Working Men's Association and a weekly journal, the *Apostolato Popolare* which appeared at intervals till 1843. The evening school where Italian boys and girls came to learn 'the three R's and some

elementary science' flourished under the constant care of Mazzini and his coterie of close friends in London.

While laying stress on the necessity of working-class organization and social reform, Mazzini appealed to the Italian workmen in London to remember that social revolution should have a moral foundation, or it would not come about. Through the *Italian National Association*, which he founded in Paris, he presented his ideas to his exiled countrymen on a concrete basis. The object of the Association was 'to aid the free development of the national sentiment and to hasten the moment when the Italian people shall be able to give a solemn decision upon the political, social and economic conditions best suited to its wants.'

While from his exile, Mazzini continued with unabated energy to urge national and revolutionary Italy to overthrow 'the petty Piedmontese disguise,' he was well aware that certain fundamental changes should take place in the state of things that existed amongst nations if they desired to avoid the imminent explosion in Europe and its reactionary consequences.

In 1847, the year before the outbreak of war and revolution, he founded the *People's International League* in London and held its inaugural meeting at the Crown and Anchor Inn in the Strand. The aim of the League was not only to seek the right of nationalities but to promote a genuine understanding in dealing with all international questions.

In the midst of all these activities in London, Mazzini kept himself well-informed about affairs in the continent of Europe. In 1846, on the death of Gregory XVI, the conclave elected Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti di Sinigaglia to succeed him. The new Pontiff, Pius IX or *Pio Nono*, as he was popularly called, was benevolent and expressed sincere desire to introduce liberal reform in the constitution of the Papal government. He was even reputed to be hostile to Austrian domination, but two years later he denounced the war against Austria. However, the news of the great uprising throughout Italy infused fresh hopes in Mazzini, and he hurried to Italy although since 1833 he was under condemnation of death in every part of his country. Giuseppe Garibaldi who was also under a similar threat for having participated in activities of Young Italy joined Mazzini in Rome.

In Rome there was a serious conflict between the Pope and the liberals, which eventually led to a riot. The Pope fled from Rome in disguise and took refuge at Gaeta. A provisional government, having



conducted the administration of Rome for two months, appealed to universal suffrage to elect a Constituent Assembly of one hundred and fifty members. Mazzini was a member of the Triumvirate. On the 9th February, 1849, the Assembly issued a Proclamation declaring the establishment of the Republic, and stated that 'the Pope should be given all necessary guarantees in respect of the independence of his spiritual supremacy.' After the Battle of Novara, the Piedmontese monarchy decided to make an end of the Republic and negotiated with Louis Napoleon for armed assistance; and on the 25th April the French troops landed at Civitavecchia.

Volunteers, inspired by the leadership of Mazzini, had flocked to Rome from every part of Italy in defence of the Republic. An Italian Legion was commanded by Garibaldi who, after a memorable struggle, retreated with a party of volunteers and reached San Marino. Mazzini remained the life and soul of the defence but his forces were inadequate for the purpose of effective resistance and the siege ended with the overthrow of the Republic.

The collapse of the Roman Republic was however tragic and many of Mazzini's followers persuaded themselves to recognize the Monarchy as a logical necessity for Italian unity. But the tragedy of the Republic did not undermine Mazzini's faith in a Republican form of government worthy of Italy. In a manifesto to the citizens of Rome he appealed to them to remain loyal to one great ideal. 'Romans,' he wrote, 'your city has been overcome by brute force, but your rights are neither lessened nor changed. By all you hold sacred, citizens, keep yourselves incontaminate. Organize pacific demonstrations. Let your municipalities unceasingly declare with calm firmness that they voluntarily adhere to the Republican form of government and the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Pope; and that they regard as illegal whatever government be imposed without the free approval of the people. . . . In the streets, the theatres, in every place of meeting let the same cry be heard. . . . Thousands cannot be imprisoned. Men cannot be compelled to degrade themselves.

Your forefathers, Romans, were great not so much because they knew how to conquer as because they never despaired when overcome'.

Mazzini made violent protests against the triumph of brute force and of tyranny upon the Romans; but the situation was desperate. At last he was persuaded to leave Italy, and after a short stay both in Switzerland and France, he returned to London in 1850.

In England he found a congenial atmosphere for resuming his literary work. Here was the birthplace of liberal ideas ; here monarchy was not absolute but constitutional ; and here religious thoughts were comparatively emancipated from the trammels of dogma and theology. He had come to have a great regard for the English people and found among them many dear friends and earnest sympathisers in his ideas and ideals. It was the magnetism of his saintliness that attracted a wide circle of public men and women in Britain. ' Italy is my country,' he frequently said, ' but England is my real home, if I have any.'

During this period Mazzini threw himself earnestly into what might be called political propaganda. He felt that the best service he could render his country was to secure for her the moral support of British public opinion. He believed Britain's sympathy with the Italian struggle for republican liberty would give her a moral ascendancy in Europe. In 1851 he founded the *Society of the Friends of Italy* in the hope of rallying prominent English liberals to the cause of Italian liberty.

His activities in London were varied. ' In his small room,' writes Bolton King, ' every piece of furniture littered with books and papers, the air thick with smoke of cheap Swiss cigars, brightened only by his tame canaries and carefully-tended plants, he was generally writing at his desk till evening, always with more work in hand than with which he could cope, carrying on the usual mass of correspondence, writing articles for his Italian papers, raising public funds with infinite labour, stirring his English friends to help the cause, finding money and work for the poor refugees, or organizing concerts in their interests.'<sup>1</sup>

Despite his busy life, he found time to devote himself to the study of English literature and to take a keen interest in English political and economic trends of thought. But it was impossible for a man of Mazzini's temperament to remain satisfied with the kind of work he was doing in London. The test of faith is action and there should be no divorce between thought and action. His formula, ' thought and action,' represented an integral concept of man's struggle for freedom. ' Actions,' he said, ' are the books of the masses, especially in a country where the majority were illiterate.'

In Piedmont Victor Emmanuel II, after some hesitation, decided to support the cause of Italian independence and initiated a liberal constitutional régime ; but he was unwilling to provoke Austria. In the

<sup>1</sup> Bolton King : *Mazzini*, 1902.

pursuit of his policy he was fortunate in the guidance of Count Cavour, whose prudence and adroitness in diplomacy entitled him to rank as a great statesman. While it was his conviction that Italian national movement would fail to reach its goal by insurrection, Mazzini believed that Cavour's fortuitous diplomacy could never assign Italy her rightful place in Europe. To him insurrectionary ventures, even if they proved to be abortive, were necessary for the political education of the Italian people. Besides, the notion of Italian unity so dear to Mazzini seemed to Cavour a 'hypothetical conception, remote from immediate reality.' Thus the conflict between the two outstanding personalities of the *Risorgimento* was fundamental.

#### IV

In 1853, Mazzini left England again to stand by his followers in Milan who had planned a new rising against the savage tyranny of the Austrians and their Italian satellites. 'Such a state of things,' he wrote to an English friend, 'cannot last, must not last. It is far better to die in a supreme glorious battle, fought under the eye of God with our national banner unfurled, than to see the best of our land falling one by one under the axe of the executioner.'

The insurrection in Milan ended in a fiasco, mainly because the middle classes remained aloof from it and the majority of the members of the *National Party of Action*, the Party Mazzini founded after the fall of the Roman Republic, had drifted away. But it was his deep conviction that every national endeavour was a step towards 'a fresh spiritual education for Italy.' With unabated enthusiasm he, therefore, set to work to reorganize the Party of Action.

On the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854 the European situation became tense. The French and British urged Piedmont to take part in the war and they succeeded in persuading Cavour to support their plan. But such a diplomatic gamble involving sons of Italy in a war with which they had no concern was the occasion of vehement opposition from Mazzini and many republicans. However, the success of the Piedmontese army in the war enhanced Cavour's prestige, and after the Congress of Paris in 1856, a large number of Mazzini's followers rallied round the House of Savoy in the hope of forming a National State. Convinced in his belief that the initiative of creating United Italy must come from popular movements, Mazzini continued to watch

events in Italy in order to seize upon favourable circumstances for fresh risings.

In 1856 he travelled secretly to Genoa to develop plans of operation. He hoped to make the Genoese the standard bearers of his Party and worked unceasingly to create solidarity among them. The working men of Genoa gave him their loyal support, hiding him in their homes, passing him from one place to another and keeping sentinels on the watch against any surprise from the police and the spies of the Government. He found the working men ready to act and to suffer for the liberation of Italy, but some fatal apathy seemed to have overtaken the middle class gentry.

Mazzini had plans for initiating revolution in South Italy and for organizing guerilla warfare in the Alps and northern Apennines. But these schemes of insurrection were frustrated by the timely intervention of the Piedmontese Government. They had scent of the revolutionary plot at Genoa and broke up the conspirators with an iron hand in 1857. Despite a determined search, the police agents failed to discover the whereabouts of Mazzini. Thereupon Cavour instructed his Minister in Paris to 'engage the French Government to send him without delay an agent whom they believed capable of arresting Mazzini.'

'If he (the agent) succeeds,' wrote Cavour, 'he can count on a splendid recompense, for you may be sure we desire ardently to deliver Piedmont, Italy and Europe from this infamous conspirator who has become a regular chief of assassins. If we take him, he will, I hope, be condemned to death, and he shall be hung in the Piazza dell' Acquasola.'

In an open letter published in the *Italia del Popolo* (June 1858) Mazzini wrote to Cavour :

'Between ourselves and you, sir, yawns an abyss. We desire above all things National unity ; you seek nothing if not territorial aggrandisement for your Royal Master. We believe in the initiative of the Italian people ; you fear it and seek to thwart it ; you put your hope in diplomacy and favour of foreign governments. We desire that the country should freely choose its form of government ; you deny the national sovereignty and make Monarchy the prepotent condition of any assistance of the national cause. We seek support from the peoples that commune with us in a common aim, in sufferings and in struggles ; you seek support from the oppressors, from those deliberately and

necessarily opposed to our unity. We adore a Faith, a Principle ; you bow the knee to Force, to the Treaties of 1815, and to Despotism. Between ourselves and you, sir, Italy shall judge.' Cavour promptly suppressed the journal and took steps ' to combat Mazzini.'

Mazzini who was sentenced in contumacy to death remained in the neighbourhood of Genoa incognito. Neither the police or the spies were able to lay their hands on him. A popular rhyme of the time, composed by Dall'Ongaro, ran thus :

' Where is Mazzini? ' hear their cry ! We answer with disdain  
 ' Some say he is in Germany, or in England once again ;  
 Some swear he's in Geneva, some are certain he's in Spain.  
 Some place him on an altar, some wish him underground,  
 But none amongst his hunters know where he can be found.  
 Oh, stupid men who seek him, once more look wildly round !  
 There is only one Mazzini, and can he not be found? '

Where is Mazzini? Ask it of the pine  
 That guards the slope of Alp and Apennine.  
 In every spot where trembling tyrants fear  
 The dawn of freedom, seek Mazzini there !  
 And where Italia' sons' supreme desire  
 To die that she may live flames ever higher,  
 Go, find him there,—he lit, he guards, that fire.

## V

Soon after his return to England in 1859, events in Italy again gave rise to conditions of war. The revolutionary groups were now prepared to accept Victor Emmanuel's leadership in the hope of defeating Austria. But Mazzini, convinced as he was that the French Alliance could never become the instrument of Italy's liberation, appealed to the King and the Piedmontese statesmen not to ask assistance from Louis Napoleon, a despot whose patronage would mean Italy's subservience to a foreign and absolute potentate. To win her freedom, save by Italy's own strength would dishonour the very birth of freedom !

When war actually broke out between Piedmont and Austria, the Italians hoped that the French Emperor would assist them to drive Austria from Italy ; but after winning the battles of Magenta and

Solferino, the French Emperor, without even consulting Piedmont, made peace with Austria. In order to pacify the indignation of Italians, both Emperors agreed to favour the scheme of a confederation of the Italian states with the Pope at its head. These events enhanced the prestige of Mazzini who persistently warned his countrymen against the consequences of the French alliance. Even Cavour now found himself in agreement with him !

In the hope of taking full advantage of the situation, Mazzini hurried to Florence. Again he underrated the difficulties in the way of organizing a simultaneous rising in the south and in the centre of Italy. He wrote to a friend in England : ' I am miserable and ashamed, for the second time in my life I feel as if I were at the bedside of a dying mother without power to help.' He was not free to move among the people and had to live in hiding. His effort to interest Garibaldi in the plan for a rising in Sicily failed and his appeal to the Neapolitan for demanding a National Assembly in accordance with the principle of popular sovereignty also fell on deaf ears. He strained every nerve to bring about united action. He even was prepared to renounce his republican programme until Italy should be freed and united, but the Italian liberals gave him no encouragement, for they could never sound the depths of Mazzini's patriotism. He hated their policy of subterfuge and machiavellian ways. In bitter disappointment, Mazzini reproached them for acting without high principle and sense of morality. ' I saw,' he wrote, ' a great void in Europe, a void of any community of belief or of faith, and therefore of initiative and worship of duty and solemn moral principles, of great ideas and potent action for the classes which produce most and yet which are most wretched ; and I thought that Italy would rise and save Europe, and soon as it breathed its own new life, would say to itself and others, " I will fill that void ".'

Towards the end of 1860, he returned to England and resumed his work. In the following year, he addressed a fervent appeal to the Ministry of the first Italian parliament to adopt a policy harmonious to Italy's mission in Europe and her determination to be free from France as well as Austria. The entrenchment of a foreign army in Rome was not only a disgraceful violation of the rights of Italy as a nation, but a grave source of disunion and civil strife in the young kingdom. Freed, the armed occupation of Rome had become ' a focus of Bourbon and Papal intrigue.'

Meanwhile Garibaldi declared his intention to free Rome. When the news of his expedition reached London in 1866, Mazzini left for Italy at once. He was not, however, sanguine of Garibaldi's plan ; for the French troops had landed in great strength for the defence of Rome. But the defeat of Garibaldi at Mentana (1867) helped to revive the Republican movement to which the younger generation enthusiastically responded. Yet a mere volunteer organization could not possibly defy the French and seize the government in Rome.

Mazzini came to live in Lugano and continued to explore all possibilities of organizing ' Republican Alliance.' He had won over many working men and women in Genoa to his plan for a national crusade against all reactionary forces ; but it was not long before he realized that there was no hope of concerted action in an atmosphere of uncertainty and guile. The middle classes were hopelessly timid and permitted the existence of a regime which was destructive of human dignity, and his own party was no longer animated by desultory intrigues and plans for insurrection. ' Italy, my Italy,' he wrote in a mood of despair, ' the Italy that I have preached, the Italy of our dreams ; Italy the great, the beautiful, the moral Italy of my heart—well ! This medley of opportunists and cowards and little Machiavellis, that let themselves be dragged behind the suggestion of the foreigner, —I thought to call up the soul of Italy, and I only see its corpse.'

With a heart full of sorrow and bitterness, Mazzini started for Sicily in disguise and was arrested at Palermo. After a few weeks, he was released from the fortress of Gaeta, but he still refused to accept the amnesty which he interpreted as an ' offer of oblivion and pardon for having loved Italy above all earthly things.' He insisted on keeping his hands free, ' without,' as he put it, ' even the shadow of ungratefulness to anybody—even to a king.'

The last two years of his life, he spent in activities mainly concerning the education of the working classes. He founded a journal, *Roma del Popolo*, to spread his ideas about politics, education, religion and duties of Man. To the multitude who did not know how to achieve that state of national consciousness which alone could throw light upon their conditions of life, the counsels of Mazzini were helpful. He set before them the goal of a republic based on universal suffrage and summoned them to the struggle for the achievement of national unity which could be realized by emancipating the movement of liberation from dependence on feudal princes and on foreign intervention.

Though he did not succeed in his republican agitation, his persistent struggle against reactionary forces had endeared him to his countrymen. Forty thousand persons had once signed the petition for his amnesty which he persistently refused to accept from the Government. When imprisoned at Gaeta, 'the very gaoler took three minutes to turn the noisy keys silently, that he might soften the sense of imprisonment.' When he came to Genoa and lived in hiding in the house of a working family; 'little patrols of working men with concealed arms would watch along the streets between the station and his lodgings to guard his person from seizure by the police. The Committee sat waiting for him, each man armed with a revolver.'

Bolton King in his biography of Mazzini quotes an interesting account of the meeting as described by one of the working men. 'A low knock was heard at the door, and there he was in body and soul, the great magician, who struck the fancy of the people, like a mythical hero. Our hearts leaped, and we went reverently to meet that great soul. He advanced with a child's frank courtesy and a divine smile, shaking hands like an Englishman, and addressing each of us by name, as if our names were written on our foreheads. He was not disguised; he wore cloth shoes, and a capote, and with his middle, upright stature, he looked like a philosopher, straight from his study, who never dreamed of troubling any police in the world.'

While Mazzini avoided any popular demonstrations of sympathy, he was sensitive to quiet ovations from humble folk. After a visit to his mother's tomb near Genoa, he wrote to a friend in England: 'The only thing really touching to me was in the churchyard—it was late—and the place was quite empty, but a keeper had, it seems, recognized me, and coming out of the gate, some poor people, a priest among them, were drawn up in a line, bowing and almost touching the earth. Not a smile, no attempt at absurd applause, they felt my sadness, and contrived to show they were sharing it.'

In his last words to the working men of Italy he said: 'Love and work for this great, unhappy country of ours, called to high destinies, but delayed upon the road by those who neither can nor will know the way. Do your utmost to win for her true liberty, morality, education—a greatness worthy of her place in Europe. This is the best way that you can love me.'

Early in 1872 he became dangerously ill at Pisa where he travelled again under an assumed name. On the morning of the 10th March he



passed away. He was buried beside his mother in the cemetery of Staglieno outside Genoa. On the occasion of the transfer of his remains from Pisa to Genoa, the famous Italian poet Giosuè Carducci wrote the following inscription.<sup>1</sup>

THE LAST  
OF THE GREAT ITALIANS OF OLD  
AND THE FIRST OF THE NEW  
THE THINKER  
WHO HAD THE STRENGTH OF THE ROMANS  
THE FAITH OF THE COMMUNES  
A VISION OF THE NEW AGE  
WHO PLANNED AND WILLED AND UNIFIED THE NATION  
HIS NOBLE AIMS DERIDED BY MANY  
WHO TO-DAY DEFACE HIS WORK  
THE CITIZEN  
TARDILY HEEDDED IN MDCCCLVIII  
DENIED AND FORGOTTEN IN MDCCCLX  
IN PRISON IN MDCCCLXX  
WHO ABOVE ALL ELSE LOVED HIS COUNTRY ITALY  
THE MAN  
WHO SACRIFICED ALL  
WHO LOVED GREATLY  
PITIED MUCH AND HATED NONE  
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI  
AFTER FORTY YEARS IN EXILE  
NOW IN DEATH  
MOVES FREE UPON ITALIAN SOIL  
OH ITALY  
WHAT GLORY WHAT BASENESS  
HOW GREAT A DEBT FOR THE FUTURE

## VI

The purpose of this selection from the writings of Mazzini is to revive the memory of a great European, especially at a time when contemporary programmes of European reconstruction appear vague and perplexed. Mazzini's faith in the universal principle of humanism and breadth of his vision gave his ideals the dignity of a philosophy of life. That philosophy is reflected in his writings. In them he left a wealth of ideas the lustre of which has never been wholly extinguished. His love for Italy, chastened by sacrifices and suffering, was augmented by the faith of his radiant spirit; his passionate concern for the realiza-

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted to Signor A. F. Magri for its translation into English.

tion of Europe's spiritual destiny found expression in messianic zeal for establishing European unity ; and his ideals of human brotherhood were inspired not by sentimental aspirations but by what he called the principle of free association. To him, as he put it, ' National life and international life should be two manifestations of the same principle—the love of good.'

Mazzini had hoped that Italy would be the leader in Europe of free national associations. While the immediate task during the *Risorgimento* was national unification, he placed before the nation the much loftier ideals of Italian mission for the development of European unity and invited the young to sacrifice themselves ' on the altar of high aspiration.'

Therefore Mazzini was not just a famous Italian patriot : he was also a great European. The first half of the nineteenth century in Europe was an era of great liberal and democratic movements which were largely inspired by humanitarian ideals. Of the leaders of these movements Mazzini may be regarded as the leading apostle. The end of national unity was not merely the welfare of the nation, but of mankind. It was Mazzini who raised the tone of the liberal nationalism of the nineteenth century to a belief in a progressive evolution of mankind towards the realization of the highest ideals of humanity. Liberty and equality were merely stages in the progressive development of the moral ideal of humanity. It would be disastrous if nationalism tends to encourage an individualistic and competitive social order. What Europe needed was a federation of free peoples but such an association would not be possible through alliances of monarchial and feudal institutions. Voluntary co-operation among individuals and peoples would be achieved in the absence of any form of coercive elements in state and society. He thus set up the ideal, as Benedetto Croce says, ' of the union of the peoples of Europe (not only of the Latin and Germanic peoples) living in communities under popular government, and each preserving its own virtues and attitudes.'<sup>1</sup>

But the wave of revolutionary movements began to ebb by the middle of the nineteenth century and Europe entered upon a period of fashioning the nation-states by diplomatic and military methods. Men like Louis Napoleon, Cavour and Bismarck dominated the political scene and it was Bismarck who declared that the issues of the day could be achieved only by ' blood and iron.' To-day we know what

<sup>1</sup> Croce Benedetto : *History as the story of liberty*, 1941.

has been achieved for Europe and for mankind through the application of 'blood and iron' principles.

The failure of the popular revolutions of the mid-century and the consequential eclipse of the era of liberal nationalism did not succeed in weakening the revolutionary idealism implicit in the teachings of Mazzini. By subordinating true national aspirations to diplomatic ends, Europe did not get rid of the spectre of social revolution from her horizon; nor did the nation-states achieve complete national unity.

But the republican principle was not forgotten during the struggle for the unity and independence of Italy and their exponents had a much larger following among the people than Cavour. Ten years after Mazzini's death, the impressive scene in Genoa at the unveiling of his statue proved that his countrymen had not forgotten his ideals. As a recent author writes: 'It must never be forgotten that the unity of Italy was achieved by methods and in the name of principles which were execrated by the great Italian heroes Mazzini and Garibaldi. Not only does Italian history of the last half-century ring with their complaints, but they are implicit in the Italian politics of to-day, which could not be seriously studied without some understanding of them.'<sup>1</sup>

In one of his letters to his mother Mazzini wrote in 1849: 'Within the next hundred years men will be born to our ideas.' He died as the defeated apostle of republican unity, but warned his countrymen that the unification of Italy under the Savoy monarchy would leave her exposed to disruptive forces and the Monarchical State would stand in the way of her development for the fulfilment of Italy's mission in Europe.

## VII

Mazzini's political Testament is given in abundance in his writings. For over forty years he worked on behalf of Italian political unification and believed that the future of Italy lay in the creation of a republic. Referring to the European situation after the fall of Roman Republic in 1849, he wrote: 'The state of Europe has been palpably, visibly transformed within these last two years. Before, the question was between Depotism and Limited Monarchy; now it is in fact between Royalty and Republicanism. From whatever quarter it may come, the first revolutionary cry will be republican. If the Italian

<sup>1</sup> Sprigge, Cecil J. S. : *The Development of Modern Italy*, 1943.

revolution desires to strengthen itself by an alliance with the European popular movement, it must be republican.'

He revolted against materialism of his era and resisted the rationalistic and individualistic currents of thought permeating the Italian outlook on life and its purpose. He developed, as Salvemini put it, 'an essentially intuitive view of divinely guided historical evolution, progressing through stages each marked by the revelation of a fragment of truth.'

He believed that Europe of 1848 was entering into a new stage of development which he designated as the 'social epoch.' For the fulfilment of the promise of that epoch, Europe should accept the principle of association; but the conditions precedent to the acceptance of this principle were individual freedom and political liberty. These conditions would, however, arise only if all nations adopted a democratic and republican form of government. In other words, the radical liberal-nationalist solution advocated by him could provide for the self-determination of peoples, the creation of republican government on the basis of popular sovereignty and the confederation of free nationalities. 'The conception of a Federal Republic includes,' writes Mazzini, 'the idea of a double series of duties and of rights. The first series comprehends the special duties of each of the states composing the Federation; the second their duties as a whole, or nation. The first defines the sphere of individual activity—the duties of individuals as citizens of the separate states, and their *local* interests; the second defines the sphere and the duties of the same individuals as citizens of the whole nation—their *general* interest. The first is determined by the delegates of *each* of the states composing the Confederation; the second by delegates representing the *whole*—the Country.' The trend of his political thought was, thus, in opposition to the current eighteenth century politics in which dynastic ambitions had been the moving impulse.

But as Salvemini observes, 'Despite the failure of his various insurrectionary ventures, his propaganda for political unification and against any federalist solution of the Italian national problem paved the way for the sudden accord of 1859–60, when the monarchist-federalists renounced federalism, the republican-unitarians abandoned republicanism and all the patriotic groups joined in accepting a united Italy under the House of Savoy.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Encyclopaedia of the Social Science.*

The failure of the republican movement, led by him, did not undermine his faith in its principle and its becoming 'one of the *facts* of the future.' It was his firm conviction that the republic was 'the logical form of democracy,' the only corollary of liberty and equality. He declared that those who adhered to 'the old, greedy, timorous ambition of the House of Savoy' were traitors to the cause of Italy; for the unification of Italy achieved by diplomatic intrigues left reactionary elements in power.

In defence of his organization *Giovane Italia*, he wrote: 'There is a voice that cries unto us: the religion of humanity is love. Wheresoever two hearts throb to the same impulse, wheresoever two souls commune in virtue, there is a country. Nor will we deny the noblest aspiration of our epoch, the aspiration towards the universal association of good men.'

'But the blood still flowing from the wounds caused by trust in the foreigner must not too soon be forgotten. The last cry of the betrayed yet interposes between us and the nations by which we have been sold, neglected, or despised. Pardon is the virtue of victory. Love demands equality, both of power and esteem.'

'While we repudiate alike the assistance and the pity of foreign nations, we shall aid in enlightening the European mind, by showing the Italians as they really are; neither blind, nor cowardly, but unfortunate; and by so doing lay the foundations of future friendship upon mutual esteem.'

'We will uncover our wounds, and show to foreign nations our blood flowing as the price of that peace for which we have been sacrificed by the fears of diplomats; we will declare the duties of other nations towards us, and unveil the falsehoods by which we have been overcome.'

Even in 1861, he resisted the claim of Piedmontese primacy in Italian history and declared that the establishment of a republican constitution can alone be 'the initiator' of Italy's future destiny. He wrote: 'All that the Piedmontese monarchy can give us—even if it can give so much—will be an Italy shorn of provinces which ever were, are, and will be, Italian, though yielded up to foreign domination in payment of the services rendered; an Italy, the abject slave of French policy, dishonoured by her alliance with despotism; weak, corrupted, and disinherited of all moral mission, and bearing within her the germs of provincial autonomy and civil war.'

But to Mazzini the republican form of government was no mere political mechanism. He had no fascination for the obsolete formulas so dear to the champions of European liberalism. What was needed for the Republic was the birth of a new spirit evoked and sustained by a living faith in the 'religion of humanity.' The process of regeneration of Italy should embrace all aspects of her life which could not be renovated by institutions devoid of spiritual content. His political ideas were not utilitarian and materialist; they were reinforced by a profound conviction 'that the great problem of the day was a religious problem, to which all other questions were but secondary.'

'We have faith in God, in the power of truth, and in the historic logic of things,' he declared. 'The principle which was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is our part to clear the way for the new principle. Tomorrow the world, now incredulous or indifferent, will bow before it. For we know, like Galileo, that, in spite of the Inquisition, the world moves.'

Mazzini's republican creed is set forth in his political programme. I have therefore included in the selection various manifestoes issued by him on behalf of the Association of Young Italy.

Mazzini's conception of nationality was not based on racial myth. Neither geography nor language nor religion alone determined the true nationality. In one of his letters he wrote:

'Nationality is sacred to me, because I see in it an instrument for the good and progress of all; geographical conditions, historical traditions, language and special tendencies are for me only indications of it. But the mission which it fulfils, or is called upon to fulfil, is its baptism and its consecration. The nation ought to be for Humanity what the family is, or ought to be, for the country. If it does evil, if it resorts to oppression, if it becomes a missionary of injustice for a temporary interest, it loses its right of existence and digs its own grave. These are my inmost feelings about Nationality.'<sup>1</sup>

At a time when chauvinist and imperialist nationalisms were popular, Mazzini asserted that the principle of nationality as enunciated by him would remove the causes of selfish hostilities among the peoples and would eventually prepare the way for the development of international union. In 1856 he wrote to an English friend: 'What is wanted is not a temporary agitation which will have to be reproduced everlastingly, but something permanent, a great Association for the

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Rodbertus, 1861.

Nationalities, which by perennially insisting, changes your Government's policy in international matters; a constant machinery, "*fonctionnent toujours et régulièrement.*" That should essentially be the foundation of an effective League of Nations.

## VIII

Mazzini was not an economist; but, as Salvemini observes he 'should be counted among the forerunners of present socialism, along with Saint Simon, Fourier, Leroux, Pequer and other humanitarians of the first half of the nineteenth century.' Society conceived as an organic union, the idea of solidarity of mankind, duly regarded as the fulfilment of a law of Humanity and as being precedent to individual rights, the unity of thought and action, living faith in collective humanity—these are the main economic and sociological ideas of Mazzini.

He came to view the social problem in broad historical perspective believing in the law of progress. 'The emancipation of the slave,' he writes, 'was followed by the emancipation of the serf. The next step will be the emancipation of the Proletariat. Progress in human intelligence overthrew the privilege of despotic monarchy through the instrumentality of the patriciate. The privilege of hereditary nobility was overthrown by the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy of money. The people, the labouring masses, will next overthrow the privilege of the property-owning and capitalistic bourgeoisie. When that has come to pass we shall have a society based on labour which will recognize no privilege except the privilege of high-minded intelligence as designated by the choice of an educated, enlightened citizenry to develop talents and social forces.'

Mazzini touched upon economic problems, not from the stand-point of national advantage alone, but from their ethical valuations. In other words, his economic doctrines remained a part of ethics. He was wholly opposed to the doctrine that Man acted from mere considerations of self-interest, and maintained that the demand for 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number' could not be met except in relation to supreme values of life. The *laissez-faire* economy was the source of anarchy and could never provide a lasting foundation for any society. He contended that the birth of New Europe could only proceed from the collective life of her peoples.

'No, certainly,' he writes, 'it was not to attain the ignoble and immoral *everyone for himself* that so many great men, holy martyrs of thought, have shed, from epoch to epoch, from century to century, the tears of the soul, the sweat and blood of the body. Beings of devotedness and love, they laboured and suffered for something higher than the individual; for that Humanity which ought to be the object of all our efforts, and to which we are all responsible. Before a generation which scorned or persecuted them, they calmly uttered their prophetic thoughts, with an eye fixed on the horizon of future times; speaking to that *collective* being which ever lives, which ever learns, and in which the divine idea is progressively realized; for that city of the human race, which alone, by the association of all intellects, of all loves, and of all forces, can accomplish the providential design that presided over our creation here below.'

It was with his lofty idealism and his constant emphasis upon duty rather than on rights that he sought to inspire the Italian working class. It became clear to him that without their active participation in the movement for unity and republic, Italy would never be able to achieve her goal.

But Mazzini was opposed to social revolutionary theories that ignored the possibilities of a harmonious relationship between capital and labour, between individual and society. He warned the bourgeoisie that the labouring classes would rally to 'the purely negative and subversive ideas' if all arbitrary class-distinction were not abolished. His objection to the creed of class struggle was that it considered the social problem as a *merely* economic question. It was his firm conviction that once society was organized on the principles of association, the spectre of class struggle would disappear.

Mazzini's economic ideas were thus opposed to those of Marx. He could give no credence to the materialistic interpretation of history, and he found him 'a man of acute but dissolvent genius, domineering in temper, jealous of the influence of others without strong philosophic or religious beliefs.' As a counterblast to the First International, he even thought of organizing a Congress of Workers' Association in Rome. Mazzini was, however, represented at the meetings of the First International in London. Silone writes: 'Karl Marx drew up the inaugural statement of outlook and, with his tongue in his cheek we may be sure, inserted a number of sentences to satisfy Mazzini, as for instance, the recommendation that the workers "unite all over the



world in a simultaneous and public accusation, in order to proclaim the simple principles of morality and right that should govern individual relations, as well as the higher laws that should govern international relations.”<sup>1</sup> Although Mazzini’s influence in the growing proletarian movement of his time was not of great significance, he persistently condemned the teaching implicit in the *Communist Manifesto* that only by hating the bourgeoisie could the proletariat learn to be united.

‘We exist here below,’ he declared in an address, ‘to labour fraternally to build up the unity of the human family so that the day may come when it shall represent a *single sheepfold with a single shepherd*—the Spirit of God, the Law.

‘Beyond the Alps, the sea, are other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal—betterment, association, the founding of an Authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy. An Authority which mankind may obey without remorse or shame. Arise for the sake of these principles, and not from impatience of suffering or dread of evils. Anger, pride, ambition and the desire for material prosperity—these are weapons common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these to-day, you would fall again tomorrow. But principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them.’

## IX

In one part of the book I have selected a number of excerpts, both from Mazzini’s essays and letters, which contain abundant affirmation of his deep religious convictions and refute the charge of atheism hurled at him by his political adversaries. ‘For a short time,’ he wrote, ‘my mind was somewhat tainted by the doctrines of the foreign materialistic school; but the study of history and the intuitions of conscience—the only test of truth—soon led me back to the spiritual heritage of our Italian fathers.’ He believed however that the doctrinal position of Christianity was untenable, that the moral power of Christ’s teachings had been undermined by orthodoxy and that the emergence of a new idea embodying a progressive conception of spiritual principles could alone assist mankind in its development. It was fatal to the process of the wider religious synthesis which humanity needed for its

<sup>1</sup> Ignazio Silone: *The Living Thoughts of Mazzini*. 1939.

unity and progress if the conception of God, Man and Nature were imprisoned in the dogmas of the church. The doctrine of infallibility, whether of church or book, was incompatible with 'great educational plan of God for humanity.' The revelation of God to Man was to Mazzini progressive and continuous, and it embraced every stage of the forward march of Mankind on his 'upward way.'

In a letter of Christmas greeting to an English friend Mazzini declared: 'I am not a Christian: I belong to what I believe to be a still purer and higher faith, but its time has not yet come; and until that day, the Christian manifestation remains the most sacred revelation of the ever-onward-progressing spirit of mankind working its way towards an ideal which must, sooner or later, be realized. I love Jesus as the man who has loved all mankind, servants and masters, rich and poor, Brahmins and Helots or pariahs. The Christmas Day is, therefore, a sacred day to me. . . .'

Yet Mazzini's critical attitude towards the Catholic Church led his enemies to malign him as being a heathen and heretic. He railed against orthodoxy and Papal absolutism but dreamt of a world wide spiritual awakening in which Italy was to make a notable contribution worthy of her tradition. That mission of Italy would, however, be fulfilled when Italians themselves understood that the life of a nation should be centred in religion freed from its agelong accretions—and that the religious authority should be transferred to free peoples whose life on earth was a part of a continuous process of development toward spiritual aspirations of humanity. 'The Torch of life,' he wrote, 'has issued from God and is ever kindled anew and fed by His Spirit.' Therefore, Mazzini was never pessimistic about the future of Italy or of Europe. He repudiated the basic doctrines of Catholicism but retained his faith in 'the Church Universal.'

'Mine is no rebellious irritation,' he wrote to a Catholic friend, 'my whole nature inclines towards respect for every great unifying and organic concept: there is no youthful illusion, no aspiring dream which I have not at some time cherished in favour of that gigantic ruin—the Papacy. But it cannot be. Those ruins (Church and Empire) can bring forth nothing now but the poetry of expiation. It is not we but God who condemns the Papacy: God who calls the peoples to arise and establish the new unity in the two spheres of the spiritual and the temporal domination. We do but translate the thought of the Age. The Age rejects any power between itself and the source of life, feels

itself able to stand in the sight of God and ask Him, like Moses on Sinai, for the law of its destiny. The Age abandons the Pope and appeals to the General Council of the Church, that is of all believers, a Council which will be also what is to-day called a Constituent Assembly, for it will reunite what was hitherto always divided. . . .’

Stressing upon the supreme necessity of a faith, he wrote : ‘ I do not know, historically speaking, a single great conquest of human spirit, or a single important step towards the development of human society, which has not had its roots in a strong religious belief.’ To him religion was ‘ the eternal, essential, indwelling element of life.’ From that consciousness issued ethical principles and values for the guidance of humanity. While Christianity was the affirmation of the dignity and responsibility of the individual human soul, its fundamental teachings were also related to the collective humanity. ‘ But, there exists in Europe,’ he deplored, ‘ no alliance for Good, for the protection of national liberties, for the defence of the feeble, for the peaceful evolution of the idea of collective humanity. There is absolutely nothing collective to represent the consolidation of the families of humanity. Hate reigns, for it is only hate that acts ; it has its armies, its treasures, its compacts. Its right is *force*. The narrow spirit of nationalism substituted for the spirit of nationality ; the stupid presumption on the part of each people that they are capable of solving the political, social and economic problem alone, disregarding the great truths that cause of the peoples is one, that the cause of each nation must lean upon humanity, and that the aim of our national struggles is the alliance of the nations.’ What imperilled European unity was a decline in moral earnestness the source of which was a vitalizing religion. If Italy were to take her place as ‘ initiatrix of a new epoch of European progress,’ her people would need to be united through a moral *risorgimento*.

The last part of the selection contains a few excerpts from Mazzini’s literary essays and criticisms. From a very early age he showed signs of intellectual precocity. If law was his vocation, literature was his passion. In his university days he organized a society to study literature, and it was the study of Dante which imbued his national ideals with the fervour of religious enthusiasm. During the short period when he was engaged in the legal profession, he wrote a considerable number of essays and reviews. His first essay entitled ‘ Dante’s Love of Country ’ was published in 1826. From the very beginning of his

public career, he distinguished himself as a writer in his own journals and occasional pamphlets.

He greatly valued the tradition of Italian literature from Dante to Foscolo and interpreted its trend as being prophecies for the realization of the spirit of Italian unity. Indeed his writings gave him a singular place in the political, moral and religious literature of Italy. 'It was necessary,' he wrote, 'to interrogate the slumbering, latent and unconscious life of our people; to lay the hand upon the half-frozen heart of the nation; to count its more rare pulsations, and reverently learn therefrom the purpose and duty of Italian genius.'

During the period of his imprisonment in the Fortress of Savona, he devoted much time to the study of the Bible, Tacitus, Dante, Byron and Shakespeare. He was a great lover of poetry which he regarded as the best medium through which the Italian spirit might be aroused. It was significant that Italian poetry came to life at the beginning of the *Risorgimento* and gripped the minds of the Italian patriots.

## X

The ideas and ideals of such a fascinating personality like Mazzini naturally attracted leaders of nations struggling to achieve unity and liberty. Ever since the rise of national movement in India, the ideas of romantic liberal nationalism have had a strong appeal to the youth. That political aspirations should never be divorced from ethical ideals, that the life of a nation should be centred in true religion, that the moral power of organized religions was being undermined by the orthodoxy, that the struggle for freedom should be concurrent with a nation-wide spiritual awakening—in all these fundamental ideas of Mazzini, they found an immense source of inspiration. Thus, in the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century the influence of Italian patriots became a potent factor in rousing a sense of national unity in India. It was Mazzini,' writes a great Indian leader of the time in his autobiography, 'the incarnation of the highest moral forces in the political arena—Mazzini, the apostle of Italian unity, the friend of the human race, that I presented to the youth of Bengal. Mazzini had Italian unity. We wanted Indian unity. Mazzini had worked through the young. I wanted the young men of Bengal to realize their potentialities ...'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir Surendranth Banerjee: *A Nation in Making*, 1921.

Just as Italy, after dominating the culture of the Western World from 250 B.C. to A.D. 1550, (excepting the short Byzantian period) lost her way in the divergent currents of European upheaval, so India, faced with the crucial problem of assimilating the Islamic culture, at last gave way to forces of disintegration. Anarchy followed, and the fatal disunity among racial groups invited the intervention of a foreign trading company. That Company held sway over India until the middle of the last century, when the administration of the country passed under the British Crown. The British parliament supplied the authority that was needed for establishing law and order within the borders of the country, but the instrument of authority was alien and had no organic relation to the life of society. As a justification for wielding the authority, it proclaimed the ideal of the highest collective good for the people, but it failed to blend the idea of authority with the responsibility of restoring *social* equilibrium. It sought to recondition the socio-economic structures within the expansive framework of an alien government which had not even a semblance to spiritual unity with Indian society.

India, therefore, aims at liberty and independence, without which she could not take her place in the progressive history of humanity. The Indian National Movement has shown deep interest in the history of struggles through which liberty has had to be conquered from alien despotism. The life and life-work of Mazzini and Garibaldi supplied object lessons of the spirit of the *Risorgimento* to Indian youth, and the appreciation of these leaders of Italian movement for freedom was not academic. The drama of their lives not only evoked in Indian youth the spirit of reverence, but inspired them to positive action.

In the first decade of the present century when the Indian National Movement entered into a new phase—the phase of open rebellion against alien rule, Mazzini was one of the European patriots whose writings became popular among Young India. Youth organizations based somewhat on the principles of the *Giovane Italia* were established. One of the national readers translated Mazzini's autobiographical writings into an Indian language and a number of study-groups were formed with a view to disseminating knowledge about various revolutionary movements of Europe.

It was in one of these study-groups in Calcutta that I first came to read Mazzini's writings. His eloquent appeal to Young Italy that for the regeneration of Italy, she 'has need of purification from every

servile habit, from every unworthy affection ' made a lasting impression upon me. In 1907 I left India for America. There in the University of Illinois I came to know an Italian student who gave me much assistance in my further study of Mazzini's works. It was, however, during my long sojourn in England that I was able to compile the selections from them.

The awakened Asia is beginning to realize that the logical form of democracy is the Republic. The progressive ideas in the continent are fast advancing towards democracy. The birth of the Republic in China is an event of far-reaching importance ; it represents that educating element from which the peoples of Asia derive their confidence and power ; and its triumphant emergence from the severest tests of war would be the prologue to a dramatic change in the spirit and form of political institutions in the major countries of the continent.

In the world situation to-day, I feel that Mazzini's conceptions of nationality, international association, rights and duties of man and socialism should be of considerable interest. The selection is classified under various subjects so that the reader may easily follow the trend of Mazzini's thoughts ; but the main difficulty was one of emphasis and proportion in regard to these subjects. To what extent I have succeeded in presenting the main aspects of Mazzini's ideas and ideals, the reader must judge. I have left out the superfluous verbiage, repetitions, and polemical discussions from his writings, and have in some excerpts made conjoined passages from them in order to avoid ambiguity. If this selection revives the knowledge of this great European, not the prophet of modern Italy alone, but also of modern Europe, I should feel amply rewarded for my labour.

N. GANGULEE

*December, 1944*

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The Italian in hiding  
says to the peasant girl:

**I** am that man upon whose head  
They fix the price, because I hate  
The Austrians over us : the State  
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!  
If you betray me to their clutch  
And be your death, for aught I know,  
If once they find you saved their foe.

Now, you must bring me food and drink,  
And also paper, pen and ink,  
And carry safe what I shall write  
To Padua, which you'll reach at night  
Before the duomo shuts ; go in,  
And wait till *Tenebrae* begin ;  
Walk to the third confessional,  
Between the pillar and the wall,  
And kneeling whisper, Whence comes Peace?  
Say it a second time, then cease ;  
And if the voice inside returns,  
From Christ and Freedom ; what concerns  
The cause of Peace? for answer, slip  
My letter where you placed your lip ;  
Then come back happy we have done  
Our mother service—I, the son,  
As you the daughter of our land!

ROBERT BROWNING,  
*The Italian in England, 1845.*

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## Part One

### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

#### I

#### Impression as a boy

One Sunday in April 1821, while I was yet a boy, I was walking in the Strada Nuova of Genoa with my mother, and an old friend of our family named Andrea Gambini. The Piedmontese insurrection had just been crushed; partly by Austria, partly through treachery, and partly through the weakness of its leaders.

The revolutionists, seeking safety by sea, had flocked to Genoa, and finding themselves distressed for means, they went about seeking help to enable them to cross into Spain, where the revolution was yet triumphant. The greater number of them were crowded in S. Pier d'Arena, awaiting a chance to embark; but not a few had contrived to enter the city one by one, and I used to search them out from amongst our own people, detecting them either by their general appearance, by some peculiarity of dress, by their warlike air, or by the signs of a deep and silent sorrow on their faces.

The population were singularly moved. Some of the boldest had proposed to the leaders of the insurrection—Santarosa and Alsaldi, I think—to concentrate themselves in, and take possession of the city, and organize a new resistance; but Genoa was found to be deprived of all means of successful defence; the fortresses were without artillery, and the leaders had rejected the proposition, telling them to *preserve themselves for a better fate*.

Presently we were stopped and addressed by a tall black-bearded man, with a severe and energetic countenance, and a fiery glance that I have never since forgotten. He held out a white handkerchief towards us, merely saying, *for the refugees of Italy*. My mother and a friend dropped some money into the handkerchief, and he turned from us to put the same request to others. I afterwards learnt his name. He was one Rini, a captain in the National Guard, which had been instituted at the commencement of the movement. He accompanied those for whom he had thus constituted himself collector, and, I believe, died—as so many of ours had perished—for the cause of liberty in Spain.



That day was the first in which a confused idea presented itself to my mind—I will not say of country or of liberty—but an idea that we Italians *could* and therefore *ought* to struggle for the liberty of our country. I had already been unconsciously educated in the worship of equality by the democratic principles of my parents, whose bearing towards high or low was ever the same. Whatever the position of the individual, they simply regarded the man, and sought only the honest man.

The idea of an existing wrong in my own country, against which it was a duty to struggle, and the thought too that I must bear my part in the struggle, flashed before my mind on that day for the first time, never again to leave me. The remembrance of those refugees, many of whom became my friends in after life, pursued me wherever I went by day, and mingled with my dreams by night.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. I*

I was taught by the Republican instincts of my mother to seek out among my fellows neither the rich man nor the great, but the true Man; while the simple and unconscious virtues of my father accustomed me to value the silent unmarked spirit of self-sacrifice so frequently found in the Italian working class, far above the external and assumed superiority of semi-education.

In later years the pages of our history revealed to me the fact that the true life of Italy is the life of her people; and I saw how, during the slow progress of the ages, the shock of different races, and the superficial ephemeral changes wrought by usurpation and conquest, had been ordained to elaborate and prepare our great democratic National unity.

I saw that our country, our one country of free men and equals, could never be founded by an aristocracy such as ours, possessed neither of initiative power nor collective life; nor by a monarchy destitute of special mission, and devoid of all idea of unity or emancipation—a monarchy which had merely crept in amongst us in the sixteenth century and in the track of the foreigner.

I saw the necessity that the Italian working class should free themselves from the yoke of hired labour, and elevate their status through the medium of Association, to be master alike of the soil and capital of, the state.

*Preface to the Duties of Man, 1858*

Rome was the dream of my young years ; the generating idea of my mental conception ; the key-stone of my intellectual edifice, the religion of my soul ; and I entered the city one evening, early in March, with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me, as in spite of her present degradation, she still is, the temple of Humanity. From Rome will one day springs the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity on Europe.

I had journeyed towards the sacred city with a heart sick unto death from the defeat of Lombardy, the new deceptions I had met with in Tuscany, and the dismemberment of our Republican party over the whole of Italy. Yet, nevertheless, as I passed through the *Porta del Popolo*, I felt an electric thrill run through me—a spring of new life. I shall never see Rome more ; but the memory of her will mingle with my dying thought of God and my best beloved ; and wheresoever fate may lay my bones, I believe they will know once more the thrill that ran through me then, on the day when the republican banner shall be planted—in pledge of the unity of our Italy—upon the Vatican and Capitol.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. V*

## II

### Joined the Carbonaria

**T**he ideas awakened in April 1821 were still burning within me, and determined my renunciation of the career of literature for the more direct part of political action.

And this was my first great sacrifice. A thousand visions of historical dramas and romances floated before my mental eye—artistic images that caressed my spirit, as visions of gentle maidens soothe the souls of the lonely-hearted. The natural bias of my mind was very different from that which had been forced upon me by the times in which I have lived, and the shame of our degradation. But in those days the path of action was closed, and the literary question appeared to me to offer a means of disclosing it sooner or later.

A little journal of mercantile advertisements was published in Genoa by one Ponthenier, who was also the editor. It was called the *Indicatore Genovese*. I persuaded the publisher to admit advertisements of books for sale, accompanied by a few lines to describe and

define their subject. These lines I undertook to write ; and this was the commencement of my career as a critic.

The literary controversy then raging fiercely between the classic and romantic schools was soon converted into a political question ; the alterations of a word here and there would have sufficed to render it openly such. It was but a miniature warfare, a skirmish between the riflemen of the two camps. Literary independence was, in our eyes, the first step towards a very different species of independence, and signified an appeal to the youth of the country to infuse some of their own new life into the latent hidden life, fermenting deep down in the heart of Italy. We knew that this endeavour to unite these two elements would be opposed by a single double tyranny, foreign and domestic ; and we knew that they would rebel against it.

The government did at last read and become incensed at our writings ; and when, flushed with success, we announced to our readers, at the end of the first year, our intention of enlarging our journal, it was extinguished by a government *veto*.

But these slight articles, full of youthful vigour and impulse, and the daring purpose they revealed, had obtained for me a certain amount of fame in Genoa.

We became so daring that by the end of the year even the slumbering Tuscan Government ordered us to cease publication. We did cease to publish, but these two journals (*Indicatore Genovese* and *Indicatore Livornese*) had by that time collected together a certain number of young men, full of vigorous life, that needed an outlet and manifestation ; we had succeeded in touching chords that had long lain mute in the minds of our countrymen ; and, what was of far more importance, we had proved to the young men of Italy that our governments were deliberately adverse to *all* progress, and that liberty was impossible until they were overthrown.

In the midst of all this literary warfare I never forgot my own purpose ; and I continued to look around me, to discover men capable of attempting an enterprise. Whispers were rife amongst us of a revival of Carbonarism. I watched, questioned, and searched on every side, until at last a friend of mine—a certain Torre confessed to me that he was a member of the sect, or, as it was called in those days the Order, and offered me initiation.

I accepted.

While studying the events of 1820 and 1821, I had learned much of

Carbonarism, and I did not much admire the complex symbolism, the hierarchical mysteries, nor the political faith—I discovered in that institution. But I was at that time unable to attempt to form any association of my own ; and in the Carbonaria I found a body of men in whom—however inferior they were to the idea they represented—thought and action, faith and works, were identical. Here were men who, defying alike excommunication and capital punishment, had the persistent energy ever to persevere, and to weave a fresh web each time the old one was broken.

And this was enough to induce me to join my name and my labours to theirs. Reverence for righteous and true authority, freely recognized and accepted, is the best safeguard against authority false or usurped. I therefore agreed to join the Carbonaria.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. I*

The Carbonaria was a *cosmopolitan* association, in the philosophical sense of the word. It recognized only the *human race* and *individuals* ; and it regarded its members simply as individuals. In their *Ventes* neither altar nor banner was raised in the name of the Fatherland. When once initiated, the Pole, the Russian, the German, all became *Carbonari* and nothing more. Idolatrously worshipping the doctrines of the French Revolution, they went not a step beyond. Their aim was the conquest for each and all men of what they termed their *rights*, rights of liberty and equality, nothing more. They regarded every *collective* idea, and consequently the national idea, as useless, or—if judged by its results in the past—as dangerous.

Theoretically, their error lay in the blindness to the fact that the individual has no rights except as a consequence of duties fulfilled ; they forgot that the law of the individual can only be deduced from the law of the species ; they denied the *instinct* of *collective* life within us, and the conception of the work of transformation which every individual is bound to endeavour to accomplish on earth for the good of humanity.

Practically, their error lay in attempting to act with a lever from which the fulcrum was withdrawn, and thus condemning themselves to impotence.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. III*

## III

## Arrest and imprisonment

One night I was suddenly awakened by two carabinieri, who desired me to get up immediately and follow them. I imagined this was merely in order to subject me to another examination ; but when they told me to take my cloak with me, I perceived I was to leave the barracks.

I then asked whither we were going, but they replied that they were not permitted to tell me. I thought of my mother, knowing well that if she should hear the next day of my disappearance, she would imagine the worst ; and I resolutely declared I would not stir (unless compelled by force) without being allowed to send a letter to my family. After long hesitation, and much consultation with their officer, they consented.

I wrote a few lines to my mother, telling her that I was leaving the barracks, but that there was no cause for alarm, and then followed my new masters. At the door stood a sedan-chair ready for me, which they closed upon me as soon as I entered it. As soon as we stopped, I heard the sound of horses' feet, indicative of a longer journey, and then the unexpected sound of my father's voice bidding me be of good cheer.

I know not how he had heard of my departure, nor learned the time and place ; but I well remember the brutality with which the carabinieri sought to drive him away, and their thrusting me out of the sedan-chair and into the carriage, so that I was hardly even able to press his hand, as well as the furious manner in which they rushed up to identify a youth who was standing near smoking, and who nodded to me.

I was taken to the fortress of Savona, on the Western Riviera. There was no cell ready for me. I was left in a dark passage, where I received a visit from the governor (De Mari), an old man of seventy, who, after preaching me a long sermon on the many nights I had wasted in culpable societies and meetings, and the wholesome quiet I should find in the fortress, answered my request for a cigar by saying *that he would write to the governor of Genoa to know if such a thing could be permitted*. This little incident drew from me—after he left me—the first tears I had shed since my imprisonment ; tears of rage at feeling myself so utterly in the power of beings I despised.

In about an hour's time I was confined in my cell. It was at the top of the fortress, and looked upon the sea, which was a comfort to me. The sea and the sky—two symbols of the infinite, and except the Alps, the sublimest things in nature—were before me whenever I approached my little grated window. The earth beneath was invisible to me; but when the wind blow in my direction I could hear the voices of the fishermen.

During the first month I had no books, but afterwards, through the courtesy of the new governor, Cavalier Fontana—who, fortunately for me, replaced De Mari—I obtained a Bible, a Tacitus, and a Byron. My prison companion was a *lucherino* (greenfinch), a little bird very capable of attachment, and full of pretty ways, of which I was excessively fond.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. I*

It was during these months of imprisonment in Savona that I conceived the plan of the association of Young Italy (*La Giovane Italia*). I meditated deeply upon the principles upon which to base the organization of the party, the aim and purpose of its labours—which I intended should be publicly declared—the method of its formation, the individuals to be selected to aid me in its creation, and the possibility of linking its operations with those of the existing revolutionary elements in Europe.

We were few in number, young in years, and of limited means and influence; but I believed the whole problem to consist in appealing to the true instincts and tendencies of the Italian heart, mute at that time, but revealed to us both by history and our own prevision of the future. Our strength must lie in our right appreciation of what those instincts and tendencies really were.

All great national enterprises have ever been originated by men of the people, whose sole strength lay in that power of *faith* and of *will*, which neither counts obstacles nor measures time. Men of means and influence follow after, either to support and carry on the movement created by the first, or, as too often happens, to divert it from its original aim.

I was not influenced by any mere political conception, nor the idea of elevating the condition of the single people whom I saw thus dismembered, degraded, and oppressed; the parent thought of my every design was a presentiment that regenerated Italy was destined to

arise the *initiatrice* of a new life, and a new and powerful unity to all the nations of Europe.

I felt that authority—a true righteous and holy authority—the search after which, whether conscious or not, is in fact the secret of our human life, and which is only irrationally denied by those who found it with its false semblance or shadow, and imagine they have abolished God himself, when they have but abolished an idol ;—I felt that authority had vanished, and become extinct in Europe ; and that for this reason no power of initiative existed in any of the peoples of Europe.

The labours, studies, and sorrows of my life have not only justified and confirmed this idea, but have transformed it into a faith. At that time even the immature conception inspired me with a mighty hope that flashed before my spirit like a star. I saw regenerate Italy becoming at one bound the missionary of a religion of progress and fraternity, far grander and vaster than that she gave to humanity in the past. The immediate result of these ideas was to convince me that the labour to be undertaken was not merely a political, but above all a moral work ; not negative, but religious ; nor founded upon any theory of self-interest, or well-being, but upon principles and upon duty.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. I*

## IV

### Founded *La Giovane Italia* (Young Italy)

From studying the ill-fated movements of 1820–21 and 1831, I learned what errors it would be necessary to avoid in future. The greater numbers of Italians—who did not pause to distinguish between the events themselves and the men who attempted to control them—derived from these insurrections only a lesson of profound discouragement.

To me they simply brought the conviction that success was a problem of *direction*, nothing more. Others opined that the blame I bestowed upon the directors of the movements ought to fall upon the whole country. The mere fact that such men rather than others had risen to power was considered very generally to be the result of a vice inherent in the condition of Italy ; and as giving an average—so to

speak—of the Italian revolutionary power. I merely regarded that choice as a fault of logic, easily remedied.

The error was the error only too prevalent at the present day—that of entrusting the government of the insurrection to those who had no share in making it.

The people and the youth of Italy have always yielded the reins of direction to the first man claiming the right to hold them with any show of authority. This may be traced to a well-meant but overstrained desire of legality, and an honourable though exaggerated fear of being accused of anarchy or ambition; to a traditionary habit, useful only in a normal state of things, of trusting to men of advanced age, or local influence; and to their absolute inexperience of the nature and development of great revolutions.

The preliminary conspiracy and the revolution have always been represented by two distinct classes of men. The first were thrust aside as soon as all obstacles were overthrown, and the others then entered the arena the day after, to direct the development of an idea not their own, a design they had not matured, the elements and difficulties of which they had never studied, and in the enthusiasm and sacrifices of which they had had no share.

Our young men, trustful and inexperienced, gave way. They forgot the immense difference between the wants of a free and of an enslaved people, and the improbability that the same men who had represented the individual and the municipal interests of the last should be fitted to represent the political and national interests of the first.

From these and other reflections, I at last determined to obey my own instincts; and I founded the Association of Young Italy (*La Giovane Italia*).

*Autobiography, Works, vol. I*

The work before us was not only an endeavour to create Italy, but to make her great and powerful—worthy of her past glories, and conscious of her future mission. And all my opinions and convictions were diametrically opposed to the opinions then prevalent amongst my fellow-countrymen.

Italy was materialist, *Machiavellian*, believing in the initiative of France and rather seeking to emancipate and ameliorate the condition of her separate states, than to constitute herself a nation. The country was regardless of high principles, and ready to accept any



form of government, any mode of assistance, or any man brought forward with a promise of relieving her immediate sufferings.

On my side I believed—though at that time rather from instinct than doctrine—that the great problem of the day was a religious problem, to which all other questions were but secondary. That which others called the *theory* of Machiavelli, appeared to me to be simply a history, the history of a period of corruption and degradation, which it was necessary to bury with the past.

The idea of an Italian initiative thrilled within my heart ; and I felt that no people will or can arise until they have faith in themselves ; and that, therefore, the first thing to be done was to put an end to our servile subjection to French influence.

The first step towards this aim was to make war against the existing idolatry of material interests, and substitute to it the worship of the just and true ; and to convince the Italians that their sole path to victory was through sacrifice—constancy in sacrifice.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. I*

I was the first to take the oath of Young Italy. Many of those who swore it then or since, are now courtiers, busy members of *moderate* societies, timid servants of the Buonapartist policy, and persecutors or calumniators of their former brethren. They may hate me as one who recalls to them the faith they swore to and betrayed, but they cannot quote a single fact showing that I have ever been false to my oath. I believe in the sacredness of those principles, and in their future triumph, now as I did then. I have lived, I live, and I shall die, a Republican, bearing witness to my faith to last.

The people of Italy are led astray by a delusion at the present day, a delusion which has induced them to substitute material unity for moral utility and their own regeneration. Not so I. I bow my head sorrowfully to the sovereignty of the national will, but monarchy will never number me among its servants or followers. The future will declare whether my faith is founded upon truth or no.

I placed myself at the head of the movement, because the conception being mine, it was natural that I should work it out, and because I knew myself possessed of the indefatigable activity and determination of will required to develop it, and regarded unity of direction as indispensable.

But the programme which was destined to be the soul of the

association was public, nor could I have deviated from it in the smallest degree without the other members being aware of my error reproving me. Moreover I was surrounded by and accessible at all hours to members who were my personal friends, and ready freely to use the rights of friendship. It was in fact a fraternal collective work, in which the privilege of the director was that of incurring the largest share of the obloquy, opposition, and persecution that fell upon all.

Pecuniary means we had none. I economised as far as was possible upon the quarterly allowance sent me by my family. My friends were all exiles without means. But we risked the attempt, trusting in the future, and in the voluntary subscriptions that would reach us should our principles be accepted.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. I*

## V

### In exile

When the insurrection of 1831 was quenched in the Estates of the Pope, I established myself at Marseilles, and founded from there the new Association '*La Giovane Italia*.' The rapidity with which the Association spread evinced the justice of the fundamental views. At the beginning of 1832, the organization was powerful throughout all Italy. As one of the main features of *La Giovane Italia* was to reach insurrection through the open preaching of its belief, an organ was established at Marseilles expounding all the principles of the Association. *La Giovane Italia*, a review, or rather a collection of political pamphlets springing from the Association, was under my direction; and, in fact, the two-thirds of each volume were my own. The effect was really electric among our youth. From Marseilles, through the merchant-ships of our country, the captains of which were almost generally volunteering their efforts, the volumes were smuggled into Italy, where they raised the enthusiasm of the patriots to such a pitch that it was evident that a general outbreak would ensue. Then, the persecutions began. Applications were made by all the Italian Governments to the French: the policy of Louis Philippe had already changed, and the most active co-operation against the Association and me was promised. Measures were taken at Marseilles against such of our exiles as were living upon the *subsidies*. They were sent away

to the interior. But few as we were, we could, by multiplying our activity, front the task. At last, under the pretence of my being likely to be connected with the republican agitation in France, I was ordered to leave France. I protested, and claimed the common justice of a trial; but unsuccessfully. My presence at Marseilles was imperiously required by the interests of the Association; the writing, publishing, and sending to Italy the correspondences with the country for which Marseilles was offering every facility, the interviews with Italian patriots who flocked to Marseilles for instructions and communications, were all resting on me. I decided to stop, and concealed myself. During one year I succeeded in baffling all the activity of the French police, and of our own spies. But it was through the most rigorous seclusion you can imagine. During one year, I remember having had only twice a breath of fresh air in the night, once dressed in woman's garb, the other as a garde-national. At last things had reached such a point that a general rising was thought of. I left France and went to Geneva: there to await for the event, and prepare an expedition into Savoy, so as to divide the forces of the enemy and establish co-operation between the patriots in Italy and their exiles.

Meanwhile the attempt, once unsuccessful, drew upon Switzerland and *à fortiori* upon me, the anger of all Governments. Notes were literally showering upon the poor Swiss Cantons where we sojourned. The most of us left Switzerland for France or England. I with a few others remained.

The principles, embodied in our writings and in our associations had awakened the sympathies of the Swiss patriots. A National Association was founded on a ground of brotherhood with our own. During seven months, I went from place to place, from house to house, living in places apparently empty, with mats at the windows, without even going beyond the room, except when receiving advices of the house being suspected: then with a guide, I was crossing the mountains in the night, and going to another shelter. While the Governments were raging, I received from all classes of population marks of sympathy that made and still make me consider Switzerland as a second Fatherland. Ministers [of religion] were inviting me to their houses as one of their family. At Grenchen, a village of a thousand inhabitants, near Solothurn, when I had spent one year, in an establishment of baths, I was, during the storm, made citizen spontaneously and without expense. The poor people, good souls of the village, believed that as a

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Swiss citizen, I would be respected. The grant of course, was not admitted. Still had I been alone, I would have, hardened as I was to all privations, kept on resisting ; but I was not alone, so I decided to leave and come to England. It was then that I had a correspondence with the Duke of Montevello, which ended in his sending three passports for us to a place I named ; and in January or February 1837 I landed in England.

*Letter to the Editor of the Westminster Review, 1844*

In England, a country wherein a long education in liberty has generated a high sense of individual dignity and respect for individuality, friendships are slow and difficult to make ; but they are more sincere and durable than elsewhere, and individuals in England possess more of that unity of thought and action which is the pledge of all true greatness. A certain exclusively analytical tendency, inborn in the Anglo-Saxon and strengthened by Protestantism, renders Englishmen suspicious of every new and fruitful synthesis, and retards the advance of the nation upon the path of philosophical and social progress ; but in virtue of that unity of life of which I have spoken, every advance once achieved is achieved for ever ; every idea once decisively accepted by the intellect is certain to be soon reduced to action ; and every opinion, even when not accepted, is received with respectful toleration, when the actions of those who profess it attest their sincerity.

Friendships, once formed, are firmly based, and sincerely proved in action rather than in words, even among those who differ upon this or that question or opinion. Many of my ideas appeared then—some still appear—unrealizable or even dangerous to many English minds ; but the logical proof of the sincerity of my convictions afforded by my life, sufficed to gain me the friendship of some of the best minds of the island. Nor shall I ever forget it while I live, nor ever proffer without a throb of gratitude, the name of the land wherein I now write, which became to me almost as a second country, and in which I found the lasting consolation of affection, in a life embittered by delusions, and destitute of all joy.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. III*

The ministerial decree, by which, in order to please the despotic governments of Italy, I was exiled from France, was issued in August 1832. It was very important to me to continue the publication of our writings in Marseilles, where I had organized a system of communica-

tion with Italy. I therefore decided not to obey ; but I concealed myself in order to allow it to be supposed I had departed.

I accepted no subsidy from the government, and I forwarded the following protest to the *Tribune*, a republican organ of that day :

‘ In the presence of an exceptional system, wherein the rights of individual liberty and domicile are infringed by an unjust law still more unjustly applied ; wherein accusation, judgment, and condemnation, all emanate from one and the same power, and no possibility is allowed of defence ; wherein the eye meets naught but examples of tyranny and submission on every side ;—it is the duty of every man possessing a sense of dignity openly to protest.

‘ The object of such protest is not an useless attempt at defence, nor desire of awaking sympathy in those who are suffering under the same evils. It is the necessity felt of holding up to infamy a power which abuses its strength, and of making the crimes of the government known to the country wherein the injustice is committed ; of adding yet another to the many documents which will, sooner or later, decide the people to condemn those by whom it is dishonoured and betrayed.

‘ For these reasons I do protest.

‘ The newspapers have published the order sent to me by the French Ministry, and the motives upon which that order is founded.

‘ I am accused of conspiring for the emancipation of my country, and of seeking to rouse the Italians to that aim by my letters and printed publications.

‘ I am accused of maintaining a correspondence with a Republican Committee in Paris, and of having—I, an Italian, resident in Marseilles and without means and connections—held dangerous communication with the combatants of the Cloister of St. Mery.

‘ I shall certainly not shrink from assuming the responsibility of the first accusation. If the endeavour to spread useful truths in my own country, through the medium of the press, be conspiracy, I do conspire. If to exhort my fellow-countrymen not to slumber in slavery, but rather to perish in the struggle against it, to lie in wait for, and to seize the first opportunity of gaining a country, and a national government, be conspiracy, I do conspire.

‘ It is the duty of every man to conspire for the honour and salvation of his brother man, and no government assuming the title of liberal has a right to treat the man who fulfils this sacred duty as a criminal.’

*Works, vol. I*

For some time we remained concealed in Lausanne, but we were afterwards permitted to take up our abode in Berne.

‘They were about two hundred,’ I said in a little pamphlet treating of the persecution of the exiles, and published at Lausanne under the title *Ils sont partis*, ‘they were but two hundred, and yet, seized with terror and hatred at the sight of them, old Europe has donned her antiquated armour of notes and protocols, and determined to do battle against them; has put in motion her whole body of diplomatists, police agents, aristocratic bravos, prefects, troops, and spies, under every description of disguise. From one extremity of Europe to the other, the whole of that double-faced tribe—creatures whom God tolerates here below but as a test and trial of the good—thronged the doors of the various embassies, awaiting instructions before dispersing themselves over every corner of Switzerland to search out, calumniate, and denounce their victims.

‘Then began the *exile hunt*. For a space of four months diplomatic notes fell thick as hail upon poor Switzerland, or like the swarms of crows and flies that surround a corpse, Notes came from Naples, from Russia, from all the four points of the compass; all of them, in language more or less bitter, threatening, and enraged, bidding her *expel the exiles*.

‘And yet at times they pretended to despise them. According to their journals these exiles were but inexperienced lads fresh from school; conspirators in embryo. They were morally intoxicated; they were dreamers—seekers after the impossible. It was well to give them a lesson and punish them for their folly; but there was nothing to fear from them.

‘Yes, they were very young, although their open brows were lined with sad and solemn thought; although torn from every maternal caress and every domestic joy; they were the infants of a new world, the children of a new faith; for at the commencement of their pilgrimage, the Angel of Exile, seeing them pure from egotism, and ready for sacrifice as youth is, had whispered to them I know not what sweet and holy words of universal brotherhood and love, and of the religion of the heart, which had elevated them above the men of their day.

‘Touched by the Angel’s wing, their eyes beheld things unknown to riper age; they forefelt the new Word agitating the ruins of feudal Europe, and saw a new world eager to behold it emerge from those ruins into the light of victory. They saw nations regenerated, and

men. The Future will say if I prophesied or dreamed. Today the revival of Italy confided to immoral materialists, extolled as great by the ignorant, corrupt and vulgar, condemns my hope. But what is death to other peoples is only sleep to us.

From these ideas I gathered that the new work ought to be before all things moral, not narrowly political; religious, not negative; founded upon principles, not on theories of interests; on Duty not on well-being. The foreign schools of materialism had pained my soul during some months of my University life. History and the intuition of conscience, sole criterions of truth, reconstructed me rapidly to the spiritualism of our fathers.

*Quoted in European Republicans by W. J. Linton, 1893*

## VII

### Tempest of doubts

**T**he last months of that year (1837) had inured me to suffering, and rendered me '*ben tetragono ai colpi di ventura*,'<sup>1</sup> as Dante has it. I know not to what peculiarity of mind it is owing that I have never been able to remember the dates of even the most important events of my individual life. But were I to live for a century I should never forget the close of that year, nor the moral tempest that passed over me, and amid the vortex of which my soul was so nearly overwhelmed.

It was the tempest of Doubt, which I believe all who devote their lives to a great enterprise, yet have not dried and withered up their soul—like Robespierre—beneath some barren intellectual formula, but have retained a loving heart, are doomed—once at least—to battle through. My soul was overflowing with and greedy of affection; as fresh and eager to unfold to joys as in the days when sustained by my mother's smile; as full of fervid hope, for others at least, if not for myself. But during those fatal months there darkened around me such hurricane of sorrow, disillusion, and deception, as to bring before my eyes, in all its ghastly nakedness, a foreshadowing of the old age of my soul, solitary, in a desert world, wherein no comfort in the struggle was vouchsafed to me.

<sup>1</sup> On all sides  
Well squared to fortune's blows.'

It was not only the overthrow, for an indefinite period, of every Italian hope ; the dispersion of the best of our party ; the series of persecutions, which had undone the work we had done in Switzerland, and driven us away from the spot nearest Italy ; the exhaustion of our means, and the accumulation of almost insurmountable material obstacles between me and the task I had set myself to do ;—it was the falling to pieces of that moral edifice of faith and love from which alone I had derived strength for the combat ; the scepticism I saw rising around me upon every side ; the failure of faith in those who had solemnly bound themselves with me to pursue unshaken the path we had known at the outset to be choked with sorrows ; the distrust I detected in those most dear to me as to the motives and intentions which sustained and urged me onward in the evidently unequal struggle. Even at that time the adverse opinion of the majority was a matter of little moment to me ; but to see myself suspected of ambition, or any other than noble motives, by the one or two beings upon whom I had concentrated my whole power of attachment, prostrated my soul in deep despair. And these things were revealed to me at the very time when, assailed as I was on every side, I felt most intensely the need of comforting and re-tempering my spirit in communion with the fraternal souls I had deemed capable of comprehending even my silence, of divining all that I suffered in deliberately renouncing every earthly joy, and of smiling in suffering with me. Without entering into details, I will merely say that it was precisely in this hour of need that these fraternal souls withdrew from me.

When I felt that I was indeed alone in the world—alone, but for my poor mother, far away and unhappy also for my sake—I drew back in terror at the void before me. Then, in that moral desert, doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong, and the world right? Perhaps my idea was indeed a dream? Perhaps I had been led, not by an Idea, but by *my* idea ; by the pride of my *own* conception ; the desire of victory rather than the purpose of the victory ; an intellectual egotism and the cold calculation of an ambitious spirit, drying up and withering the spontaneous and innocent impulses of my heart, which would have led me to the modest virtues of a limited sphere, and to duties near at hand and easy of fulfilment?

The day on which my soul was furrowed by these doubts I felt myself not only unutterably and supremely wretched ; I felt myself a criminal—conscious of guilt, yet incapable of expiation. How many



mothers had I caused to weep ! How many more must learn to weep should I persist in the attempt to arouse the youth of Italy to noble action, to awaken in them the yearning for a common country ! And if that country were indeed an illusion ? If Italy, exhausted by two epochs of civilization, were condemned by Providence henceforth to remain subject to younger and more vigorous nations—without a name or a mission of her own—whence had I derived the right of judging the future, and urging hundreds, thousands of men, to the sacrifice of themselves, and of all that they held most dear ?

I will not dwell upon the effect of these doubts upon my spirit. I will simply say that I suffered so much as to be driven to the confines of madness. I felt every source of life drying up within me ; the death of my very soul. Had that state of mind lasted but a little longer, I must either have gone mad, or ended it with the selfish death of the suicide. Whilst I was thus struggling and sinking beneath my cross, I heard a friend whose room was a few doors distant from mine, answer a young girl, who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break in upon my solitude, by saying : ‘ *Leave him alone ; he is in his element, conspiring, and happy.* ’ Ah ! how little can men guess the state of mind of others, unless they regard it—and this is rarely done—by the light of a deep affection.

One morning I awoke to find my mind tranquil and my spirit calmed, as one who has passed through a great danger. The first moment of waking had always been one of great wretchedness with me ; it was a return to an existence of little other than suffering, and during those months of which I have spoken, that first moment had been, as it were, a summing up of all the unutterable misery I should have to go through during the day. But on that morning it seemed as if nature smiled a smile of consolation upon me, and the light of day appeared to bless and revive the life in my weary frame. The first thought that passed across my spirit was : *your sufferings are the temptation of egotism, and arise from a misconception of life.*

I set myself to re-examine—now that I was able to do so calmly—both myself and surrounding things. I rebuilt my entire edifice of moral philosophy. In fact the great question of a true or false conception and definition of life dominated all the secondary questions which had roused that hurricane of doubts and terrors, as the conception and definition of life is—whether recognized or not—the primary basis of all philosophy. The ancient religion of India had defined

life as *contemplation* ; and hence the inertia, the immobility, and submerging of self in God, of the Aryan families.

Christianity had defined life as *expiation* ; and hence earthly sorrows were regarded as trials to be endured with resignation, even with gladness, and without any duty of struggling against them. Hence the earth was viewed as an abode of suffering, and the emancipation of the soul was to be achieved through indifference and contempt for earthly things.

The materialism of the eighteenth century had gone back two thousand years to repeat the pagan definition of life as a search after happiness ; and hence the spirit of egotism it instilled into the souls of men under various disguises ; hence the hateful spectacle of whole classes rising to do battle in the name of the happiness of all men, only to withdraw from the struggle and abandon their allies as soon as they had achieved their own ; hence the instability and inconstancy of the most generous impulses, the sudden desertions whenever suffering overbalanced hope, and the sudden discouragement caused by the first adversity ; hence the setting up of material interests above principles and the many other evil results of that false theory which still endure.

I perceived that although every instinct of my soul rebelled against that fatal and ignoble definition of life, yet I had not completely freed myself from the dominating influence exercised by it upon the age, and tacitly nourished in me by my early French studies, and the admiration I felt for those who had preached that doctrine ; as well as an instinctive feeling of opposition to those governments and castes who denied the right to happiness of the multitude, in order to keep them prostrate and enslaved. I had combated the evil in others, but not sufficiently in myself. In my own case, and as if the better to seduce me, that false definition of life had thrown off every baser stamp of material desires and had centred itself in the affections as in an inviolable sanctuary. I ought to have regarded them as a blessing of God, to be accepted with gratitude whensoever it descended to irradiate or cheer my existence ; not demanded them either as a right or as a reward. I had unconsciously made of them the condition of fulfilment of my duties. I had been unable to realize the true ideal of love—love without earthly hope—and had unknowingly worshipped, not love itself, but the joys of love. When these vanished, I had despaired of all things ; as if the joys and sorrows I encountered on the path of life could alter the aim

I had aspired to reach ; as if the darkness or serenity of Heaven could change the purpose or necessity of the journey.

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an *aim*. Were it not so, of what avail were the movement, the Progress, which all are beginning to recognize as the Law of Life?

And that aim is one : to develop and bring into action all the faculties which constitute and lie dormant in human nature—Humanity, and cause them harmoniously to combine towards the discovery and application of that law. But individuals—according to the time and space in which they live—have various secondary aims, all under the direction of and governed by that one supreme and permanent aim ; and all tending to the constant further development and association of the collective faculties and forces. For one man, this secondary aim may be to aid in the moral and intellectual improvement of the few immediately around him ; for another, gifted with superior faculties, or placed in more favourable circumstances, the secondary aim is to promote the formation of a Nationality ; to reform the social condition of a people ; to solve a political or religious question.

Our own Dante understood this, when, more than five centuries ago, he spoke of the *great Sea of Being* upon which all existences were led by power towards *different ports*.

Mankind is young yet, both in knowledge and power, and a tremendous uncertainty still hangs over the determination of the special aims to which we are bound to devote ourselves. But the logical certainty of their existence is sufficient, and it is enough to know that it is the part of each—if our lives are to be life indeed, and not mere vegetation—to endeavour during the few years granted us on earth, more or less to purify and transform the element, the *medium* in which we live, in harmony with the one transcending aim.

Life is immortal ; but the method and time of evolution through which it progresses is in our own hands. Each of us is bound to purify his own soul as a temple ; to free it from egotism ; to set before himself—with a religious sense of the importance of the study—the problem of his own life ; to search out what is the most striking, the most urgent need of the men by whom he is surrounded ; then interrogate his own faculties and capacity, and resolutely and unceasingly apply them to the satisfaction of that need. And that examina-

tion is not to be undertaken in a spirit of mere analysis, which is incapable of revealing life, and is ever impotent save when assisting or subserving some ruling synthesis ; but by hearkening to the voice of his own heart, concentrating *all* the faculties of his mind to bear upon the point,—by the intuition, in short, of a loving soul, fully impressed with the solemnity of life. Young brothers, when once you have conceived and determined your mission within your soul, let naught arrest your steps. Fulfil it with all your strength ; fulfil it, whether blessed by love or visited by hate ; whether strengthened by association with others, or in the sad solitude that almost always surrounds the martyrs of thought. The path is clear before you ; you are cowards, unfaithful to your own future, if, in spite of sorrow and delusions, you do not pursue it to the end.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. III*

## VIII

### Disappointment in Italy

**T**he weight of our own cowardice will crush us. There is no bravery possible for ashamed people ; and before ourselves and Europe we shall be such. I am as one awakening from a long dream ; all my Italian pride has gone, and it leaves within me a blank which nothing can or will fill. I feel life aimless. And what is worse I shall be alone in feeling so. Love of the country, which is life, religion, fever for me, is a sort of diletante-parading habit with all those who have sworn with me. There is no earnestness, no depth in them. The earnest, deep-feeling men are the unknown working men of our towns of Romagna, who incessantly ask to be led, the poor unknown young men of Milan who now fill the Mantuan prisons. And these must henceforth be spared.

*Letter to Mrs. Emilie Hawkes, 1855*

Here I am somewhere—after four days of travelling under rain and the severest cold possible. I write now in a hurry, merely because I do not want you to be uneasy. The cold has come on the Centre and the North of Italy in a way which is declared to be bewildering to the Italians. Fancy the snow shining at this time of the year on the

mountains of Como. At Florence it began to rain, to pour in torrents, the day, the very moment I left. I had to leave on foot, reach a certain place at the distance of some twenty minutes and find there a vehicle with two men of ours. I went under the rain; had to wait under a tree near an English cemetery—Campo Santo, as we call it—for a quarter of an hour, when lo! there appeared an *open* carriage. In this we went on, we three and a dog, with one not very large umbrella. You may imagine the state in which we were reaching a place near Pistoja. There, I could not change my clothes. We had, however, an immense fire and plenty of wine. We drank, nearly roasting ourselves meanwhile. Then I went on, the rain accompanying us during one day and one night, through the most beautiful part of the Apennines, with a few rare villages, in which the peasants speak like Dante in his love poems.

There is a crisis coming on, I do not exactly know of what sort; but whatever it is, I must be in it. My yielding to these persecutions would be a selfish feeling. I feel an immense contempt for these ruling men who tell me that theoretically I am right and who still persecute me. And I feel an immense pity for the deluded mass of the people. Do you remember John Huss saying to the peasant who was casting new fuel in the burning pile ‘O sancta simplicitas!’ I really feel something akin. The aim must be pursued without reference to the transient errors. God knows that it is not for the living Italians but for Italy that I am working.

*Letter to Mrs. Stansfield, 1859*

I have not any more the energy of my old young days; I feel worn out and annoyed and disgusted and strongly wishing to altogether withdraw from the stage. Still, dear, it is the thing which *ought* to be done; the real duty of Italy, the real chance of effectually helping Poland, the real way to educate the Italian people—just as action has been the way to educate them to unity. Why should I, because the Italians are not up to the mark, turn back and leave them where they are, if I can try to awaken them to the sense of their duty? I too have an instinct, which has guided me through life and has produced something. This instinct of the thing to be done or attempted, must have spoken strongly indeed within me if it has snatched me from you all—the only dear things I have in life.

*Letter to Mrs. Stansfield, 1863*

I love more deeply than I thought, my poor dreamt-of Italy ; my old vision of Savona. Worn out and already—to me—unequal as I am now both physically and intellectually to the task or to rule the movement, I *cannot* get rid of the thought. I want to see before dying, another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, starting up from her three-hundred-years grave. This is only the phantom, the mockery of Italy. And the thought haunts me, like the incomplete man in *Frankenstein* seeking for a soul from his maker. It is the secret of all my doings, which you cannot, most likely, understand, and which I cannot explain through letters. I am bent now on two things : conquering a large fraction of the middle moderate class to my own ideas, and saving the working classes from the International and other evil influences by organizing publicly the whole of their Societies into one, with an independent separate programme. All the materialist young men are separating themselves and leading on a frantic opposition against me in the little republican press. Bakunin, whom you remember, is publishing periodical pamphlets translated in Italian, denouncing me as having gone to the European reactionary side. Others are attributing what they call a *recrudescence* of religious feeling to the fears arising in old age ! I am, however, gaining visible ground with the middle class, and the bulk of the working class are keeping faithful.

*Letter to Mrs. Stansfield, 1871*

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*Part Two*

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

I

The Destiny of Italy

Unity ever was and is the destiny of Italy. It may be traced as the ultimate aim of the slow but irresistible and continuous advance of our civilization from the time when the first germs of Italian nationality were sown by the Sabellian tribes, between the snows of the Maiella, the Great Stone of Italy (*umbilicus Italiae*) and the Aterno.

The progress was slow—for, while elaborating the foundations of the nation, Italian civilization had twice to conquer the world—but it was continuous throughout all the struggles of the popular element with foreign and domestic aristocracy ; and irresistible and invincible indeed, since neither religious transformation, nor the invasions of all the peoples of Europe, and the long subsequent periods of barbarism and ruin, sufficed to overcome it. The history of her *People* contains the secret of the history of Italy, and of her future. In it, both our own writers and those politicians of Europe, who have busied themselves with Italian affairs, might have learned the inevitable goal towards which the course of events was urging the populations of the Peninsula.

But neither literary historians, nor even Italian conspirators—ourselves excepted—nor any of the leaders of our insurrections, nor the dilettanti who flocked to Italy to steep their souls in melody, and gaze upon her ancient frescoes ; nor the poets whom the perception of a spark of life in Italy would have deprived of the beautiful image of a nation entombed for ever, suspected, thirty or forty years ago, the fact which has been the generating cause of our every progress, the fact that *the people of Italy had gradually substituted themselves for every partial element, overwhelming or absorbing every other influence of race or caste.*

Now, in every nation in which the people is the dominant element, unity—so long as the Commune is preserved as the temple of liberty—is certain and inevitable.

If we penetrate beyond the stratum of servitude overlaying the country, and investigate the latent life beneath, we shall comprehend that however long that life's activity might be repressed, the first revelation of it would be, not provincial, but national.

And such indeed it proved towards the close of the eighteenth century. From that time forth, whether in battle or in martyrdom, one sole Italian banner has been raised throughout Italy.

Yes ; unity was and is the destiny of Italy. The civil primacy twice exercised by Italy—through the arms of the Caesars and the voice of the Popes—is destined to be held a third time by the people of Italy—the nation.

Federalism in Italy would not only arbitrarily reduce the vast association of forces, intelligence and activity, to be organized by unity for the benefit of each individual ; the inequality existing between the various states would not only create that continual want of balance between *power* and *will* which is the mortal disease of all federations ; and the germ of anarchy and disunion among them ; it would not only be the means of perpetuating the weakness of the state, rendering it an easy prey to the envy and perfidy of its more powerful neighbours ; but it would cancel, in the name of an unreal and fictitious liberty, the great MISSION of Italy in the world.

It matters little that it may not now be easy to determine what the mission—I believe it to be highly religious—of Italy is in the world. The tradition of two epochs of initiation, and the conscience of the Italian people, alike bear witness that such a mission exists ; and even if the double unity we have already given to the world did not indicate what that mission is, the fact of this instinct among the people of a national mission to be fulfilled, and a *collective idea* to be developed, would be enough to prove the necessity of one sole country, with one form of organization to embody and represent it.

That form of organization is unity. Federalism implies a multiplicity of aims to be realized, and resolves itself, sooner or later, into a system of aristocracies or castes. Unity is the only security for equality, and the due development of the life of the people.

May God disperse the miserable sect that now weighs like an incubus upon the Italian heart ; and may the Italians, awakened to a sense of their mission in the world, soon inscribe upon a Pantheon erected to our martyrs in Rome, the two words which form the symbol of the future—God and the *People*—Unity and Liberty. *Works, vol. I*



The Pope, generally a creature of the faction opposed to that which elected his predecessor, overturns the system in operation prior to his accession, and by a *Motu-proprio*, substitutes his own. His electors, the cardinals, each eligible after him and feeling themselves his equals, substitute their pleasure for his, every one in his sphere. The Bishops, also partaking in this divine character and in irresponsible authority, exercise a wide and almost entirely independent power. The same, too, with the chiefs of the Holy Inquisition. The ecclesiastics, holders of the principal offices, incompetent from past habits and studies to undertake their administration, discharge their duties by the aid of inferior employees ; who in turn, feeling their position uncertain, as dependent on a necessarily short-lived patronage, are guilty of every possible malversation and aim solely at self-enrichment. Beneath all, the weary people, borne down by all, reacting against all, are initiated into a corruption the example of which is set by their superiors ; or avenge themselves as they may, by revolt or the poniard. Such, abridged, is the normal state of Papal Italy.

In such a system there is not, there cannot be, any place for general, social interests, but place for the interests of self alone. The priests who govern have nothing in common with the governed : they may have mistresses—they cannot have wives : their children, if they have any, are not legitimate, and have nothing to hope for but from intrigue and favouritism. The love of glory, the ambition of doing good—the last stimulant left to individuals when every other is wanting—exists not for them. The absence of all unity of system, the instability of all principle of government, as evidenced at Rome under each new pope, and in the provinces under each new legate, wholly destroys the possibility of such an impulse.

Nought of religion survives but forms, outward shows, and observances compelled by law. It is compulsory that the youth of the schools and universities should be present at mass each day, and communicate once a month ; it is compulsory that public officers should take part in ceremonies termed religious. Such is religion in the Roman states. The junction of temporal interests with the duties of the central power of the Church has stifled religion : it will revive only by their disjunction—in other words, only by a political revolution, that shall pluck the Roman provinces from the Pope to give them to Italy.

*Letter to Sir James Graham, 1845*

## II

## Italy—Old and New

Italy is wanting in faith ; not faith in liberty, equality, and love for humanity—that faith is manifested in her continual protests—but faith in the possible realization of those ideas, faith in God who is the Protector of violated Right, faith in her own latent strength, and in her own sword.

Italy has not faith in her own people, in the masses, who were never called into the arena ; she has not faith in that unity of mission, of desire, and of suffering which could make the first victory a lever powerful enough to cause the whole peninsula to rise ; she has not faith in the vigour unknown till now of *principles*, which never shone on the eyes of the people, and were never before invoked, but which will direct, I hope, our first enterprise for the conquest of liberty.

Do not judge of our future by our past, sir. There is an abyss between them. All our former revolutionary attempts failed, but they were the work of a military and aristocratic caste, and were meant for the benefit of a caste ; all drew back before the regenerating word of great revolutions : *God and the People* ; all sacrificed the sublime dogma of Equality to I know not what mean hopes ; all were suffocated at their birth by breach of faith. And this breach of faith, which alienated the people, and drove youth to scepticism, was inevitable. Men were always under the dominion of a cold school of individualism, which froze all noble thoughts, all great ideas of renewal, enthusiasm, and sacrifice, in a materialistic analysis. And given a false principle, all its fatal consequences had to be borne. On account of this false principle, all—friends and enemies alike—cried to Italy :

*Your sons have not sufficient strength to work out your deliverance.*

No one dared to say :

*Rise up, powerful in energy and devotion, for you must place your hope in none but your sons and God.*

*Letter to Lamennais, 1834*

This is an epoch of destruction, of moral anarchy, of want of faith ; but anarchy cannot last. The times which preceded Christianity were similar to these in disorder and immorality ; but out of that mire

appeared a new world. And from this which we are now treading there will issue, believe me, another world, another society, still more advanced than that. However, perhaps we shall not see it. That may be; but is it a reason for us to remain inert, and not to bring our little contribution to the great pyramid?

We set much store by intellectual and moral education; now the education of a child reveals its effect after a few years, but the education of nations, of a whole generation, cannot do so; the effects are insensible, but infallible. Besides, it is our fault that things go so slowly, the fault of the progressive party, which is full of divisions, contradictions, and fears. The fears of the opposition would be nothing if men would hold together, and decide upon acting.

*Letter to his mother, 1836*

Italy is a vast prison, guarded by a certain number of gaolers and gendarmes, supported in case of need by the bayonets of men whom we don't understand and who don't understand us. If we speak, they thrust a gag in our mouths; if we make a show of action, they platoon us. A petition, signed *collectively*, constitutes a crime against the State. Nothing is left us but the endeavour to agree in secret to wrench the bars from the doors and windows of our prison—to knock down gates and gaolers, that we may breathe the fresh life-giving air of liberty, the air of God. Then, a career by pacific means of progress will be open to us; then will begin our guilt and condemnation if we cannot bring ourselves to be content with it.

I am no partisan of that Jesuitical maxim, *the end justifies the means*; but I must confess, it seems to me equally absurd, equally unjust, to exalt into an axiom the opinion that on all occasions and at all times censures the application of physical force. It appears to me more rational to say—whenever a way remains open to you in a just cause for the employment of moral force, never have a recourse to violence; but when every moral force is seared up—when tyranny stretches so far as formally to deny you the right of expressing in any manner soever what you conceive to be the truth,—when ideas are put down by bayonets,—then, reckon with yourself: if, though convinced justice is on your side, you are still in a weak minority, fold your arms and bear witness to your faith in prison or on the scaffold—you have no right to imbrue your country in a hopeless civil war: but if you form the majority, if your feeling prove to be the feeling of millions.

rouse yourselves, and beat down the oppression by force. Cowardly to bow the head before brutal violence upholding injustice, when the arms that God has given you suffice for its overthrow, is to degrade yourself to the passive condition of the animal—to betray the sacred cause of truth and of God—to enthrone tyranny for ever, under the pretext of abhorring physical force.

You cannot in conscience apply the principles of your normal state to our peculiar condition. You cannot censure or repudiate our means of action, the only ones left us, without declaring by implication that despotism is a good thing, that the liberty of which England boasts is an evil.

I put to every true Englishman this simple question—imagine eighty thousand French soldiers stationed in Ireland or Scotland; imagine that, whenever the people in that portion of the English territory remaining free called for improvement, advancement, or change in their internal laws, the eighty thousand foreigners should intrude the points of their bayonets, and say, ‘In the name of brute force, stir not’; what would you do?

What would you do, we have made up our minds to do; we are trying to understand each other, so as to be able to do it. That sums up the Italian question: in that consists what to-day you brand with the name of *conspiracy*—what you would hail to-morrow, should we triumph, with the title of *glorious victory*.

*Letter to Sir James Graham, 1845*

To those who would restrain the aspiration of the multitudes towards a social revolution within the limits of a narrow reform; to those who seek to make the ruins of an old caste, privilege, or aristocracy, the stepping-stone to a new; to those who, after the sad unanswerable evidence of past experience, persist in preaching hereditary monarchy, striving to induce the masses to rush to martyrdom only that they may lay the foundations of a new tyranny upon their corpses; to those who, while they shout for the abolition of all political privilege and inequality, yet place the dogma of privilege and inequality at the summit of their constitution, symbolized in the person of an inviolable monarch, an hereditary chamber, and an elective *class*; to those who pretend to overthrow a principle while preserving its consequences, or to reveal a principle, and reject its consequences; to those who arrogate themselves the right to alter the destiny of a people, yet tremble

before the face of death, danger, and the people; to those who imagine they can transform a state without calling into action all the motive forces offered by the state; to those who would have twenty-six millions of Italians rise in revolution without knowing wherefore; to those who boast themselves so exclusively Italian as to abhor everything foreign, however excellent, while they watch over and found their every hope upon the combination of foreign cabinets, invoke foreign aid in their country's cause, and declare every attempt made with her own native forces imprudent; to those who admit the right to political liberty and religious liberty;—to those, and *only* to those, to whatsoever age, condition, or province they belong—do we give the name of *Old Italy*; for they are men of the past, and intellectually dangerous.

From these, but *only* from these, do we, *Young Italy*—men of progress, of the future, and of independence—to whatsoever age, condition, or province, we belong—declare ourselves separate and apart for ever.

Liberty in all things and for all men.

Equality of social and political rights and duties.

Association of all peoples, and of all free men in one mission of progress embracing the whole of Humanity.

Such is our symbol, our intent, our enterprise.

*Works, vol. I*

### III

#### Italy in 1848

**T**he generation living and acting in 1848 had not—speaking generally—any other philosophy than the philosophy of *interests*;—personal interests in the most corrupt, the interests of party triumph, or of hatred of the enemy, in the best. Of faith in the future, or in an ideal, irrespective of the immediate advantage to be gained, they had none. We had hoped to inspire them with an enthusiastic faith in the great and beautiful, and we had deceived ourselves. Faith and duty are one: duty necessarily implies a source, an idea superior to Humanity—God. God was not, and, alas! is not in the heart of the century.

Italy was, and—if we except the good instincts which begin to manifest themselves in the working classes, of our cities especially—still is corrupted by the materialism which the merely analytic and

negative philosophy of the last century has instilled into our daily practical life, habits, and method of viewing all human things.

The daring negations of the eighteenth century were directed against a dogma henceforth inefficacious, because it has remained inferior to the advanced intelligence of humanity ; their error lay in confounding one of the stages through which religion has passed, with the great religious life of the world ; the *form* which the spirit had assumed for a time, with the spirit itself ; one period of revelation, with the whole eternal progressive Revelation of God to mankind ;—but at least they confined their assaults to the sphere of ideas, and human life still retained somewhat of its former unity.

At the present day we are governed, not by the *principles*, but by the *consequences* of that period of negation : we reduce its doctrine to practice, but have lost the warlike energy which distinguished the doctrine itself. A breath of religious fervour ran through that very rebellion against religion ; the men who abjured the God of the Christian world, uttered long hymns and apostrophies to a Goddess of Nature, and raised altars to a Goddess of Reason.

They have so parcelled out and dismembered the unity of Life ; so utterly lost the link which unites the ideal, defined by religion, to the external world which should be its representative and interpreter, that the empty phrase *a free church in a free state* has been hailed and accepted in our own day as a formula of high moral significance. That formula does in fact amount to nothing more than a declaration that our Law is atheistic ; that it matters not whether religion be good or evil, false or true ; it amounts to a proclamation of progress as the practice, and immobility as the theory ; a perennial anarchy between thought and action ; a freely-educated intellect and an enslaved conscience. It would appear as if no one had as yet obtained a glimpse of the only true solution of the problem by such a transformation of the Church as would place it in harmony with the State, and enable it progressively and without tyranny to guide it upon the path of righteousness.

The people of Italy may be fashioned into the semblance of a nation, but it can never be made a Nation in the true sense of the word, great and powerful for action, conscious of its mission and resolute to fulfil it, except through re-education in religion ; such a religion as the intellectual progress achieved, combined with the tradition of Italian Thought, when rightly studied, alone can give us.

thought of founding the regeneration of great People on lies ; and we are now expiating this fault, as is only just.

Sometimes I gaze at the lake (Lugano) and the sky at night ; and they are so beautiful and so calm, that I am forced to turn away from the window, as I am afraid of giving way and of falling into weak regret, which would be senseless and egoistical. At such moments I often think of you, of the peace which you deserve, and of my wish to have known you well ten years ago. Think of me, and write to me. I care for you enough to deserve it.

*Letter to George Sand, 1848*

Are the lessons of 1848 lost upon us? Shall we never understand that the first and chief mission for all of us who are fighting the battles of right and justice is now that of forming the people of Europe into free nations?

In 1848 we were masters of the field. The people, as always, had responded to the summons of the preachers of liberty. The despots, as always, had yielded at the first blow. We could have initiated the new epoch, and have founded, on the ruins of the old world, the United States of Europe, the Alliance of the Nations, in substitution for the deceptive agreements between dynasties.

Why did our plans fall through? Why were the fugitive or trembling kings able to win back the lost ground inch by inch?

Our former masters encouraged in us the old race-hatreds, the suspicions which they themselves had sown and fostered among us when our common servitude prevented us from understanding one another, and no *principles* existed, but merely the interests of a few ruling families. We did not understand that the liberty of a people cannot be won and maintained except by the faith which declares the right of all to liberty ; and that, when all were free, we should have easily, in the spirit of the new life, come to an understanding about the few territorial questions which still remain doubtful. We chose our starting-point for judging these, not in the future, but in the past. We changed the sacred principle of *Nationality* into a mean *Nationalism*. We divided our forces. We isolated ourselves in the battle. Our masters, having combined, were able to fight us one by one, and conquered and derided us.

*Letter to a German, 1861*

## IV

## The Fall of the Roman Republic (1849)

The Republican flag, raised in Rome<sup>1</sup> by the representatives of the people, does not represent the triumph of one fraction of the citizens over another. It represents the common triumph—a victory—gained by the many, acquiesced in the immense majority,—of the principle of good over the principle of evil ; of the common right over the will of a small number ; of the holy equality ; the gift of God to all human species, over privilege and despotism. Liberty and virtue, the Republic and fraternity, ought to be inseparably united. It is for us to set an example to Europe. The Republic in Rome is an Italian programme ; it is a hope, a future for twenty-six million of men, our brothers. It is bound to prove to Italy and to Europe that our cry of *God and the People* is not a lie ; that our work is eminently religious, a work of education and morality ; that the accusations of intolerance, anarchy, and violent upturning of things directed against us, are false ; that united thanks to the Republican principle, into one family of righteous men, under the eye of God, and following the inspiration of the highest amongst us in genius and virtue, we advance towards the attainment of true order—the association of Law and Power.

It is thus we understand our mission ; and it is thus that we hope all the citizens will learn by degrees to understand it with us. We are not the Government of a Party ; we are truly the Government of the Nation. The Nation is Republican. The nation embraces all who sincerely profess its republican faith ; it pities and instructs all those who do not as yet comprehend the sacredness of that faith ; it crushes, in the omnipotence of its sovereignty, all who attempt to violate it by open revolt, or secret intrigues provocative of civil dissensions.

Romans—the territory of the Republic is threatened by foreign intervention. A body of French troops has appeared before Civita vecchia.

Whatever may be their intentions, the maintenance of the Principle of Government freely accepted by the people, the right of Nations, and the honour of the Roman name, command the Republic to resist.

<sup>1</sup> The Republic was proclaimed, by an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, on the 9th February, 1849.



The Republic will resist. It is necessary that the people should prove to France and to the world that they are not a people of children, but a people of men, and of men who once gave laws and civilization to Europe. It is necessary that none should be able to say *the Romans desired to be free, but knew not how*. It is necessary that the French nation should learn from our resistance, our declarations, and our whole bearing, that we are firmly resolved never again to submit to the Government we overthrew.

The people will prove this. They who think otherwise, dishonour the people and are traitors to their country.

Romans—Your city has been overcome by brute force, but your rights are neither lessened nor changed. The Roman Republic lives eternally inviolable in the suffrages of the men by whom it was proclaimed ; in the spontaneous adhesion of all the elements of the State ; in the faith of the peoples who have admired our long defence ; in the blood of the martyrs who have fallen beneath our walls for its sake. Our invaders betray their solemn promises as they list. God does not betray. Be you constant and faithful to the faith of your hearts in the trial which He wills you should for a while endure, and do not despair of the future. Brief are the dreams of violence ; infallible the triumph of a people that hopes, combats, and suffers in the cause of justice and holy liberty.

You have given brilliant proof of military courage ; now give proof of moral courage. By all you hold sacred, citizens, keep yourselves uncontaminate, free from weak fear or base egotism. Let the division between yourselves and your invaders remain evident to all men.

Meanwhile, none can hinder the pacific manifestation. Let your municipalities unceasingly declare with calm firmness *that they voluntarily adhered to the Republican form of government, and the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Pope ; and that they regard as illegal whatsoever government be imposed without the free approval of the people* : then if necessary, let them resign. From every quarter of Rome, from every provincial city, let lists be issued, signed by thousands of names, bearing testimony to the same faith, invoking the same right.

In the name of God and the People, be you great as your forefathers. Now, as then and more than then, you have a world—the Italian world—in your keeping. Your Assembly is not extinct ; it is dispersed. Your Triumvirs—their public function suspended by the force of

hings,—are on the watch for the opportune moment—which will depend on your conduct—in order again to convene the Assembly.

*From an address to the Roman Republic, 1819*

The Roman Republic has fallen ; but its right lives immortal—a spirit which will often rise to disturb your dreams. And it shall be our care to evoke it. The political question is intact. The Roman Constituent Assembly, by declaring that it yielded solely to force, without entering into any condition, or becoming a party to any unworthy compromise, took from you every basis of legal action. We have not capitulated. Rome's right exists as strong as on the day when the Republic was first inaugurated. Defeat has left it unchanged. The vote of the populations, legally and freely expressed, remains a normal condition of life, from which no one can now retreat. You dare not deny that right ; in all that has passed, you have but sought to weaken and to render doubtful its expression. And the defeat of those whom you falsely denominated factions, removing, even in the opinions of those who believed in you, every obstacle to the free voting of the populations, has rendered the right of voting only more urgent and more sacred.

For us, for those who feel with us, the right of Rome has deeper root and other hopes than those which are merely local. The root of Rome's right embraces in its ramifications the whole of Italy. The hopes of Rome are the hopes of the Italian nation, whose reawakening neither your nor any other veto can prevent. God decreed that awakening on the day when, all monarchical delusions having been overcome one by one, when all false ideas of leagues and federations, which an erroneous doctrine had striven to implant amongst us, having been expiated by martyrdom, the Italian national instinct raised within the ancient capital the banner of national unity, and declared that GOD AND THE PEOPLE should henceforth be the only masters in Italy. Rome is the centre, the heart, of Italy ; the palladium of the Italian mission ; and the city wherein broods the secret of our future religious life can patiently endure the brief delay which your arms have unexpectedly caused in the development of its destinies.

*Letter to Ministers of France, 1849*

Terror now reigns in Rome ; the prisons are choked with men who have been arrested and detained without trial ; fifty priests are confined in the castle of St. Angelo, whose only crime consists in their

having lent their services to our hospitals the citizens best known for their moderation are exiled ; the army is almost entirely dissolved, the city disarmed, and the ' factious ' sent away even to the last man ; and yet France dares not consult in a legal manner the will of the population, but re-establishes the papal authority by military decree. I do not believe that since the dismemberment of Poland there has been committed a more atrocious injustice, a more gross violation of the eternal right which God has implanted in the peoples, that of appreciating and defining for themselves their own life, and governing themselves in accordance with their own appreciation of it. And I cannot believe that it is well for you or for Europe that such things can be accomplished in the eyes of the world, without one nation arising out of its immobility to protest in the name of universal justice. This is to enthrone brute force . . . it is to substitute the sword and poinard for law—to decree a ferocious war without limit of time or means between oppressors rendered suspicious by their fears, and the oppressed abandoned to the instincts of reaction and isolation. Let Europe ponder upon these things. For if the light of human morality becomes but a little more obscured, in the darkness there will arise a strife that will make those who come after us shudder with dread . . .

The balance of power in Europe is destroyed. It consisted formerly in the support given to the smaller states by the great powers : now they are abandoned. France in Italy, Russia in Hungary, Prussia in Germany, a little later perhaps in Switzerland : these are now the masters of the Continent. England is thus made a nullity . . . Let not your preachers of the theory of material interests, your speculators upon extended markets deceive themselves ; there is history to teach them that political influence and commercial influence are closely bound together. Political sympathies hold the key of the markets . . . She (England) has not felt that the struggle in Rome was to cut the Gordian knot of moral servitude against which she has long and vainly opposed her Bible Societies, her Christian and Evangelical Alliances ; and that there was being opened, had she but extended a sisterly hand to the movement, a mighty pathway for the human mind. She has not understood that one bold word, ' respect for liberty of thought ', opposed to the hypocritical language of the French Government, would have been sufficient to have inaugurated the era of a new religious policy, and to have conquered for herself a decided ascendancy upon the Continent.

*Letter to an English friend, 1849*

For me, for us exiles of twenty years who have grown old in illusions, he was like a melody of youth, a presentiment of times that we shall not see, in which the instinct of goodness and sacrifice will dwell unconscious in the human soul, and will not be, as virtue is in us, the fruit of long and hard struggles. Of a disposition lovingly yielding, he was only happy when he could abandon himself to those he loved, as a child in his mother's caress; and yet Mameli was unshakably firm in what touched the faith he had embraced. He was handsome, but careless of his appearance, and sensitive as a woman to the charm of flowers and sweet scents. Such was he when I knew him first at Milan in 1848, and we loved each other at once. It was impossible to see him and not love him. Only twenty-two, he joined the extremes rarely found united, a childlike gentleness and the energy of a lion, to be revealed, and which was revealed, in supreme emergencies.

*On the death of Goffredo Mameli who gave his life in the defence of Rome*

## V

### The Condition of Europe

**I**n the division of Europe among the several powers at the Congress of Vienna an immense error, not to say a great iniquity, was committed. The natural peculiarities of character, the indications of different destinies, the diverse natural tendencies of various peoples were altogether overlooked or disregarded. Questions of the balance of power, of imaginary equalities, calculated by ciphers representing square miles or millions of men, nor human ideas, human wants, human tendencies, were the considerations that decided the partition of Europe. It was a hurried, ill-advised, and improvident work, concocted on the one hand by Powers that had nothing in view but their own despotic interests and aggrandizement, on the other by politicians looking no further than their own time, seeking only for present peace, frightened at and weary of the convulsions through which Europe had just passed, and without faith in the future—men anxious merely to reconstitute the old system which Napoleon had broken down, and who had given neither time nor sympathy to the study of those vital elements out of which a new system might be constructed, and upon which alone permanent peace and progression can be established. . . .

The question now at issue throughout Europe, at the bottom of all European movements, is the question of nationality, of national rights and duties.

*From the address before the People's International League organized by Mazzini in London, 1847*

There is no longer at present any Public Law in Europe. The Treaties of Vienna formed the basis of international transactions among the European governments : They are no more. There exists now between the despotic states in Europe a league in order to accomplish Evil, whensoever that can serve their interests. . . . There exists no alliance for Good, for the protection of national liberties, for the defence of the feeble, for the peaceable evolvement of the progressive principle. . . . In the heart of a Humanity which calls itself Christian, there is absolutely nothing *collective* to represent the consolidation of the families of humanity, the common mission of everything that bears upon its brow the signs of human nature. Hate reigns, for only Hate now *acts* : it has its armies, its treasures, its compacts, its right is Force. Here, it organizes and accomplishes with atheistic *sang-froid*, the butchering of one caste by another ; there, it combats beliefs by torture, it crushes down the human soul by the knout ; elsewhere it says *the independence of this territory hinders my projects*—and it suppresses it. . . . Brute Force says to Switzerland : ‘ *You shall have neither Compact or Nationality, but so soon as civil war appears in the midst of you we shall occupy your territories with our armies.*’ Brute Force says to the Italians : ‘ *Remain disunited, hostile, feeble ; we will it so, and our armies are there to maintain our will.*’ There is not a single government which dares interpose, in the name of God, and of Immortal Justice, not one that appears to feel how immoral, how impious, how atheistic is this inertness.

Such is the actual state of Europe<sup>2</sup> ; such is the lesson unfolded by Cracow. It is the throwing off the mask on the part of the despotic principle, a gauntlet of defiance flung in the name of Force at all peoples or governments who maintain that the law of the world is the principle of liberty in love.

Shall the gauntlet be taken up? It shall, without doubt, in an hour more or less remote, by the enslaved peoples. But for those who already rejoice in their liberty, are there not henceforth duties? Can they not, even now, accomplish them in part?

*From an article in the People's Journal, 1847*

So Hungary has fallen : Venice has fallen ; let that vain shadow of a constitution vanish from Piedmont, as it will in a short time ; and Europe shall be replaced in the condition in which it was before 1848. At Rome they arrest, they send abroad, they condemn to ' travaux forcés à perpétuité ' according to *French* Law men, like Capanna and Pevalia, who have acted as subaltern, under either our orders or those of the Director of Police, who is an exile : at Bologna and at Terni, under Austrian and Spanish rule, they shoot our young men. At Milan, they beat men, women, children. At Civitavecchia, hundreds of our men, driven away from Rome, still forbidden to go to France, to Malta, to Tuscany, are literally starving. The wife of Garibaldi has died on the road, near Ravenna, through grief and illness. We shall be, according to the expression uttered a few days ago by a French statesman in Paris, ' traqués comme des bêtes fauves.' Then they talk of peace and order ! And we have Congresses of Peace in Paris ; and Lord Palmerston says that he wants peace in Europe. I feel from time to time emotions of rage rising within me, at this triumph of brutal force, all throughout the world, over Right and Justice. We shall be better than they are ; we shall be such to the end ; but suppose we should react—suppose I should make myself what they assert me to be—suppose we should appeal to the dagger and organize a vast league of Avengers—who could justly declare us to be in the wrong? Depend upon it, it is owing to my love of God, of mother and sisters, that I do not put myself at the head of such a League ; as to *their* life, spite of all idle talking in Congresses of Peace, I would care much less than of the life of a dog. Still, to have to witness all this, and to have to struggle against feelings of hatred, for which we have not been born, is very sad.

*Letter to Mrs. Emilie Hawkes, 1849*

What is, in short, the condition of Europe to-day?

On the one hand, you have us, the preachers of liberty and co-operation, convinced by long experience that neither liberty nor co-operation can be set up and permanently maintained in one corner of Europe or another, unless fortified and protected on all sides by nations living a similar life—convinced that no continuous and pacific evolution of the faculties and forces of Humanity, on the road of common progress, can take place if the work is not first divided and apportioned according to natural capacity ; if the arbitrary distribu-

tion of the Nations, caused by conquest or by the pretended right of royal families, does not undergo a fresh partition founded on geographical conditions, on language, and on traditions. I need not repeat to intelligent men like your compatriots, that by Nationality we only mean the *organization of the work of Humanity*, of which the nations are the individuals.

On the other hand, you have the men who care neither for Humanity nor progress, nor for anything except their own power and the material comforts which they derive from it ; the preachers of legitimacy and conquest, the upholders of an authority not conferred by the living conscience of the people, but derived exclusively from the worn-out traditions of past stages ; the politicians of materialism, who see *right in fact*, and the rule for society in *force*, not in the spontaneous and progressive *life* of the Nations.

*Letter to a German, 1861*

## VI

### On Caesarism

Anyone familiar with any part of my writings will surely not accuse me of irreverence toward genius, or of sharing in an anarchical tendency that is so conspicuous to-day, and which thwarts many a noble endeavour by inclining significant individuals to hold aloof, under pretext of personal independence, from any activity that implies orderliness, subordination and discipline. I respect authority and I am conscious of all the holiness that lies in obedience to a leader. However, authority resides in God, in His law, in the truth. When, therefore, a man bids me to follow him and says, ' Authority lives in my person ' I have the duty and the right to investigate and see whether virtue, the moral law, the capacity for self-sacrifice are in fact alive in his person, just whither he intends to lead me, and whether, finally, the sum of forces that he is in a position to apply to the achievement of the given purpose is larger or smaller than the resources possessed by some other individual. If those three researches turn out in his favour, I am ready to follow him in reverent and joyous trust, without holding the motives of his every act in suspicion, without requiring an explanation for his every gesture, without tormenting him with distracting queries or unworthy doubts.

The theory that is expounded in this book<sup>1</sup> suppresses two terms of the above statement of the problem and holds that the third is alone sufficient to legitimize authority. We should fall on our faces before authority, much as savages prostrate themselves before the flash of lightning, whenever, wherever and whithersoever authority announces itself. Attila would kill the conscience of the human race!

As a matter of fact, genius is nothing more than a resource, an instrument. It may be applied to evil. It may wallow in selfishness. It may promote the progress of all. Genius is not authority. It is the tool of authority. Authority is virtue illumined by genius. Genius increases duties and responsibilities. Duty is always something proportionate to the power or opportunity that an individual or a group of individuals has. Genius by itself does not constitute title or sovereignty. The purpose alone is sovereign. Anyone who loses track of these criteria of judgment is destined forever to misunderstand the history of men and of the world.

It is not true that genius is always and by nature the motive force of new eras. Genius now initiates, now interprets, now epitomizes, now closes eras. At times, towards the end of an era, when the idea that has inspired it is exhausted, in the intellectual field at least, when the human spirit, under the drive of an inexorable law of progress, is beginning to hope and to seek for a new source of inspiration, some genius will suddenly appear and take his stand on the untrodden ground of the future—beyond the limits, that is, of the tradition that has hitherto prevailed. His soul will be seen to flame with boundless aspiration just as his brow is radiant with the glow of a new dawn. Holy through unconscious virtue and brotherly love, he will seem instinctively to formulate the synthesis of the future as he states its guiding ideal in words. Thereafter, ten, twelve, a score of centuries will talk of him.

Then again, at such times, in the period, that is, between a dying epoch and the new age that is coming on, another sort of man will appear, a man whose talents lie in capacities for action and for ruling others. He will summarize all that has gone before in his person, realize it in institutions, spread it, in its characteristic traits, over lands different from the ones in which it found its visible and triumphant expression. Such a man unwittingly prepares the ground for the idea

<sup>1</sup> *Jules César*, published anonymously by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.



of the future. He does not reveal it. He does not even know or understand it.

The man of the first type is an initiator. He is a prophet. The man of the second type is a summarizer. He epitomizes the thought of an era and spreads it abroad. He creates nothing new. There is so little of the creator in him that, as a rule, he takes with him to the tomb all the creative energy of the people from whom he derived his power and his glory. The mission that Greece had in the world perished for indefinitely long ages with Alexander. The lingering death agony of Rome began with Julius Caesar. The leadership of France in Europe ended with Napoleon.

Religious geniuses belong to the first category. Almost all conquerors belong to the second. The religious prophet generally meets the conditions of authority that I have specified above. He has a programme. His life is consistent with his preaching. He gives a pledge of moral potency through the spell he exercises over human souls. The conqueror, on the other hand, the only genius envisaged by the system that I am combating under the name of Caesarism, replaces the requirements mentioned with an energetic, over-bearing, assertion of self. To anyone who asks: 'Why should I believe in you?' he invariably answers: 'Because I believe in myself.' Such a man can do startling things, but he cannot open an era. Initiative of that sort implies apostleship, armed or pacific, of a new ideal. If the conqueror had one, he would offer it as a bond for the trust he exacts.

Now people can serve ideas. People cannot, without playing false to their mission on earth, serve mere individuals. We can follow them as long as an ideal, which we are free to ponder by ourselves and accept if we choose, can be seen resplendent on the flags they wave. When there is no such flag, when there is no idea that gives bond for the leader's intentions, incumbent upon us is the duty of examining each and every act of the man who bids us to follow him. It is our duty to preserve our freedom intact, as the guarantor and the instrument of our examination. It is our duty to protest with word and sword against every effort that is made to deprive us of that freedom. I believe in God and I worship His law. I abhor idolatry.

A deep and persistent confusing of two essentially different things lies at the bottom of Caesarism. The agent is inevitably confused with the objective results of his career, even the remote and incidental results. The instrument is confused with the law that should control

the agent's action. The man is mistaken for God. World history slowly evolves from the continuous interplay of two forces: the activity of individuals and the design of Providence. The word that defines the second is progress. Time and space are ours. We can retard or accelerate progress. We cannot prevent it.

Progress is the law of God. That law will be carried out, whatever we do. But its progressive fulfilment does not relieve us of responsibility for our acts or even reduce the amount of our responsibility. The sins and mistakes of one generation serve as lessons to succeeding generations; but the generation that sins or errs deserves blame or punishment, and punishment it will suffer, either here on earth or elsewhere.

The invasions of the Latin world by the races of the North destroyed Roman civilization. They gave Italy over to massacres and plunderings of every description and established conditions of semi-barbarism on lands that had once known free citizenship, art and industry. Some centuries later we find the Roman world replaced by a Latin-German world. Civilization had recovered in extension what it had lost in depth and intensity. The barbarians had carried back to their forests many influences from the civilization with which they had been at mortal grips. So a vast field had been opened and prepared for a new synthesis, in other words, for Christian civilization. Well, in view of that, are we to admire Alaric and Attila as standard-bearers of civilization? Should the sons of Romans have enrolled under the banners of the invaders?

During the later Middle Ages men who spilled oceans of blood to vent their thirst for dominion founded monarchies, and so unwittingly prepared the ground for our modern nationalities, which in turn to-day are summoning the peoples to a consciousness of their collective existence and so are preparing the ground for the destruction of monarchical dogma and for the triumph of republicanism. Should we on that account glorify and venerate the treachery and the cruelty of a Louis XI. or others like him?

Every tyranny, even the worst sort of tyranny, leads infallibly in ten, twenty, thirty years, to a greater development of freedom. By a law that seems to be basic in the nature of things, the human spirit proportions its activity to the pressure that is exerted upon it. Are we therefore bound to raise altars to our tyrants? There was an ancient heresy that worshipped Judas; for, so it was argued, had it

not been for Judas there would have been no crucifixion and therefore no redemption. Caesarism is an application to history of just such a heresy. No ! We cannot confuse the acts of the free responsible creature with the objective workings of providential laws. Curses upon Judas, and glory be to God, who allows no Judas to change humanity's destinies ! That we raise that twin war cry is a vital condition to human living, if the achievement of those destinies is not to be too long postponed.

*From an article in Macmillan's Magazine, 1865.*

## VII

### People's War

**Y**ou ask me why I do not express opinions on the war? I feel disheartened. You seem to me to be fighting like Ajax, in the dark : only he was praying for light. You have it shining on you, yet fear at every point and resolutely shut your eyes against it. You have been repeatedly warned. Men who do not claim a superior insight, but who from their position, studies, and events of a whole life, are entitled to know something about continental matters, did tell you from the very beginning of the contest that Austria would never fight your battles ; that her only aim was to take possession of the Principalities ; that by your obstinately pursuing the phantom of an alliance with her, you were not only degrading your cause and losing the sympathies of the good and brave throughout Europe, but cramping your schemes and turning the policy of your own war from the only ground upon which you could rationally hope for victory. All this has been crystallized into facts. Still you remain on the same track, plunging deeper and deeper into a dark region of deceptions whilst a single act of will would lead you back to the path where honour and victory must bless your steps. I see brave deeds sufficient to redeem a fallen nation ; noble powers of acting and enduring, displayed by your soldiers and officers in the Crimea ; but for what purpose and with what hope? I bow before the quiet devotedness with which your Nation accepts the sacrifices imposed by war, and I feel proud of loving and being loved in your Country ; but such a devotedness ought not to be spent in vain ; and as far as I can see, it is. Owing to the policy which leads the war, you are fighting for an impossibility.

This thought—unless all practical sense has forsaken your nation—must, after nine months of disappointments, be moving in many souls ; still, none dares give utterance to it. Your Parliament is floating between one party that is perfectly aware of the difficulties of your position but drawing from that knowledge a policy of peace at any cost, and another party fully alive to the necessity of not withdrawing from the contest before a decisive victory, but neither understanding nor wanting to understand, how that victory can be reached. Peace at any cost, even of honour, and war for war's sake : the three words uttered by Mr. Roebuck remain unsupported, echoless—to be remembered, perhaps when it is too late. Your Reform Societies apparently aim at nothing but teaching the people how to do *cleverly* the wrong thing. Your Press, bold, sometimes fierce, and when combined, all-powerful, concerns itself with details and second-rate matters, but is silent about the main problem : can Russia be conquered through the Crimea ? Still, that is the question. It is good and brave to die for one's flag, but it is unutterably sad and culpable to bid the best to die a fruitless death. Martyrdom is, in certain times and circumstances, the sacred duty of the weak. The strong are bound to conquer.

Can you conquer without a radical change in your moral policy ? It is my deep conviction that you cannot. To believe that the success of a war rests on mere organization and military skill—that the directing policy has nothing to do with it, is an immense mistake.

War is for me the greatest of crimes when it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for a great Truth to enthrone, or a great Lie to entomb. Yours is not waged for either. It shrinks from proclaiming a principle. It equally aims at entailing despotic encroachments from the North and strengthening despotism in Central Europe. It declares that Turkey has a right to independence whilst its policy and treaties are calculated to prevent any other country from asserting itself independent. I believe in God and in a providential scheme ; and I consequently do not believe in triumph crowning a war grounded on expediency, temporary self-interest, and antagonism to European rights and liberty.

Tsarism is a *principle* ; the principle of unbounded authority. It is only a principle, that of universal liberty, that can conquer it.

*On the Crimean War. Letter to a friend, 1855*

By a people's war, we understand a war sanctified by a national object ; in which the greatest possible number of forces which a country can supply are brought to action, and all such forces are employed according to their special nature and peculiar fitness ; in which the regular and irregular elements of warfare, distributed over a territory adapted to their various aptitudes, alternate their activity, and in which it is declared to the people : ' The cause combated for is yours ; the efforts and sacrifices made to win it ought therefore to be yours.'

By a people's war we understand a war in which a *principle*, a grand idea, boldly proclaimed and faithfully applied, by leaders pure in heart, powerful in intellect, conscientious, vigilant, trusted, and beloved, awakens to a kind of inspired life, and exalts to enthusiasm those capacities for struggle and sacrifice which are so easily kindled or extinguished in the heart of a people.

In a people's war no privilege of birth, of favour, or even of length of service, without merit, would have any influence in the formation of the army ; the right of election would be applied as widely as is practically possible ; moral training would alternate with military training ; and rewards, proposed by the different companies, approved by the chiefs, and conferred by the nation, would teach the soldier to feel that he is not a machine, but a part of the people armed in a holy cause.

In a people's war men are not taught to look for safety exclusively to an army, a man, or a capital ; they learn to create centres of resistance everywhere ; to see the cause of the country at stake wheresoever a handful of brave men raise the banner of victory or death. A prudent well-combined general plan being held in reserve in case of serious reverses, the operations are bold, rapid and unforeseen ; relying especially on moral elements and effects, and unrestrained by diplomatic considerations ; the *peoples*, in fact, are more regarded than the governments ; and the chief aim is rather to enlarge the circle of insurrection, than timorously to guard against the movements of the enemy ; rather to wound *them* to the heart than to avoid sacrifices for the country. . . .

And for a war like this—the only war capable of saving the nation and its independence—the royal war was compelled by the inevitable necessity alike of its traditions and its intentions to substitute the cold and hierarchical methods of the soldiers of privilege ; the dry calculation of material elements only ; the neglect of all moral elements, of en-

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thusiasm and faith which are capable of transforming a soldier into a hero of victory, or a martyr. /

*Works, vol. V*

In the heart of every honest British citizen there is already ready a spark of the old sacred fire which burnt in the hearts of Milton and Cromwell. Excite this spark, boldly and without fear. The people to whom Nelson said nothing but the concise words : ' To-day England expects every man to do his Duty ' has not been ' corrupted ' by the contorted, immoral, and weak policy of diplomacy, and can never be so.

Speak to them of Duty. Tell them that the present duty is war. War, with the scope of deciding whether Europe is to be left defenceless at the mercy of successive despotic usurpations, or to become a free, well-ordered Europe, pleasing to God, and progressing in peace. War, with the scope of solving once for all the ancient problem whether Man is to remain a passive slave trodden underfoot by organized brute-force, or to become a free agent, responsible for his actions before God and his fellow-men. War, because it is a sin and a shame to allow the despots this perpetual licence in evil-doing ; a licence never granted to the just and free, to progress and protection of the Nations. War, because it is unworthy of England to look on passively at this homicidal conflict, repeating the words of guilty Cain : ' Am I my brother's keeper ? ' War, because it is never too late for expiation ; and an expiation is necessary for this vicious, un-English and unprincipled policy, which has looked on (even lending help directly or indirectly), at the fall of Poland, Hungary, Venice, and Rome. War, in the noble intention of restoring Truth and Justice, and of arresting Tyranny in her inhuman career, of rendering the Nations free and happy, and causing God to smile upon them benignantly, of crowning political and religious liberty, and making England proud and powerful, having gained the sympathy and gratitude of the nations that she has benefited. Tell them these things.

Tell them that there is a unity of life in Humanity, which does not allow evil to be done or endured, without the consequences striking the totality of it sooner or later ; and that as cholera warns us to beware of tolerating an abject, sordid, and degrading poverty in our land, so war comes to teach us that no permanent Peace, no reciprocal trust and stability in human affairs, can exist if Justice, Reason, and Liberty do not form the basis of a true Balance of Power in Europe.

*Letter to the President of the Polish meeting, 1853*

Depend upon it, higher than all war councils and cabinet councils, there stands a Power, which has decreed that no *permanent* victory will be achieved by him who does not fight for truth and principles ; that deceptions, failure, and shame will attend the flag of any people which does not feel the sacredness of war, but makes of it a mere selfish, physical, butchering contest.

War, like death, is sacred ; but only when, like death, it opens the gates to a holier life, to a higher ideal. I hail the glorious emancipating battles of Humanity, from Marathon down to our own Legnano, without which our municipal liberties would have been crushed in their bud ; from those which won religious liberty for the half of Europe, down to those which, in our time, summoned Greece from her grave of two thousand years to a second life ; the blood-baptisms of mankind to a great mission, to be fulfilled only through martyrdom. But war, whenever not sanctified by a *principle* inscribed on its flag, is a crime ; the foulest of crimes : soldiers, whenever they are not the armed apostles of progressive life and liberty, are nothing but wretched, irrational, hired cut-throats. And for *such* a war there may be momentary triumphs ; never the beautiful rainbow of lasting heroic victory.

*Letter to the President of the Society of the Friends of Italy, 1855*

Come with me : follow me where begins the vast Campagna which, thirteen centuries ago, was the meeting-place of the races of humanity, that I may recall to you where beats the heart of Italy.

Thither did Goth, Ostrogoth, Erulian, Lombard, and an infinite number of other barbarians and semi-barbarians descend, thereon unconsciously to receive the consecration of Italian civilization, before going forth again upon the various lands of Europe ; and the dust which the traveller casts from his shoe, is the dust of nations.

Silent is the vast Campagna : over the wide solitude hovers a silence that oppresses the soul with a sadness like unto that felt by one who wanders through a place of burial. But he who, nurtured in high thought, and strengthened and purified by misfortune, pauses in that solitude at eventide, when the sun has shed his last ray over the long undulating line of the horizon, will hear an indistinct murmur, as of life fermenting beneath ; as if it were the quickening stir of generations awaiting the *fiat* of a potent word to call them into being, to repeople a site that appears created for a Council of the Peoples,

I did hear that thrill, and I prostrated myself before that prophetic sound.

There, upon the roadway that recalls the name of one of the strong slayers of Caesar, extending between the *debris* of extinct volcanos, and the relics of Etruria, between Monterosi and La Storta, close by the lake, lies Baccano. Pause and gaze southwards towards the Mediterranean, far as the eye can reach ; in the midst of the immense expanse before you, like a Pharos in mid-ocean, rises an isolated point, a sign of distant grandeur. Kneel down in worship—there throbs the heart of Italy ; there in eternal solemnity, lies ROME !

That isolated point is the capital of the Christian world, and, but a few paces distant, stands the capital of the Pagan world. And these two worlds lie there awaiting a third world ; vaster and more sublime than they, in course of elaboration amid their potent ruins. It is the Trinity of that history whose Word is in Rome.

And tyrants and false prophets may delay, but none can prevent the incarnation of the Word. For while many cities have perished on earth, and many will yet perish in their turn, Rome is, by decree of Providence, divined by the peoples, the ETERNAL CITY ; because to her has been entrusted the mission of diffusing over the world the word of unity. And the life of Rome reproduces itself ever amplified and extended.

And as the Rome of the Caesars, having united a vast zone of Europe through the power of action, was succeeded by the Rome of the Popes, which united Europe and America through the power of thought ; so will the Rome of the people succeed the other two, and, in the religion of thought and action conjoined, unite Europe and America, and the rest of the terrestrial world.

And when the Pact of the new faith shall be displayed upon the pantheon of humanity, which the nations will one day build up,—between the Capitol and Vatican, and dominating both—the long dissonance between heaven and earth, soul and body, matter and spirit, reason and faith, will cease into harmony of life.

And all these things will be when you shall have learned that the life of a people is religion—when, asking counsel only of conscience, and of tradition, not of the sophists, but of your own nation and the other nations of humanity,—you shall constitute yourselves priests, not of Rights but of Duty, and, rejecting all cowardly compromise, give battle not merely to the civil power of the Lie, but to the Lie itself



that now usurps the name of authority in Rome. These things shall be when you remember the prophetic cry which re-awakened Rome sent forth to Italy ten years since, and inscribe upon your banner and upon your hearts :

*We own but one Master in heaven—God ; and but one interpreter of His law on earth—the People.*

The sky was starless, leaden-hued and dark. Descending night had spread over the deep azure a dense, unbroken veil, like a shroud slowly sinking over a corpse. From time to time an icy breeze swept noiselessly over the vast campagna : the long thick grasses bent as noiselessly beneath its breath. I gazed around, and the pure bright visions of the virgin soul rose up before me ; the sweet hopes of my young years, fallen, one by one, beneath the icy breath of delusion and discouragement.

There was sadness in the hour ; sadness over earth and heaven, and over the wide silence, a sadness profound, inconsolable, mute. Life seemed suspended without power of revival.

Slowly enwrapping my whole being like a garment that takes the impress of the form it covers, there came over me a sense of supreme fatigue, a quiet, passive, weariness of life, and of every earthly thing ; a nameless languor, without grief, but worse than every grief,—as it were the death of my soul. And I thought of the long years I had lived through, joyless and uncaressed, in the solitude of an idea ; of the friends, dead to earth, or dead to me ; of illusions vanished forever ; of men's ingratitude, and of my mother's grave, which I had been unable to approach save in secret and by night, like one bent on a crime—till I felt the need of weeping, weeping, weeping ;—but I could not weep.

And I sat down, broken-spirited, on a stone by the way, and buried my face in my hands, as one who strives to hide from himself the path he has trodden and the path he has yet to tread.

And while I was sitting thus, I seemed to feel, at intervals, a breath upon my forehead, and a faint murmur reached my ear as of voices afar off, or rising through the ground, and I seemed to know those voices.

And as I rose up and looked anxiously around, it seemed to me that the whole Campagna was as if sown with little crosses,<sup>1</sup> and by the side of every cross there rose a pallid form, now of man, and now of

<sup>1</sup> The graves of the people in Italy are marked by no headstone, but by little crosses

woman. And the faces of some of these were known to me, others not ; but all of them seemed to me brothers and sisters of my soul.

And some of these forms bore upon the breast or forehead a round bloody sign, as of a wound ; some of a bloody ribband round the neck ; or other mark of sudden and violent death ; while others wore no sign save the impress of a long and grievous anguish stamped upon every feature—and these were the saddest of all to see. And they gazed mournfully, and as if questioningly upon one another.

At length, from one of these forms came the sound of a voice saying :—

‘ *Still forgetful ?* ’

And other voices, in accents of deep anguish, answered :—

‘ *Still !* ’

And a long wailing groan sounded over the vast Campagna. Those spirits, who had smiled in torture and on the scaffold, groaned aloud over the forgetfulness of their living brothers.

Then a voice rose, saying : ‘ Did we die for the truth or for falsehood ? The will of our Father in heaven gathered us here together, that we might give the signal of the third life of our nation, which shall be when our brethren take heed of the lessons written for them in our blood. And the months pass by, and the years pass by, and the spirits of new martyrs are daily added to our number, but the hour of emancipation sounds not for us.’

And another voice rose, while the spirit gazed upon the many forms around—‘ what need they more ? Voluntary victims of the foreign foe we fell, to teach them that he who would redeem himself must seek salvation in his own arm and his own weapon only. Wherefore do they still entrust their destiny to the councils and decisions of strangers ? ’

And a third voice rose : ‘ Forsaking the sweet shores of the Adriatic, we departed, inspired by the Father, to die in the far Calabrian land, to teach them that each Italian is responsible for all Italians ; that each zone of Italian territory is a zone of the common country. Wherefore are they encamped each on the fragment of territory himself has won, and careless of the sufferings of their brothers a few paces distant ? ’

And a fourth voice said : ‘ We die to teach them that faith without works is falsehood to God and man, and that action is the best training that can be given to a people. Wherefore is the spirit of life manifested but by thousands, while the millions look idly on ? ’

And a fifth voice spoke disdainfully : ‘ Deliberately, solemnly, did we front death and infamy from the many, to teach them that a single weapon may restore equality between the most tyrannic power and the multitude enslaved, if that weapon flash in the hand of one who sets his own life truly at naught, and owns no judges but his conscience and God. Wherefore, then, do they childishly bewail the tyranny of a single despot? ’

And a female form, bearing no mark of violent death, but the sign of the sorrow of Niobe upon her wasted features, arose, and made as if she fain would speak, but could not ; she only pointed with a glance whose reproach seemed to embrace both earth and heaven, to the forms of four youths by her side.

And after a time of silence, all of those four forms broke forth in lament : ‘ Where is the country promised to our children by those who witnessed our deaths and swore to avenge us? Where is the tomb that should shelter our bones in a free land, beneath the lovely banner for which we laid down our lives? Why are the promises of our loved ones dispersed in air? Wherefore call us great, if our example is unfollowed? Of what avail are the words of affection pompously bestowed upon our memory, if the idea, the desire, the aspiration of our souls is forgotten, perverted, profaned? Have we died for the truth or for falsehood? ’

And a shiver ran through those shadowy forms, and I covered my head in grief and shame.

And when I looked again, I saw nought but the starless heaven, the vast, desolate Campagna, and the long thick grasses bending beneath the icy breeze.

But often in my dreams does the dolorous vision rise before me again.

*Words addressed to the Youth of Italy after the disgraceful conclusion of the Franco-Italian War, 1859*

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## Part Three

# POLITICAL TESTAMENT

### I

## Against Dictatorship

**I**n 1833, on publishing an article by Buonarroti, 'Upon the Government of a People during the Period of Insurrection for Liberty,' signed Camillo, in a number of *Young Italy*, I protested against a paragraph advocating an individual dictatorship, in the following note :

We agree with all the views put forth in this article, except that which admits of individual dictatorship, among the forms of revolutionary government.

We dissent from this view, because, although the nature of the governing power required during the period of insurrection is essentially different from the form of government to be adopted after victory, there are two conditions which it is absolutely requisite that it should fulfil. The first is that it should avoid all resemblance to the nature of the power overthrown ; the second, that it should contain the germ at least of the form of government intended to be substituted for that power. Both of these conditions exclude the dominion of one man, and indicate the dominion of the majority.

Because, although the revolutionary power ought to be composed of the most virtuous and gifted in heart and intellect, and it is inadvisable to summon parliaments or numerous assemblies in moments where the governmental acts and decrees are required to succeed one another with the rapidity of military movements ; we believe, nevertheless, that the governing power should contain one representative of every insurgent province of Italy.

Because the dictatorship of a single individual may become dangerous in the highest degree among a people accustomed to the degrading influences of servitude.

Because, until the day arrives when a truly national government, the issue of free and universal suffrage, shall be formed, an element of distrust will always exist among a people striving for emancipation ; and the concentration of all the revolutionary forces in the hands of one man would render every description of guarantee illusory.

Because, in Italy, as in all enslaved countries, there exist no elements by which to judge and select the man possessed of sufficient virtue, energy, constancy and knowledge of men and things, to enable him worthily to govern and direct the destiny of twenty-six millions of men. He could only be proved worthy by the experience of many years of vicissitude, during which he had passed uncontaminated through those trials and situations most calculated to corrupt; and during that period of trial the insurrection would require a government and an administration.

Should the idea of an individual dictatorship be generally accepted, it might place the supreme power, perhaps a crown, at the disposal of the first soldier favoured by fortune in battle.

*Works, vol. I*

## II

### Republicanism in Italy

**A** Republic (*respublica*, or the thing of the people) is the national government in the hands of the nation itself.

It is a government by laws which are the true expression of the national will, in which the sovereignty of the nation is recognised as the ruling principle of every act, the centre and source of all power.

It is a state of unity in which every interest is represented according to its numerical strength; in which all *privilege* is denied by law, and the merit or demerit of the act is the sole rule by which rewards or punishments are dealt out; in which all taxes, imposts, tributes, and every restriction upon art or industry are reduced to the minimum amount, because the expenses, exigencies, and numbers of the administrators of the government are upon the most economical scale possible; in which the tendency of the institutions is chiefly towards the benefit of the most numerous and poorest class; in which the principle of association is evermore developed, and the path of indefinite progress laid open by the general diffusion of instruction, and the abolition of every *stationary* element, and every form of immobility; finally in which the entire society, united in strong, calm, happy, and solemn concord, shall be even as a temple erected upon this earth to virtue, liberty, progressive civilisation, and the moral law; over

the portals of which temple will be inscribed: The People to their God.

*Works, vol. I*

The conception of a Federal Republic includes the idea of a double series of duties and rights. The first series comprehends the special duties of each of the states composing the Confederation; the second their duties as a whole, or nation. The first defines the sphere of individual activity—the duties of individuals as citizens of the separate states, and their *local* interests; the second defines the sphere and duties of the same individuals as citizens of the whole nation—their *general* interest. The first is determined by the delegates of *each* of the states composing the Confederation; the second by delegates representing the *whole*—the Country.

*On the ideal of the Association of Young Europe, Works, vol. III*

I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THE SALVATION OF ITALY CAN BE ACHIEVED NOW OR AT ANY FUTURE TIME, BY PRINCE, POPE, OR KING.

For a king to unite, and give independence to Italy, he must possess alike genius, Napoleonic energy, and the highest virtue. Genius, in order to conceive the idea of the enterprise and the conditions of victory; energy—not to front its dangers, for a man of genius they would be few and brief—but to dare break at once with every tie of family alliance, and the habits and necessities of an existence distinct and removed from that of the people, and to extricate himself both from the web of diplomacy and the counsels of the wicked or cowardly advisers; virtue enough voluntarily to renounce a portion at least of his actual power; for it is only by redeeming them from slavery that a people may be roused to battle and to sacrifice.

And these are qualities unknown to those who govern at the present day—qualities forbidden them alike by their education, their habits of ingrained distrust, and—as I believe—by God himself, who is preparing the way for the Era of the Peoples; and I held these convictions even at the time when I wrote that letter. Charles Albert then ascended the throne in the vigour of manhood, the memory of the solemn promises of 1821 still freshly stamped upon his heart, amid the last echoes of the insurrection which had taught him the wants and wishes of the Italians, and the first throbs of that almost universal hope in him, which should have taught him his duty.

I made myself the interpreter of that hope, in which I did not share.

Should you decide to republish these pages of mine, they may at least serve to convince those who now style themselves the creators and organizers of a *New Party*, (the *moderate party*) that they are but feebly reviving the illusions of sixteen years ago, and that all which they now attempt has been already tried by the national party, ere they were taught by bitter deceptions, and torrents of fraternal blood, to declare to their fellow-countrymen *Your sole hope is in God and in yourselves*.

*Letter to a French publisher, 1847*

We were republicans of ancient date, our faith being founded upon grounds we have often declared, and shall often declare ; but we were especially such as regards Italy, because it was our aim to make of her a Nation. Faith made us patient—the triumph of the principle in which we have always been and still are believers, is so certain, that the sooner or later matters little.

By decree of Providence,—gloriously revealed in the progressive history of humanity.—Europe is fast advancing towards democracy. The most logical form of democracy is the Republic. The Republic therefore is one of the *facts* of the future.

It is not correct to say that progress *manifests* itself by degrees ; it *works* by degrees ; and in Italy the National idea had been gradually elaborated during the silence of three hundred years of general slavery, and, later, through nearly thirty years of earnest apostolate, often crowned by martyrdom, of the noblest souls amongst us. When once the soil has been thus prepared by unseen labour, a principle is generally revealed by insurrection ; by a collective, spontaneous, and abnormal action of the multitude ; by a sudden transformation of the *authority*. The triumph of the principle thus achieved, the development of the series of deductions and consequences resulting from it, is again slow, normal, and gradual.

It is not true that liberty and independence can be disjoined, to be achieved one after the other. National independence—which is only liberty conquered from the foreigner—requires, in order not to be a living lie, the collective work of men possessing a sense of their own dignity ; the energy of enthusiasm, and the power of self-sacrifice. These are the qualities of freemen ; and indeed in the rare contests for

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independence which have taken place without admixture of political questions, the people have derived their power from the amount of National unity already gained.

It is not true that a republic cannot be founded without the concurrence of all the severest republican virtues. This idea is an error of ancient date, which has contributed to falsify the theory of government in nearly all minds. Political institutions ought to represent the *educating* element of the state, and republics are founded precisely in order that those republican virtues which monarchy *cannot* produce, may germinate in the hearts of the citizens.

Many of the adversaries of our party, recognizing their incompetence to refute us on our own ground, have made it their system to misrepresent us; to confound republicanism with anarchy; our social doctrine with communism, and our yearning after a universal and active belief with the negation of all belief. They have affected to see in the people's war we preached, a disorderly and confused war; composed of irregular elements, and irregular in its operations; governed by no ruling idea, and lacking all uniformity of command and even of *matériel*; to the point that they have even affirmed that we sought to make war without either guns or cannon! Ridiculous notions, but not ours: as the few movements which have emanated from the republican principle, and which may be regarded as the prologue to the drama of the future, have sufficiently proved. The small number of men gathered together in two Italian cities, beneath the republican flag, conducted a more scientific, as well as a more obstinate war, than the many who fought under the banner of the monarchy.

In order that the various branches of the great Italian family might learn to love and to esteem each other, and to join in brotherhood on the battlefield; in order that the people might retain, with the consciousness of the sacrifices accomplished, the consciousness also of its own rights—and also because we mistrusted the military chiefs, and whilst others were hymning to victory before the battle, we foresaw the possibility, the probability even, of failure,—we were desirous that the *Nation* should arm, so as to be able at all events to defend itself. We were anxious that, by the side of the regular troops, the volunteers, the armed representatives of the people, should be maintained and strengthened.



Ours was not an enterprise of mere reaction ; nor like the movement of the sick man who strives to ease his sufferings by changing his position, We sought liberty, not as an end, but as a means by which to achieve a higher and more positive aim. We had inscribed the words *Republican Unity* upon our banner. We sought to found a nation, to create a people. What was a defeat to men with such an aim as this in view? Was it not a part of our educational duty to teach our party a lesson of calm endurance in adversity? Could we teach this lesson better than by our own example? And would not our renunciation have been received as a new argument proving the impossibility of unity? The fundamental vice of Italy, by which she was condemned to impotence, was clearly no lack of desire of freedom : it was a want of confidence in her own strength, a tendency to discouragement, and the want of that constancy of purpose, without which even virtue is fruitless. It was a fatal want of harmony between thought and action.

The moral education of the people, by means of writings and lectures on a scale proportionate to the necessity of the case, which might have cured this radical vice, was rendered impossible in Italy by the scourge of police persecution. A living apostolate was therefore necessary ; a nucleus of men strong in determination and constancy, and inaccessible to discouragement ; men capable of defying persecution, and meeting defeat with the smile of faith, in the name of a great idea ; of succumbing one day but to arise again the next ; men ever ready to do battle, and, spite of time or adverse fortune, ever full of faith in the final victory. Ours was not a sect, but a religion of patriotism. Sects may be extinguished by violence—religions never.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. III*

I cannot discuss at length with my father his objections to the institution of the Republic, but I wish to make one remark, which in my opinion is very important. That is : that wishing to conquer passions and change bad tendencies before speaking of a Republic, is not possible. When a man is living in a place where the air does not suit him and is vitiated, the first thing to be done in order to cure him is to give him a change of air. It is the same thing with society. It is impossible to improve man unless you change the element which surrounds him—called in physics the *medium*.

It is very true that our writings are not enough to change him ; but that is because whilst books preach one thing, society is preaching

another with a more powerful voice. Whilst books, for instance, preach disinterest, society concedes all the privileges to the rich, and preaches the love of money. Whilst books preach fraternal equality, society founded upon inequality, does not leave a man free to benefit by other teaching. One cannot make a slave into a man morally free without first freeing him from slavery.

*Letter to his mother, 1842*

There are for every great nation two stages of life. The first may be devoted to self-constitution, to inward organization, to the fitting up, so to say, of the implements and activities through which a nation *can* undertake the work appointed, and proceed to fulfil the task which has been ordained for her by God for the good of all mankind. For a nation is a living task ; her life is not her own, but a force and a function in the universal scheme.

The second begins when, after having secured and asserted her own self, after having collected and shown to all the strength and the capability which breathe in her for the task, the nation enters the list of humanity, and links herself, by noble deeds, with the general aim. You of America have triumphantly gone through the first stage ; you are on the threshold of the second one, and you may either betray your national duty or step beyond.

Through the almost fabulous amount of energies, unknown to our old rotten monarchies, which you have displayed ; the constant devotedness of your men and women ; the all-enduring courage of your improvised soldiers ; and mainly—do not forget it—the cancelling of the only black spot, slavery, which was sullyng your glorious republican flag—you have struck deep in the heart of Europe a conviction that there is in you a strong, almost incalculable power to be reckoned with in the onward march of mankind. All the numerous and ever increasing republican elements in Europe have discovered in you their representative. You have become a leading nation. You may act as such. In the great battle which is fought in the world between right and wrong, justice and arbitrary rule, equality and privilege, duty and egotism, republic and monarchy, truth and lies, God and idols, your part is marked ; you must accept it.

*Letter to an American friend, 1863*

## III

## The Political Faith of the National Party

**I**taly *wills* to be a nation, both for her own sake and for the sake of others ; by right and from duty ; by right of collective life and collective education ; from duty towards universal humanity, in which she has a mission to fulfil, a truth to promulgate, an idea to diffuse.

Italy *wills* to be one Nation : one, not in Napoleonic unity, in exaggerated administrative centralization, which annihilates the liberty of the members for the sake of the head or metropolis, and of a government ; but in the unity of a constitution, and of an assembly, the interpreter of that constitution ; in the unity of international relations, of an army, of a code, and of education ; unity harmonized with the existence of such local divisions as are indicated by local characteristics and traditions, and with the vigorous activity of large and powerful *communes*, participating to the fullest extent possible in the supreme power, by election, and endowed with all the necessary powers to carry out the aim of their special association ; the absence of which renders them at present powerless and necessarily subservient to the Central Government.

The autonomy of the separate states into which Italy is at present divided is an historic error. These states have not arisen by the effort of their own peculiar and spontaneous vitality, but have been formed by the *bon plaisir* of foreign or domestic tyranny. A confederation between states thus constituted would stifle all the power of the Italian mission in Europe ; would educate their inhabitants to a fatal rivalry ; would excite dangerous ambitions ; which, together with the inevitable influence exercised over the various states by foreign governments, would, sooner or later, destroy alike all concord and all liberty in Italy.

Italy *wills* to be a nation of free and equal brothers, associated in a work of common progress. Thought, labour, and property which is created by labour, are sacred things in her eyes ; and sacred also is the right—proportioned to the duties accomplished—of all men to the free and full development of their faculties and powers, of their intellect and of their hearts.

The Italian problem, like the problem of humanity, is one of education. Italy desires the progressive improvement of all her children. She reverences genius and virtue, not riches and brute force. She desires instructors, not masters; the worship of Truth, not falsehood or of chance. She believes in God and the people; not in the Pope or the princes. And in order that a true people may exist, it is necessary that they should—through action and self-sacrifice—achieve the consciousness of their rights and of their duties. Independence—that is to say, the destruction of the external and internal obstacles to the constitution of Italy's national existence ought to be achieved, not for the people, but by the people. The battle must be fought by all, the victory must be for all.

All those who accept these fundamental principles belong to the National Party. Outside of this, there are, there can be, only *factions*: they may agitate, but they have no real vitality; they may injure and corrupt, they cannot create.

Create! To create a people! Young men of Italy, it is time that you should comprehend how grand, how holy and religious is the mission confided to you by God. It can never be accomplished through crooked ways; by court intrigues, by false doctrines of expediency; nor by compacts formed with the intention of breaking them at the first favourable opportunity; but only through long effort, and through the living example of austere virtue given to the multitude; by the sweat of the soul; by the sacrifice of your blood; by the ceaseless preaching of truth; by the boldness of faith; by the solemn, unflinching, unchanging enthusiasm, superior to every sorrow that informs the spirit of men who acknowledge no master save God; no instrument but the people; no path save the straight line; no aim but the future of Italy.

Be ye such, and fear nothing. But drive the traffickers, the place-hunters from the Temple. Reject inexorably the petty Machiavellis of the ante-chamber, the would-be diplomatists, who insinuate themselves into your ranks in order to whisper of friendly courts and emancipating princes.

*Royalty and Republicanism in Italy, 1848*

They who preach patience to the peoples as the sole remedy for the ills by which they are oppressed, or who, while they admit the necessity of a contest, would yet leave the initiative to be taken by their rulers,

do not, to my thinking, understand the state of things coming upon us. They mistake the character of the epoch, unconsciously betray the cause they seek to serve, and forget that the mission assigned to the nineteenth century is profoundly organic ; a work of initiation and renovation only to be fulfilled in spontaneity, frankness, courage, and conscience.

Analysis can never regenerate the peoples. Analysis is potent to dissolve ; impotent to create. Analysis will never lead us further than the theory of individuality, and the triumph of the individual principle could only lead us to a revolution of Protestantism and mere liberty. The republic is quite other.

The Republic—as I understand it at least—is the enthronement of the principle of association, of which liberty is merely an element, a necessary antecedent. Association is synthesis ; and synthesis is divine : it is the lever of the world ; the only method of regeneration vouchsafed to the human family. Opposition is analysis ; an instrument of mere criticism. It generates nothing ; it destroys. When analysis has declared a principle extinct, it seats itself beside the corpse, and moves not onward. Synthesis alone has power to thrust the corpse aside, and advance in search of new life.

What then are we to do?

To preach, to combat, to act.

The republican party has nothing to alter either in its language or bearing. Any change introduced from any mere idea of tactics would lower it into a political party. Now the republican party is not a political party ; it is essentially a religious party. From the days of Spartacus downwards, it has had its dogma, its faith, its martyrs ; and it ought to have the inviolability of dogma, the infallibility of faith, the power of sacrifice, and the cry of action of martyrs.

*Faith and the future*, 1835

Upon a day in the sixteenth century, at Rome, some men bearing the title of *Inquisitors*, who assumed to derive wisdom and authority from God himself, were assembled to decree the immobility of the earth. A prisoner stood before them. His brow was illumined by genius. He had outstripped time and mankind, and revealed the secret of a world.

It was Galileo.

The old man shook his bald and venerable head. His soul revolted against the absurd violence of those who sought to force him to deny

the truths revealed to him by God. But his pristine energy was worn down by long suffering and sorrow; the monkish menace crushed him. He strove to submit. He raised his hand, he too, to declare the immobility of the earth. But as he raised his hand, he raised his weary eyes to that heaven they had searched throughout long nights to read thereon one line of the universal law; they encountered a ray of that sun which he so well knew motionless among the moving spheres. Remorse entered his heart: an involuntary cry burst from the believer's soul: *Epur si muove!* and yet it moves.

Three centuries have passed away. Inquisitors,—inquisition,—absurd theses imposed by force,—all these have disappeared. Naught remains but the well-established movement of the earth, and the sublime cry of Galileo floating above the ages.

Child of Humanity, raise thy brow to the sun of God, and read upon the heavens: *It moves.* Faith and action! The future is ours.

*Faith and the future, 1835*

'Ours', said we, 'is a mission of peace.' Brothers among brothers, we recognize and we claim the right of free speech, without which no true fraternity is possible. Who would, who could, dispute this right? Is not thought sacred in Italy? Is not truth elicited by the conflict of opinions? Where is he who possesses it, infallible and entire? Ah! if brothers should seek to impose silence upon brothers,—if diversity of conviction as to the means of making our country *one*, free, and great, could ever make us enemies one to the other, our prevision of a future Italy would be but an irony and a falsehood.

We seek to educate. At the first dawn of freedom of speech in our country, we renounced all the secret associations, all the old paths of insurrection, which had been righteous in the past. We bow down in reverence before the sovereign judgment of the people, legally expressed. We accept whatever facts, created by the consent of the whole people, may serve as an intermediate link between the present and that *ideal* which is our soul's star. But who would dare to bid us *renounce that ideal*?

In the name of God, in the name of the inviolability of thought, allow our banner, which you yourselves all admit to be the destined banner of the future, to be borne aloft by unstained hands and float in the sphere of ideas at least, like a happy omen above the cradle of a people aspiring to become a nation! We know well that, even should

you choose a contrary path to-day, you will one day come to seek it where it waves above our tombs ; but you will then seek it, enlightened by our labours upon its potent significance, upon the value of those sacred words '*God and the People*' blazoned upon it : you will seek it—not by the sudden impulse of excited passion, or of mere reaction against tyrannies extinct, but as the legacy left us by our forefathers, improved and verified by the study and experience of your brothers. Meantime, let us clasp hands upon the neutral ground afforded to us all by present circumstances—*Deliverance of our country, independence from the foreigner by whom she is menaced*. Together let us seek the most active and efficacious method of war against Austria ; together let us influence the people for the common weal ; point out to our governments the path to victory, and together march with them along that path. Our *first* thought shall be war ; our *second*, the unity of our country ; our *last* the form, the institutions, calculated to secure its liberty and assure its mission. . . . And if, misunderstood by some and faintly supported by others, we should sink exhausted by the way, still, calm and secure in the conscious purity of our motives, we will say, *Perish the memory of our names ; be the mighty love we have felt, the many sorrows we have endured, and the little that we have done, forgotten, so that our idea remain, sacred and immortal ; and may God raise up worthier and more capable apostles of that idea in the future !*

*The programme of the Republican Party, L'Italia del Popolo, 1848*

We have made the people's cause ours ; we have spontaneously taken into our hearts the sorrows of a whole generation ; a nation is incarnate in us. The nations sigh and suffer ; and shall we be spared? No, it cannot be so.

We have seized the spark from the Eternal One, and have placed ourselves between Him and the nations ; we have assumed the part of Christ, as emancipators, and God has accepted us.

Now, in these few years that remain to us, we are but the victims of expiation ; we suffer for all. I accustom myself, or try to accustom myself, to look our misfortunes in the face with the smile of him who foresees them, and foreseeing them, has already suffered before they arrive. I count our sorrows, and ask myself how many are still left to complete my share of expiation? There is one thing that they are unable to take from us : our final repose. We shall die, and may our death be at least as fine as the sacrifice that we impose upon ourselves !

Then, perhaps, when the trial is over, we shall live on love : our souls will live and will smile at the past, at the misfortunes of our brief life upon earth, as at a dream, a vanished nightmare ; they will certainly smile, as one smiles on waking from a nightmare ; they will smile at one another, in the security of a peace that knows no interruption, and no separation—a tremendous word, which I cannot pronounce without trembling.

Meanwhile, love her, love her as an angel, as one who no longer knows our sorrows or any terrors for the future ; love her with the worship that one gives to the dead, as if God had wished to place a part of you in Heaven, as a link between you and the spirit world.

*Letter to De Rosales, 1834*

Even if the present generation wishes us nothing but ill, future generations may understand us; and it matters little even if they never do so. Ours is a secret between our own conscience and God. And do not those of the present generation (even those who are most dear to me) accuse me of ambition? And future generations will also accuse me of this over my grave, if they ever speak of me, because it is the only revenge that indifferent men can take upon those who are zealous. Nevertheless, I to my misfortune am born of a clay insensible to praise, and perhaps to blame ; to praise certainly, except a word of encouragement from someone to whom I am much attached, and this word of encouragement I have never received, never ! I have never felt emotion at the applause which has been given me by some, and I do not understand ambition except as a low and contemptible egoism, contrary to my beliefs, my feelings, and my designs.

*Letter to De Rosales, 1834*

## IV

### Liberty and Independence

**L**iberty and independence are one, that God and the People, the Fatherland and Humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation. Italy can have no true life till she be One, holy in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe.



The Italian movement, my countrymen, is, by decree of Providence that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandisements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith ; great principles are the guiding-stars that lead Europe towards the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask inspiration of those who died for us all, and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers ; but the one looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth ; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glance meets between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises from the cradle or the tomb, evangelist or prophet.

God and the People.

God, at the summit of the social edifice ; the people, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the Father and Educator ; the people, the progressive interpreter of his Law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief, and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the Principle, politics the application. There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is one law for all those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being and of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties—our faculties and liberty are the *means*, not the *end*,—not to work out our own happiness upon earth ; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us ; but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine Law ; to practise it as far as our individual circumstances and powers allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and love of it among our brethren.

We are here below to labour fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day may come when it shall represent a *single sheepfold with a single shepherd*,—the Spirit of God, the Law.

To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition—the voice of anterior humanity—and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord, is truth ; wheresoever they are opposed, is error. To attain a harmony and consistence between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great.

The Family, the City, the Fatherland and Humanity, are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice towards this great aim. God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time he raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of his truth, and guides to the multitude on their way.

Love ! love is the flight of the soul towards God ; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows ; love the dead who were dear to you and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us—the love of souls that aspire together. Do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature to reach here below ; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love is to give and take a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up on the path of duty ; but it cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Act always—even at the price of increasing her earthly trials—so that the sister soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come when, from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret, you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart blushing whispered the first word of love ; it is the home that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude ; unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-five millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties, possessing a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe ; an immense future is before you ; you lift your eyes to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe ; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries

traced out by the finger of God for a people of giants—you are bound to be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-five millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond destined to join you together; let not a glance be raised to that heaven which is not that of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation. Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome, two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, are superposed like the double jewels of a diadem; draw from these a third world greater than the two. From Rome, the holy city, the city of love (Amor) the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote and fortified by the inspiration of a whole people, shall dictate the Pact that shall make us one, and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you will either have no country, or have her contaminated and profaned.

Love Humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, and humanity as mother; you cannot rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not the common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal,—improvement, association, and the foundation of an Authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy and re-link earth to heaven; an authority which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them; they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm can suffice to conquer; but say to them that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the Word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience of suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these to-day, you would fall again

to-morrow ; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose to them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience ; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and while labouring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, yet ever bear your own banner erect, and boldly promulgate your own faith.

God be with you, and bless Italy !

*The address given on the occasion of the anniversary of the death of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow martyrs, 25th July, 1848*

Our country is the fulcrum of the lever we have to wield for the common good. In abandoning that fulcrum, we run the risk of rendering ourselves useless not only to humanity but to our country itself. Before men can associate with the nations of which humanity is composed, they must have a National existence. There is no true association except among equals. It is only through our country that we have a recognized *collective* existence.

Humanity is a vast army advancing to the conquest of lands unknown, against enemies both powerful and astute. The peoples are different corps, the divisions of that army. Each of them has its post assigned to it, and its special operation to execute ; and the common victory depends upon the exactitude with which those distinct operations shall be fulfilled. Disturb not the order of battle. Forsake not the banner given to you by God. Wheresoever you may be, in the centre of whatsoever people circumstances may have placed you, be ever ready to combat for the liberty of that people should it be necessary, but combat in such wise that the blood you shed may reflect glory, not on yourselves alone, but on your country. Say not *I*, but *we*. Let each man among you strive to incarnate his country in himself. Let each man among you regard himself as a guarantee, responsible for his fellow-countrymen, and learn so to govern his actions as to cause his country to be loved and respected through him.

Country is not a mere zone of territory. The true Country is the Idea to which it gives birth ; it is the Thought of love, the sense of communion which unites in one all the sons of that territory.

So long as a single one amongst your brothers has no vote to represent him in the development of the National life, so long as there

is one left to vegetate in ignorance where others are educated, so long as a single man, able and willing to work, languishes in poverty through want of work to do, you have no Country in the sense in which Country ought to exist—the Country of all and for all.

*The Duties of Man, 1858*

## V

### Unity and Nationality

Unity is the law of the physical as well as of the moral world. . . . Where there exists no authority derived from a ruling national principle, to which all the accidents and occurrences of social life may be referred, a conflict of individual opinions is sure to arise, in which force will be of necessity become the sole arbitrator, and the path to despotism will thus be thrown open. . . . The natural impulse of every social body is to harmonize the various forces of which it is composed. All strife or dissonance between these forces is an indication of disease.

Every revolution is an attempt to co-ordinate the springs of social progress, an attempt to obtain recognition for an hitherto neglected element, and to procure for that element its rightful place in the constitution of the power that governs the national edifice.

Now this impulse towards harmony, and the creation of a system, are one and the same thing.

A principle, its legitimate consequences, and their exact application to a given aim, are the component parts of a doctrine.

Merely to shout liberty, without reflecting what it is intended the word should imply, is the instinct of the oppressed slave—no more.

It is impossible to realize a great aim by confining ourselves to a vague sentiment of reaction, and an indefinite idea of war against every obstacle in our way. Liberty thus understood will lead us to martyrdom, not victory. . . .

*Works, vol. I*

My nature was profoundly subjective, and master of its own course. The I was even for me an active force called upon to modify the medium in which it lived, not to passively submit to it. Life radiated from the centre to the circumference, not from the circumference to the centre. Ours was not an undertaking of simple reaction, the move-

ment of a sick man who changes sides to alleviate his pains. We did not reach towards liberty as the end, but as the means for attaining an end yet higher and more positive.

Upon the banners we had inscribed Republican Unity. We wished to found a Nation, to create a People. To men who had proposed to themselves an end so vast, what was a defeat? Was it not an appointed part of our educational work, this teaching of imperturbability amid adverse events? Could we teach without setting our example? And would not our abdication have subserved as an argument for those who held Unity to be impossible? The radical spoiler in Italy that condemned her to impotence was evidently not the lack of desire, but a distrust of her own strength, a facile tendency towards discouragement, a defect in that constancy without which no virtue can fructify, a fatal want of harmony between thought and action. The moral teaching which would remedy this evil was not possible in Italy, under the persecuting scourge of the police, in the way of writing or of speech on a large scale, proportionate to the need. A living Apostolate was necessary, a nucleus of Italians strong in their constancy, inaccessible to discouragement,—such as could show themselves, in the name of an Idea; capable of affronting with a smile of faith persecutions and discomfiture; falling one day, rising upon the next, but ready always for the combat; and believing always, without calculation of time or circumstance, in the final victory. Ours was not a sect but a religion of patriotism. Sects may die under violence; religion may not. I shook off my doubts, and deliberated how to pursue my way.

In Italy the work was inevitably slackened. Time was needed for souls to recover, for masters to believe themselves conquerors, and to betake them again to sleep. But we might make up outside for the loss at home, and labour to rise again one day and fling out a second call to Italy, strong in alliance with foreign elements and with European opinion. We might in the effacing, which I saw was being slowly accomplished, of every regenerative principle initiative of European action, prepare the ground for the only idea which appeared to me called to remake the life of the peoples, that of Nationality, with the initiative influence of Italy in some future movement.

Nationality and the possibility of the Italian initiative: this was the programme and the dominating idea of all my labours.

There exists in Europe no alliance for Good, for the protection of

national liberties, for the defence of the feeble, for the peaceful evolution of the progressive principle. There is absolutely nothing collective to represent the consolidation of the families of humanity. . . . Hate reigns, for it is only hate that acts ; it has its armies, its treasures, its compacts. Its right is Force. The narrow spirit of Nationalism substituted for the spirit of Nationality ; the stupid presumption on the part of each people that they are capable of solving the political, social, and economic problem alone ; the forgetfulness of the great truths that cause of the peoples is one, that the cause of the Fatherland must lean upon Humanity, that the aim of our warfare is the Holy Alliance of the Nations.

Is it too much to hope that some day the nations will assemble as brethren gathered together round the twin altars of the Fatherland and Humanity? That men should have faith in things to come and labour unceasingly to hasten their coming, even though without hope of living to witness their triumph? Are these illusions? Do we presume too far in asking such faith in an age undermined by scepticism, among men still slaves of the *ego*, who love little, and forget early ; who do not cherish courage in their hearts, and are earnest in nothing save in the calculations of egoism, and in the passing pleasures of the hour? No, we do not ask too much. It is necessary that these things should be, and they will be. We have faith in God, in the power of truth, and in the historic logic of things. The principle which was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is our part to clear the way for the new principle. To-morrow the world now incredulous or indifferent will bow before it. For we know, like Galileo, that, in spite of the Inquisition, the world moves.

*Works, vol. III*

The idea of the Unity of the human race could only be conceived as a consequence of the Unity of God. And the Unity of God, though forefelt by a few rare thinkers of antiquity, and openly declared by Moses (but with the fatal restriction of believing one sole people His elect) was not a recognized creed until towards the close of the Roman Empire, and through the teachings of Christianity.

Foremost and grandest amid the teachings of Christ were these two inseparable truths—*There is but one God ; All men are the sons of God ;* and the promulgation of these two truths changed the face of the world, and enlarged the moral circle to the confines of the inhabited globe.

To the duties of men towards the family and country were added the duties towards Humanity. Man then learned that wheresoever there existed a human being, there existed a brother ; a brother with a soul immortal as his own, destined like himself to ascend towards the Creator, and on whom he was bound to bestow love, a knowledge of the faith, and help and counsel when needed.

We have yet to teach mankind that as humanity is one sole body, all we, being members of that body, are bound to labour for its development, and seek to render its life more harmonious, vigorous and active.

Think you that it will suffice to improve the government and social condition of your own country? No, it will not suffice. No nation lives exclusively on its own produce at the present day. The only lasting hope for you is in the general amelioration, improvement, and fraternity of all the peoples of Europe, and, through Europe, of Humanity.

In whatsoever land you live, wheresoever there arises a man to combat for the right, the just, and the true, that man is your brother. Wheresoever a man is tortured through error, injustice, or tyranny, that man is your brother. Free men or slaves, you are all brothers. Be you the Apostles of this faith : Apostles of the fraternity of nations, and of that Unity of the human race, which, though it be admitted in principle, is denied in practice at the present day.

*The Duties of Man, 1844*

I abhor that which is generally called politics ; as I abhor art for art's sake ; social economy which occupies itself with production, but eliminates the problem of distribution ; religion which pretends to speak to us of God, but teaches us to despise His creation ; and so on.

I abhor everything which separates, dismembers, and divides ; everything which establishes different types independent of the great ideal to be followed ; everything which implicitly denies human solidarity, denying or forgetting the *unity* of the end ; everything which suppresses God, to set up polytheism or idolatry. There is only one real scope : the *moral* progress of man and of humanity. I judge everything that takes place from this point of view, convention or otherwise. I prefer half a century of servitude for my country to a national lie ; the former produces rebellion ; the latter corruption.

Italy matters little to me, if she is not to accomplish great and noble



things for the good of all ; Rome matters little to me, if a great European initiative is not to begin from her.

You speak to me of Unity : it has been my fixed idea for thirty-five years ; if I have done anything for my country, it consists in having preached Unity, whilst the wiseacres only spoke of federation. But I mean moral unity. I wish for the soul of the nation—the body is worth nothing without the soul, or rather there will not be a body without it.

*Letter to Daniel Stern, 1864*

I regarded the question of Nationality—as it ought to be regarded by all of us—not as a mere tribute to local pride or local rights, but as a question of European division of labour ; and I believed that this question of Nationality was destined to give its name to the century. Italy—the Italy I foresaw and loved—might, I thought, become the initiatrix of the National movement in Europe. And she will be so yet, if she free herself from her present cowardly and immoral tribe of rulers, and awaken to a sense of her duty and her power. I believed it necessary to extend our labours among the Peoples desirous of constituting themselves as nations.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. III*

To-day the European revolution is called *Nationality*. This name means—for those who understand it rightly—a transformation of the map of Europe ; the annihilation of every treaty inaugurated by conquest, artifice, and the despotism of royal lines ; and a general reorganization according to the tendencies and vocations of the Peoples, freely approved by them.

It means the destruction of the causes of hostile egoism between the Peoples, equilibrium of power between the various agglomerations, and consequently the possibility of brotherhood between them ; and a substitution of the importance of the end in view, for the ruling of force, caprice, or chance. The social reorganization will not come till later. First, the partition of work, and then the work. First, the recognition of a mission, and then its fulfilment.

And the initiative of this revolution is a possibility, and therefore a duty of Italy.

*Letter to Ernst Haug, 1863*

## VI

## The Principle of Action

**T**he true regeneration of Italy can never be accomplished through the action of others. Regeneration demands faith; faith demands action, and this action must be spontaneous and her own; not a mere imitation of the action of others. Moreover, what attachment can men feel for a liberty which has cost them no sacrifice? How can liberty be strong and enduring, where there is neither individual nor popular dignity? and can either individual or popular dignity exist, where liberty bears the stamp of a favour or benefit granted by others?

Action creates action. One single initiative *act* is more fruitful of moral progress among a fallen people than ten insurrections brought about by external influence, or diplomatic contrivance.

I endeavour to diffuse my own belief by every means in my power. I meet with serious difficulties, but I am not discouraged by them. For some years past I have renounced all that might cast a ray of happiness over my individual life. Far away from my mother, my sisters, and all that I hold dear; having lost the dearest friend<sup>1</sup> of my early years in prison: for these and for other reasons known only to myself I have despaired of all individual life, and said to myself: *Thou art doomed to die, persecuted and misunderstood, half-way upon thy course.* But I certainly should not have had strength to bear up against the tempest, and learn resignation, had not the grand idea of Italian regeneration achieved by Italian effort been to me the baptism of faith.

*Letter to Lamennais, 1834*

I say to act; but in laying down this principle of action as our rule of conduct, I do not speak of action on any terms; of feverish, ill-considered, disorganized action. I speak of action as the principle, the programme, the banner; as that which ought to be alike the tendency and the avowed aim of our exertions. The rest is a question of time, with which it is unnecessary to occupy ourselves here. What we want is that a temporary necessity shall not be elevated into a permanent theory; that the peoples shall not be deluded into sub-

<sup>1</sup> Jacopo Ruffini, committed suicide in prison.

stituting an indefinite, uncertain, peacefully progressive force of things, for true revolutionary activity ;—that men shall not persist in attributing to the irregular and coldly analytic work of opposition, the power of revelation belonging to the revolutionary synthesis. I repudiate systematic inertia—the silence that broods, the simulation that betrays ; and invoke a frank, sincere declaration of our dogma and belief. Our cry is the cry of Ajax. We desire to combat in the light of day, beneath the ray of heaven. Is this puerile impatience? No, it is the complement of our doctrine, the baptism of our faith. The principle of action which we inscribe upon our banner is strictly allied to our belief in a new epoch. How can this epoch be initiated if not through the people, through action, which is the word of the people. Without this principle of action which we make the guide and rule of our every effort, the movement would be one of reaction only, and as such productive of imperfect, extrinsic, and merely material changes in the actual state of things.

*Faith and the future, 1835*

The *initiative* is a thing of God. It is the baptism of a Historic Epoch and the *token* which God places on the brow of a People called to live an educative life in the world. Men, in their forgetfulness and lethargy, may delay its appearance, but not abolish it. The design of Providence watches over it. Italy cannot live except for all. Her tradition attests this. Our People either remained mute, or propagated the word of life. It has been so far the only one on earth to find in the grave the secret of a vaster and more powerful existence.

You cannot deny that God summons Italy to new life to-day ; hence to *take the initiative*. Our life depends upon this condition. For this reason, the oppressed nations of Europe see in us to-day more than we deserve ; for this reason, a prophetic quiver of new life agitated them all when Garibaldi's Thousand (precursors of the People) reached Marsala, similar to the quiver which runs over the earth just before dawn.

To the tradition of Life is linked that of Death. The oracles of the grave confirm the answers of History. Is there another Nation on earth which possesses such a succession of martyrdom and protestation as ours? From the lips of men who during all the last half-century gave their lives for their faith we gathered words which point to the Italian mission in Europe.

And above the teaching of centuries and the voices which rise from these graves, Providence has decreed the *initiative* of Italy, as a necessity of life. We cannot live except by European life, or emancipate ourselves except by emancipating others.

We must either be great, or perish.

*Letter to Ernst Haug, 1863*

*Revolutions must be made by the people and for the people.* This is our Word ; it sums up our whole doctrine ; it is our science, our religion, our heart's affection. It is the secret of our every thought and act, the purpose of our watches, the dream of our nights. . . .

The history of the progressive development of the popular element throughout the eighteen centuries of warfare and vicissitude has yet to be written ; and he who should write it worthily would reduce the European enigma to its most simple expression, and cause humanity to ascend a step on the scale of progress, by revealing the true meaning of the strife which has hitherto held its generations divided, and will continue to divide them so long as the men of liberty persist in departing from the true line of policy, in search of systems of *compromise* and impossible conciliation.

*The war between the individual and the universal, between the fractionary and the unitarian system, between PRIVILEGE and the PEOPLE* is the soul of all revolutions, the formula of the history of eighteen centuries.

Dominion and servitude, the Patrician and Plebeian, aristocracy and the people, feudality and Catholicism in the early days of the Church, and Catholicism and the Reformation in her later days, despotism and liberty—all are but different aspects of the one great contest, various expressions of the two opposing principles which still strive for the dominion of the universe—*Privilege* and the *People*.

But privilege is in its last agonies at the present day ; while the people have ever maintained a progressive and ascending movement, until having found their symbol in the convention, they stood erect in the presence of their Creator, solemnly bore witness to His existence, and deriving like Moses, the tablet of their rights and duties from Him, reduced the universe to the two terms—God and the People.

‘ God and the People ! such is the programme of the future. .

‘ God and the People ! such also is our programme ; and we will

maintain it with all the energy and courage a deep-rooted conviction can give.'

*From an article 'Upon the causes which have hitherto impeded the development of liberty in Italy' in the Journal Young Italy: Works, vol. I*

The *Revolutionist*—as I understand the word—has a creed, a faith; the *Reactionist* has none. He has instincts, passions, often generous in their origin, but easily deviated or corrupted by disappointments, or the seductions of power, so soon as the years have cooled his enthusiasm and youthful blood. The Revolutionist is he to whom observation has shown the existence of a grave social grievance or immorality—to whom intelligence has shown a remedy—and to whom the voice of conscience, enlightened by a religious conception of the human mission here below, has revealed the inexorable duty of devoting himself to the application of the remedy, and the extirpation of the evil.

The *reactionist* is one urged by a sentiment of rebellion against injustice—innate in minds gifted with any power—and very often by the pain and irritation consequent on being unable to assume his true place in the social order; to seek to better his own condition, with the help of all who suffer under similar distress.

The revolutionist will pursue his forward march, whatever his individual position, so long as the evil endures; the reactionist will probably stop short as soon as the injustice shall cease with regard to himself, or as soon as the overthrow of the power attacked shall have satisfied his self-love, and mitigated the sense of rebellion within him.

The revolutionist may be mistaken as to the remedy to be applied: he may anticipate too much from the immediate future, and substitute his individual intuition to the common sense of the masses; but he will produce no grave disorder in society. If his conception be premature, and meet with no echo, he will perish in the struggle almost alone; while the reactionist, careful to excite all the warlike and active passions of the multitude and of the young, and to leave the solution of the problem uncertain, so as to allow each man the hope of seeing his own adopted, will always meet with a powerful response to his appeal.

The aim of the one is always to be *found*; that of the other is to *destroy*. The first is a man of progress; the second of opposition. The first argues from, and seeks to enthrone, a *law*; the second from a *fact*, and ends in the consecration of force.

With the first, it is a question of principle : he states his purpose frankly, proceeds in a straight line, neglects what are called tactics, renounces many elements of success, trusting in the power of truth: commits a thousand petty errors, but redeems them all by the enunciation of certain general maxims, sooner or later of use.

With the reactionist details are everything : he understands to perfection that analysis which decomposes and dissolves ; in his hands every question becomes a question of men, and every war a skirmish. His eloquence is lively, supple, and occasionally brilliant ; while the revolutionist, often monotonous and dry, is always logical. He may fail to achieve his aim, but if he reach it once, it is for ever ; while the victories of the reactionist, though sometimes splendid, are never durable. The first invokes duty, the second right. A strong religious leaning influences the acts of the first, even when, through an intellectual contradiction, he professes the reverse : the second is irreligious and materialist even when he proffers the name of God ; with him the present always tops the future, and material interest takes precedence of moral progress.

The men of the first class, accustomed to willing sacrifice, labour less for the generation that lives around them, than for the generations to come ; the triumph of the ideas they cast upon the world is slow, but infallible and decisive : the men of the second class often win victories for their contemporaries, but their children will enjoy none of the fruits.

The first are the prophets of humanity, the second are the mere agitators of mankind ; and bitter repentance ever awaits the people that commits its destinies into their hands.

*Works, vol. I*

## VII

### Cosmopolitanism

**I**f by cosmopolitanism we understand the brotherhood of all men, love for all men, the destruction of those hostile barriers which separate and give rise to antagonistic interests among the peoples—then are we all of us cosmopolitans. But the mere affirmation of these truths is not sufficient. The true question for us is the practical question. How are we to triumph over the league of the governments

founded upon privilege? This requires an organization, and every method of organization requires a determinate starting-point and a definite aim. Before we speak of putting a lever in motion, we must not only possess a lever, but a definite object upon which to exert its power.

For us the starting-point is Country ; the object or aim is Collective Humanity.

For those who call themselves cosmopolitans, the *aim* may be Humanity ; but the starting-point is Individual Man.

This distinction is vital : it is almost identical with the distinction which separates the believers in association from those who recognize no other instrument of action than unlimited liberty. Alone in the midst of the immense circle by which he is surrounded, whose boundaries extend beyond the limits of his vision ; possessed of no other weapons than the consciousness of his *rights* (often misconceived), and his individual faculties—which, however powerful, are incapable of extending their activity over the whole sphere of application constituting the *aim*,—the cosmopolitan has but two paths before him. He is compelled to choose between despotism and inertia.

Let us suppose him gifted with a logical intellect. Finding himself unable to emancipate the world alone, he readily accustoms himself to believe that the work of emancipation does not concern him. Unable to achieve the true aim by the exertion of his unaided individual faculties, he takes refuge in the doctrine which makes *rights* both the *aim* and the means. When he finds the free exercise of his rights denied him, he does not combat or die in their defence ; he either resigns himself to his fate, or goes elsewhere. He adopts the maxim of the egoist ; *ubi bene ibi patria*.<sup>1</sup> He learns to await better things from circumstances or the natural course of events, and gradually becoming converted into a patient optionist, he limits his own action for good to the practice of *charity*. Now, he who limits his activity to the practice of mere charity in times like our own, deserves to be accused of inertia, and betrays his duty. This sort of charity was the virtue of an epoch now concluded, and morally inferior to our own.

Let us suppose him of illogical mind, and ready to contradict himself. Desirous of reducing his idea to action at any cost, and feeling the want of a fulcrum to his lever, he endeavours to supply the absence of a real legitimate force by the introduction of a force either artificial,

<sup>1</sup> Where I am well off, there is my country.

or usurped. Hence the theories of inequality, the hierarchies, arbitrarily ordained from the highest to the lowest, into which the system-monger reformers of the present day appear doomed to fall. Hence—and this applies to both our examples—the materialism inevitably introduced sooner or later into every doctrine based upon the conception of *individuality*.

The first species of cosmopolitan is but too common everywhere, and has been frequently represented on the stage. The second is common among writers, especially the French. But all these *soi disant* cosmopolitans, who deny the special mission of the different races, and affect contempt for the idea and the love of nationality, so soon as any question of action, and therefore of organization arises, invariably seek to make the centre of the movement their own country or their own city. They do not destroy nationality, they only confiscate all other nationalities for the benefit of their own. A chosen people, a Napoleon-people, is the last word of all their systems; and all their negations of nationality bear within them the germ of an usurping nationalism; usurping—if not by force of arms, which is not so easy at the present day—by the assumption of a *permanent, exclusive, moral, and intellectual initiative*, which is quite as dangerous to those peoples weak enough to admit it, as any other form of usurpation.

The adversaries of the national idea are unconsciously influenced by a prejudice, which I can well understand, although I do not share it. They derive their definition of the word Nationality from the history of the past. Hence their objections and suspicion.

But we, believing in the *collective* life of humanity, reject that past. The nationality we invoke can be defined only by the peoples, when free and associated in brotherhood. The nationality of the peoples has never existed as yet—it is a thing of the future. We find no nationality in the past save that defined by kings, by the treaties drawn up by privileged families. Those kings thought only of their own interests, those treaties were drawn up in the secrecy of cabinets by individuals who had no true mission; the people had no voice in them; they were inspired by no conception of humanity. How should there be any sacredness in them?

The great and inevitable opposition to this false idea of nationality which ensued, was a direct consequence of the spirit of Christianity, which admits of no enemies amongst mankind; and of the spirit of



progress, which has prepared the way for association. Philosophy and political economy introduced cosmopolitanism among us. Cosmopolitanism preached the doctrines of equality of rights for all men, and of free-trade in commerce, created a new literature with romanticism, and did in all things what oppositions generally do ; it exaggerated the consequences of a principle true in itself, and, seeing none but *regal* nationalities, and countries in which the peoples had no existence, it denied both the fatherland and the nation, and admitted only the world and mankind.

From that time forward the People entered the arena, and at the present day all things are transformed by the presence of that new element of life. Romanticism, commercialism, and cosmopolitanism are of the past, as things that have fulfilled their mission. The Nationality, which is the creation of kings, is now upheld solely by brute force, and will inevitably be overthrown sooner or later. The nationalism of the peoples is rapidly dying out, condemned alike by experience and the severe lessons taught by the failure of all attempts at regeneration made by one people alone, or under the influence of local egotism. The first people that arises in the name of the new life of the Peoples will reject all idea of *conquests*, other than those achieved by the example and apostolate of truth. The period of Cosmopolitanism is therefore concluded : the period of Humanity has begun.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. III*

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## *Part Four*

# POLITICAL PROGRAMME

## I

### Manifesto of Young Italy

**G**reat revolutions are the work rather of the principles than of bayonets, and are achieved first in the moral, and afterwards in the material sphere. Bayonets are truly powerful only when they assert or maintain a right ; the rights and duties of society spring from a profound moral sense which has taken root in the majority. Blind brute force may create victors, victims, and martyrs ; but tyranny results from its triumph, whether it crown the brow of prince or tribune, if achieved in antagonism to the will of the majority.

Principles alone, when diffused and propagated amongst the peoples, manifest their right to liberty, and by creating the desire and need of it, invest mere force with the vigour and justice of law.

Truth is one. The principles of which it is composed are multiple. The human intellect cannot embrace them all at one grasp, nor having comprehended them, can it organize and combine them all in one intelligible, limited, and absolute form.

In Italy, as in every country aspiring towards a new life, there is a clash of opposing elements, of passions assuming every variety of form, and of desires tending in fact towards one sole aim, but through modifications almost infinite.

There are many men in Italy full of lofty and indignant hatred to the foreigner, who shout for liberty simply because it is the foreigner who withholds it.

There are others, having at heart the union of Italy before all things, who would gladly unite her divided children under any strong will, whether of native or foreign tyrant.

Others again, fearful of all violent commotions, and doubtful of the possibility of suddenly subduing the shock of private interests, and the jealousies of different provinces, shrink from the idea of absolute union, and are ready to accept any new partition diminishing the number of sections into which the country is divided.

Few appear to understand that a fatal necessity will impede all true

progress in Italy, until every effort at emancipation shall proceed upon the three inseparable bases of unity, liberty, and independence.

But the number of those who do understand it is daily increasing, and this conviction will rapidly absorb every other variety of opinion.

Love of country, abhorrence of Austria, and a burning desire to throw off her yoke, are passions now universally diffused, and the *compromises* inculcated by fear, or a mistaken notion of tactics and diplomacy, will be abandoned, and vanish before the majesty of the national will. In this respect, therefore, the question may be regarded as lying between tyranny driven to its last and most desperate struggle, and those resolved to bravely dare its overthrow.

The question as to the means by which to reach our aim, and convert the insurrection into a lasting and fruitful victory, is by no means so simple.

Italy does know that there is no true war without the masses ; that the secret of raising the masses lies in the hands of those who show themselves ready to fight and conquer at their head ; that new circumstances call for new men—men untrammelled by old habits and systems, with souls virgin of interest or greed, and in whom the Idea is incarnate ; that the secret of power is faith ; that true virtue is sacrifice, and true policy to be and to prove oneself strong.

Young Italy knows these things. It feels the greatness of its mission and will fulfil it. We swear it by the thousands of victims that have fallen during the last ten years to prove that persecutions do not crush, but fortify conviction ; we swear it by the human soul that aspires to progress.

The ideas and aspirations now scattered and disseminated among our ranks require to be organized and reduced to a system. This new and powerful element of life, which is urging Young Italy towards her regeneration, has need of purification from every servile habit, from every unworthy affection.

And we, with the help of the Italians, will undertake this task, and strive to make ourselves the true interpreters of the various desires, sufferings, and aspirations that constitute the Italy of the nineteenth century.

*Manifesto, 1831, Works, vol. I*

## II

## The Aim of Young Italy

Y oung Italy is a brotherhood of Italians who believe in a law of *Progress and Duty*, and are convinced that Italy is destined to become one nation—convinced also that she possesses sufficient strength within herself to become one, and that the ill success of her former efforts is to be attributed not to the weakness, but to the misdirection of the revolutionary elements within her—that the secret of force lies in constancy and unity of effort. They join this association in the firm intent of consecrating both thought and action to the great aim of re-constituting Italy as one independent sovereign nation of free men and equals.

Young Italy is *Republican and Unitarian*.

Republican—because theoretically every nation is destined, by the law of God and humanity, to form a free and equal community of brothers; and the republican is the only form of government that insures this future.

Because all true sovereignty resides essentially in the nation, the sole progressive and continuous interpreter of the supreme moral law.

Because, whatever be the form of privilege that constitutes the apex of the social edifice, its tendency is to spread among the other classes, and by undermining the equality of the citizens, to endanger the liberty of the country.

Because, when the sovereignty is recognized as existing not in the whole body, but in several distinct powers, the path to usurpation is laid open, and the struggle for supremacy between these powers is inevitable; distrust and organized hostility take the place of harmony, which is society's law of life.

Because the monarchical element being incapable of sustaining itself alone by the side of the popular element, it necessarily involves the existence of the intermediate element of an aristocracy—the source of inequality and corruption to the whole nation.

Because both history and the nature of things teach us that elective monarchy tends to generate anarchy; and hereditary monarchy tends to generate despotism.

Because, when monarchy is not—as in the middle ages—based upon

the belief now extinct in right divine, it becomes too weak to be a bond of unity and authority in the state.

Because our Italian tradition is essentially republican ; our great memories are republican ; the whole history of our national progress is republican ; whereas the introduction of monarchy amongst us was coëval with our decay, and consummated our ruin by its constant servility to the foreigner, and the antagonism to the people, as well as to the unity of the nation.

Young Italy is *Unitarian*—

Because, without unity, there is no true nation.

Because without unity, there is no real strength ; and Italy, surrounded as she is by powerful, united and jealous nations, has need of strength before all things.

Because federalism, by reducing her to the political impotence of Switzerland, would necessarily place her under the influence of one of the neighbouring nations.

Because federalism, by reviving the local rivalries now extinct, would throw Italy back upon the middle ages.

Because federalism would divide the great national arena into a number of smaller arenas ; and, by thus opening a path for every paltry ambition, became a source of aristocracy.

Because federalism, by destroying the unity of the great Italian family, would strike at the root of the great mission Italy is destined to accomplish towards humanity.

Because Europe is undergoing a progressive series of transformations, which are gradually and irresistibly guiding European society to form itself into vast and united masses.

Because the entire work of international civilization in Italy will be seen, if rightly studied, as to have been tending for ages to the formation of unity.

Because all objections raised against the unitarian system do but apply, in fact, to a system of administrative centralization and despotism, which has really nothing in common with unity.

National unity, as understood by Young Italy, does not imply the despotism of any, but the association and concord of all. The life inherent in each locality is sacred. Young Italy would have the *administrative* organization designed upon a broad basis of religious respect for the liberty of each commune, but the *political* organization, destined to represent the nation in Europe, should be one and central.

Without unity of religious belief, and unity of social pact ; without unity of civil, political, and penal legislation, there is no true nation.

Both initiators and initiated must never forget that the moral application of every principle is the first and the most essential ; that without morality there is no true citizen ; that the first step towards the achievement of a holy enterprise is the purification of the soul by virtue ; that, where the daily life of the individual is not in harmony with the principles he preaches, the inculcation of those principles is an infamous profanation and hypocrisy ; that it is only by virtue that the members of Young Italy can win over the others to their belief ; that if we do not show ourselves far superior to those who deny our principles, we are but miserable sectarians ; and that Young Italy must be neither a sect or a party, but a faith and an apostolate.

As the precursors of Italian regeneration, it is our duty to lay the first stone of its religion.

*General Instructions for the members of Young Italy, 1831, Works, vol. I*

Remember that the essence of the *Giovane Italia* lies in the fact of our having said : ‘ To begin with, we wish to define our motive : the secret of the century, the secret of future civilization, the secret of revolutions, lies in the need of Equality.’ This is the word of command. Liberty is little or nothing if it is not the necessary means of founding Equality, of reconstituting the Nation. Liberty is the *critical* part. Liberty by itself is Protestantism in religion. Liberty is a negation ; it does not constitute anything. It destroys and does not found ; it merely leaves the ground in a condition to receive foundations. The step which we have taken is precisely that sort of founding, or at least of proposing it to ourselves.

Liberty constitutes for us that stage which enables us to proceed to something organic ; and this something is Equality, the element of the People, the element which alone can make us triumph.

*Letter to Melegari, 1833*

I send you a number of *Young Italy*. In it you will find the germs of our ideas and belief, though without their full development ; but we conceived that, as our object was to change the very basis and point of departure of the revolutionary spirit in Italy, it was more important to insist upon general principles than to run the risk of losing ourselves or going astray among the multitude of secondary questions.

We believe that art, science, philosophy, the idea of right, the history of right, the historic method—all things, in short, require renovation ; but we believe that analysis has already led us too far astray to allow us to dream of making it the instrument of our undertaking. Synthesis alone can create those great regenerating movements which transform peoples into nations. It is therefore necessary to awaken men's minds through the action of a Unitarian principle ; the impulse once given, logic, the force of things, and the peoples will do the rest.

*Letter to Lamennais, 1834*

### III

#### The Oath of Young Italy

**E**ach member will, upon his initiation into the association of Young Italy, pronounce the following form of oath, in the presence of the initiator :

In the name of God and of Italy—

In the name of all the martyrs of the holy Italian cause who have fallen beneath foreign and domestic tyranny—

By the duties which bind me to the land wherein God has placed me, and to the brothers whom God has given me ;

By the love—innate in all men—I bear to the country that gave my mother birth, and will be the home of my children ;

By the hatred—innate in all men—I bear to evil, injustice, usurpation and arbitrary rule—

By the blush that arises to my brow when I stand before the citizens of other lands, to know that I have no rights to citizenship, no country and no national flag—

By the aspiration that thrills my soul towards that liberty for which it was created, and is impotent to exert ; towards the good it was created to strive after, and is impotent to achieve in the silence and isolation of slavery—

By the memory of our former greatness, and the sense of our present degradation—

By the tears of Italian mothers for their sons dead on the scaffold, in prison, or in exile—

I, *A.B.*

Believing in the mission entrusted by God to Italy, and the duty of every Italian to strive to attempt its fulfilment—

Convinced that where God has ordained that a nation shall be. He has given the requisite power to create it ; that the people are the depositaries of that power, and that in its right direction for the people. and by the people, lies the secret of victory ; convinced that virtue consists in action and sacrifice, and strength in union and constancy of purpose, give my name to Young Italy, an association of men holding the same faith, and swear—

To dedicate myself wholly and for ever to the endeavour with them to constitute Italy *one, free, independent, republican nation.*

To promote by every means in my power—whether by written or spoken word, or by action—the education of my Italian brothers towards the aim of Young Italy ; towards association, the sole means of its accomplishment, and to virtue, which alone can render the conquest lasting—

To abstain from enrolling myself in any other association from this time forth—

To obey all the instructions, in conformity with the spirit of Young Italy, given me by those who represent with me the union of my Italian brothers ; and to keep these instructions, even at the cost of my life—

To assist my brothers of the association both by action and by counsel—

**NOW AND FOR EVER.**

This do I swear, invoking upon my head the wrath of God, the abhorrence of man, and the infamy of the perjurer, if I ever betray the whole or a part of this my oath.

*Oath, 1831, Works, vol. I*

## IV

### The Programme of Young Italy

**T**he means by which Young Italy proposes to reach its aims are—education and insurrection, to be adopted simultaneously, and made to harmonize with each other.

Education must ever be directed to teach by example, word and pen, the necessity of insurrection. Insurrection, whenever it can be



realized, must be so conducted as to render it a means of national education.

The character of the insurrection must be national ; the programme of the insurrection must contain the germ of the programme of future Italian nationality. Wheresoever the initiative of insurrection shall take place, the flag raised, and the aim proposed, will be Italian.

That aim being the formation of a nation, the insurrection will act in the name of the nation, and rely upon the people, hitherto neglected, for its support. Desirous of regaining for Italy her rightful influence among the peoples, and her true place in their sympathy and affection, the insurrection will so direct its action as to prove the identity of her cause to theirs.

Convinced that Italy is strong enough to free herself without external help ; that, in order to found a nationality, it is necessary that the feeling and consciousness of nationality should exist ; and that it can never be created by any revolution, however triumphant, if achieved by foreign arms ; convinced, moreover, that ever insurrection that looks abroad for assistance, must remain dependent upon the state of things abroad, and can therefore never be certain of victory ;—Young Italy is determined that while it will ever be ready to profit by the favourable course of events abroad, it will neither allow the character of the insurrection nor the choice of the moment to be governed by them.

Insurrection—by means of guerrilla bands—is the true method of warfare for all nations desirous of emancipating themselves from a foreign yoke. This method of warfare supplies the want—inevitable at the commencement of the insurrection—of a regular army ; it calls the greatest number of elements into the field, and yet may be sustained by the smallest number. It forms the military education of the people, and consecrates every foot of the native soil by the memory of some warlike deed.

All members of Young Italy will exert themselves to diffuse these principles of insurrection.

*Programme, 1831, Works, vol. I*

I will take up the work of the *Giovane Italia* again, with a deliberate, steadfast and almost fierce purpose. There has been a demand for it from various parts of Italy ; and some circumstances of European policy seem to confirm the request.

No other Association has the inherent vitality of the *Giovane Italia* ; no other political doctrine can substitute itself for ourselves ; and no other is strong enough to constitute unity. Nothing could do Italy so much harm as a disorderly action, dependent on locality ; multiple instead of united. A political Protestantism would not lead to anything but weakness, and what is more it would sow the seeds of federalism for the future. We need a Catholic policy—one Nation—one National Association—one Faith—one Church. In this manner we shall be saved ; not otherwise.

We have truth on our side. Italy, continually led astray and deluded by false principles, needs truth—therefore we shall conquer. *When* does not matter, but we shall conquer in the end, we or those who come after us. What matters is to teach the Italians unity, to teach them to put away this effeminate instability, this changing from one society to another, and consequently from one belief to another ; to teach them that in every undertaking, thought and action must be combined ; that it is necessary to insist, to persist, and to choose to conquer ; but to conquer in the name of a doctrine, of principles, and of an idea ; not in the name of mere reaction, or nothing.

Let us teach firmness and faith by our example, and we shall have already done much.

*Letter to Pietro Giannone, 1839*

## V

### The Idea of the *Giovane Europa*.

I had had the idea of the *Giovane Europa* for a long while, ever since I laid the basis of the *Giovane Italia*, and the occasion for founding it seemed to me to have now arrived, before the exiles who were gathered round us should disperse. I wished to sow the seeds at least of this idea in the mind of others. Will it develop? I do not know ; certainly not as I should wish.

The *Giovane Europa* is in my idea very different from a sect ; I should like to have a community, an association of intellects ; studies applied to all the branches of social activity ; deep and concentrated research concerning the languages, races, and historical origin of the different peoples ; to seek in these the mission that each new epoch

assigns to diverse nations, and to deduce from these the future ordering of Europe, which will certainly not be the present one of kings.

I should like to have a community of intellectuals, who would superintend the general direction of the European movement. I should like to have a monthly journal, which would elucidate the beginning of the new epoch, treating of the cause of all nations, and more especially of those less known, such as Hungary, Bohemia, the Tyrol, and Greece now reborn, besides of many others which will play an important part in the political map of the Europe of the Peoples. I should like to have a treasury, and travellers, and endless other means.

*Letter to Pietro Gianonne, 1834*

Young Europe is an association of men believing in a future of liberty, equality, and fraternity, for all mankind; and desirous of consecrating their thoughts and actions to the realization of that future.

Liberty is the right of every man to exercise his faculties without impediment or restraint, in the accomplishment of his special mission, and in the choice of the means most conducive to its accomplishment.

The free exercise of the faculties of the individual, may in no case violate the rights of others. The special mission of each man must be accomplished in harmony with the general mission of Humanity. There is no other limit to human liberty.

Equality implies the recognition of uniform rights and duties for all men—for none may escape the action of the law by which they are defined—and every man should participate, in proportion to his labour, in the enjoyment of the produce resulting from the activity of all the social forces.

Fraternity is the reciprocal affection, the sentiment which inclines man to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him.

All privilege is a violation of Equality.

All arbitrary rule is a violation of Liberty.

Every act of egotism is a violation of Fraternity.

Wheresoever privilege, arbitrary rule, or egotism are introduced into the social constitution, it is the duty of every man who comprehends his own mission to combat them by every means in his power.

That which is true of each individual with regard to the other individuals forming a part of the society to which he belongs, is equally true of every people with regard to humanity.

Every people has its special mission, which will co-operate towards the fulfilment of the general mission of humanity. That mission constitutes its *nationality*. Nationality is sacred.

All unjust rule, all violence, every act of egotism exercised to the injury of a people, is a violation of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the peoples. All the peoples should aid and assist each other in putting an end to it.

Humanity will only be truly constituted when all the peoples of which it is composed have acquired the free exercise of their sovereignty, and shall be associated in a Republican Confederation, governed and directed by a common Declaration of Principles and a common Pact, towards the common aim—the discovery and fulfilment of the Universal Moral Law.

The ideal of the association of *Young Europe* was the federal organization of European democracy under one sole direction ; so that any nation arising in insurrection should at once find the others ready to assist it—if not by action, at least by a moral support sufficiently powerful to prevent hostile intervention on the part of their governments.

I did not deceive myself, however, by an exaggerated conception of the extent or diffusion of the association, nor imagine it possible that it should ever attain any compact force capable of being brought into action. I knew that it embraced too vast a sphere to allow of any practical results, and that much time and many severe lessons would be required in order to teach the peoples the necessity of a true European fraternity. My only aim, therefore, was to constitute an apostolate of *ideas* different from those then current, and to leave them to bear fruit how and where they might.

\*  
*General Instructions, 1834, Works, vol. III*

## VI

### The Collective Life of Humanity

Our researches after a true conception of the laws governing the collective life of Humanity have given rise to two philosophical schools, around which are rallied the infinite secondary varieties represented by individual intellect. These two schools are at open warfare at the present day, and the victory of the one or the other will

determine the direction to be taken by human activity in the dawning epoch.

The first school, which has been characterized in our own times as the *Circular Movement School*, is in fact most aptly represented by the ancient symbol of the serpent biting its own tail. For all those holding the doctrines of this school, collective life, organized progress, and the unity of human aim, are things having no existence. They only recognize a *genus humanum*, a multitude of individuals, urged by wants and desires more or less uniform, to gather together in groups, for the better satisfaction of those wants and desires. Whenever local circumstances and community of language and customs induce in those nuclei a cohesion more complete, a Nation is formed. Each of these nations is under the influence of the law of circular movement, causing it to pass through various stages : from monarchy to aristocracy ; from aristocracy to democracy ; from democracy to anarchy ; from anarchy to despotism, and so on, for ever retracing the same circle.

The law of circular movement is not—in the opinion of the majority of the school at least—the consequence of any preordained design of God (their theory only recognizes the God of the individual), but results solely and inevitably from the development of human passions and tendencies in reciprocal contact, and necessarily generating a series of facts. The same human passions and tendencies determine the greater or less duration of the various periods, as well as the general character of the social facts constituting the life of each Nation.

Such, more or less openly avowed, is the formula of this school. Its true source, in spite of every attempt to ascribe to it a different origin, is *Fatalism*. Amid all the vicissitudes of a world agitated by a thousand different aims, impulses, and affections, and unsustained by the consciousness of a providential law of life to regulate individual action, Man, according to the adepts of this school, is abandoned almost without defence to the instincts of appetite, of interest, of everything fatal on earth ; the destined victim of circumstances fortuitous and unforeseen, although invariably uniform in result.

The other school, of recent date, though anticipated by the grand prevision of certain thinkers in the seventeenth, sixteenth, and even twelfth centuries, is now known as the School of Progressive Movement, though destined probably to bear a different title at a future day. It dates its origin from a new conception of Humanity, and a belief in a providential law of progress and perfectibility, not *infinite*,

but *indefinite*, ruling over our human destiny. It deduces that belief from the tendency to association innate in man ; from the unity of origin of the human race ; from its ceaseless continuity and preservation ; from the successive amplification and amelioration of social creeds ; from the identity of human goal, and the necessity of concentrating the whole sum of human forces to its achievement ; from the unity of God and of His nature, so far as it has been vouchsafed to us to discover it ; from the necessity of a certain relation and resemblance between the Creator and the created ; from the instinct and necessity, which, as if it were a law of existence, urges every living being to the fuller development of all the germs, the faculties, the forces, the *life* within it ; from tradition, which proves to us that the truths achieved by one generation become the indestructible possession of those that succeed it ; from that aspiration, common to all of us, which has laid the foundation of all forms of religion, and made known to individuals the *duty* of self-sacrifice for aims impossible of realization within the limits of earthly existence.

All these synthetic ideas have been confirmed by the study of the past, by the tradition of Humanity. The followers of this school study all things with a view to discover their mission, function, and scope in relation to the collective human being. They view the various peoples as workmen, so to speak, in the great workshop of Humanity ; as instruments of labour, which, even though they may decay or vanish when their task is done, yet leave behind results fruitful to the entire species. This theory affords a *criterium* of judgment by which to determine the character of all events in time and space, to place the actions of individuals in a true and useful light, and to dispense praise or blame according to motives.

*From the Essay on Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, 1843*

Humanity is the association of Nationalities, the alliance of the peoples in order to work out their missions in peace and love ; the organization of free and equal peoples that shall advance without hindrance or impediment—each supporting and profiting by the other's aid—towards the progressive development of one line of the thought of God, the line inscribed by Him upon the cradle, the past life, the national idiom, and the physiognomy of each. And in this progress, this God-directed pilgrimage of the peoples, there will be neither conquest nor threat of conquest, because there will be neither man-

king nor people-king, but only an association of brothers whose interests and aim are identical. The law of duty, openly acknowledged and confessed, will take the place of that disposition to usurp the rights of others which has hitherto governed the relations between people and people ; and which is in fact naught other than the foresight of fear. The ruling principle of international law will no longer be to secure the weakness of others, but the amelioration of all through the work of all : the progress of each for the benefit of the others.

Such is the future towards which all our efforts must henceforth be directed.

The Pact of Humanity cannot be signed by individuals, but only by free and equal peoples, possessing a name, a banner, and the consciousness of a distinct individual existence. If you desire that the peoples should become such, you must speak to them of country and nationality, and impress in vivid characters upon the brow of each the sign of their existence and baptism as a nation.

The people will never take a definite initiative until they have a definite part to play. You must assign this definite part to each. You cannot complete the work by breaking the instrument : you cannot apply a lever if the fulcrum be withdrawn.

Nations do not die before they have fulfilled their mission. You cannot destroy them by denying that mission ; but you may retard their organization and activity.

Such were the ideas by which I believed our work should be directed, and they were confirmed by my method of understanding and interpreting history. I looked upon the long series of epochs throughout the course of which the progress of humanity is gradually evolved, as an equation containing many *unknown quantities*, and saw that every epoch disengages one of these quantities in order—to use the expression of the algebraist—to transfer it to the number of *known quantities* contained in the other *member* of the equation.

The *unknown quantity* of the Christian epoch, concluded by the French Revolution, I believed to be the *individual*.

The unknown quantity of the new epoch was *collective* humanity, and hence I deduced the *duty* of association.

The school in which the equation was to be solved, was Europe : therefore the political organization of Europe must of necessity precede any other. And this organization could only be effected by the peoples, freely united in a common faith, and believing in a common aim ; each

of them assuming a definite task and special mission for the accomplishment of that aim. It would be necessary to form a new European Charter before any real advance could take place, before Europe could recognize a new synthesis, and consecrate to its realization the forces now consumed in internecine strife.

*Autobiography, Works, vol. III*

The Unity of Humanity, which expresses the law of individual intercourse, also includes the law of the intercommunication of nations. As no man will reach heaven who seeks to reach it alone, so no nation, will ever develop the highest and most enduring forms of national life, while it is contented to remain the passive and uninterested spectator of the onward and upward struggles of kindred peoples. A recluse tribe is as anomalous as a single anchorite. Seclusion is an indulgence that can, in neither case, be gratified except at the sacrifice of duty, and duty is never sacrificed except at the cost of our true interest. For self alone, no man, no people lives. Multiplicity in unity is the law and type of National progress. The varied forms of opinion, character, and institution, by which the nations of Europe are respectively distinguished, are all aggregate elements in the great unit of European civilization; and the nation which in solitary selfishness resists the interchange of these God-ordained influences, sins against that law of moral gravitation which knits communities in the same bonds of relationship by which classes and individuals are held together. Though many, the nations of Europe are *One, and all members one of another*. In the well-being of each all are interested; for all share, consciously or unconsciously, in the mixed good and evil which affects each.

An isolative national policy, which we have seen to be morally wrong, we might naturally, nay, must necessarily, presume to be politically imprudent. It encourages Absolutism to interfere with national rights in a way that Absolutism would not dare to attempt, if nations were fully alive to the importance of the common interest which unites them.

The present position of general European politics, justifies,—were justification needed—the formation of our League. In the division of Europe among the several Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, an immense error, not to say a great iniquity, was committed. The natural peculiarities of Character—the indications of different destinies in the



diverse natural tendencies of various peoples deducible from their languages, creeds, habits, historical traditions, and geographical position—were altogether overlooked or disregarded. Questions of the balance of power; of imaginary equalities,—calculated by ciphers representing square miles or millions of men—not human ideas, human wants, and human tendencies—were the considerations that decided the partition of Europe. It was a hurried, an ill-advised and improvident work; concocted, on the one hand, by Powers that had nothing in view but their own despotic interests and aggrandizement; on the other, by politicians looking no further than their own day; seeking only for present peace; frightened at, and weary of the convulsions through which Europe had just passed, and without faith in the future; men anxious merely to reconstitute the old system which Napoleon had broken down, and who had given neither time nor sympathy to the study of those vital elements out of which a new system might be constructed, and upon which alone permanent peace and progress can be established.

The question now at issue throughout Europe, at the bottom of all European movements, is the question of Nationality—of national rights and duties. There are, in Europe, three Powers representing Absolutism: the principle that denies man's right to self-government, self-development, and, consequently, progress towards the Right and Good—that denies the right of national and individual freedom—that virtually denies even the providence of God, by asserting that his gift of national character, of peculiar genius, is so aimless and accidental that it may be thwarted or controlled by any arbitrary convention of despots. These three Powers are leagued together for any foul deed that may subserve their designs; and none are leagued against them.

And thus the question is left to force,—force between the oppressors and the oppressed; and by the assumption, 'for peace sake,' of an utter indifference, by refusing to throw into the balance of European destinies the weight of a peaceful, but firm and generous assertion of the principles of Eternal Truth and Justice, by the denial of even passive sympathies with the oppressed and their aspirations, the nations of Western Europe compel those who are struggling for freedom to look to insurrection as their only hope. The consequences of this ignoble and fatal indifference are manifest enough. International faith is gone. There is security neither against political aggression or

for commercial enterprise. Having on our side abdicated that course of public duty which faith in God and Humanity points out, and which would have insured us the respect of Europe, we have now no hold upon these Powers, except through their interests, which may or may not be the same as ours. They have neither respect nor fear for us. They do not hesitate to hurl their defiance at us :—‘ We shall rule, for we have the daring of Evil ; we act, you have not the courage to stand up for Good.’

Such a state of things cannot last : it is atheistic.

Are we not all of us, by God’s will, one single family, endowed with the same rights, bound by the same duties, invested with the same mission of development and progress? Is it enough that we egoistically vindicate our own rights, if Eternal Right is every hour violated at our doors? Is it enough that we proclaim in ourselves the law of God (a law of duty and responsibility—and, therefore, necessarily of liberty), if we neglect to recognize this law for others? Is it enough that we call ourselves Christians, if we desert our brothers at their utmost need, struggling in a holy cause at fearful odds? Is it enough to care for national honour when some fancied slight affects the private interests of diplomacy, and to refuse all interference when the most solemn treaties are violated in our despite, when the honour of humanity is concerned? Is it enough to proclaim philanthropy and liberate the Blacks, when our fellow Whites are groaning around us? Is it enough to preach peace and non-intervention, and leave Force unchallenged ruler over three-fourths of Europe, to intervene, for its own unhallowed ends, when, where, and how, it thinks fit? Is it enough, in short, to call ourselves God’s servants, while we leave Evil uninterfered with, and refuse to intervene between Right and Wrong? Through our indifference we abdicate our claims to Christianity—to Humanity. Can it be that, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, we reach no higher faith than the ignoble ‘ Every one for himself’?

It is emphatically for peace that the League is founded. Not the pretence of peace now existing, but peace founded upon right, and insured by justice. Peace for the Progress of Humanity, for true civilization ; for the free growth of national peculiarities of character ; for the unlimited development of the boundless resources of varied clime and country ; for facilities of transit from place to place, from country to country, that the world’s goods may readily be exchanged, that every man may have the opportunity of placing himself in that

sphere in which his energies may be turned to the best account for the public service ; and, that each country may thus be the gainer, not only by the immigration of useful members from other countries, but, also, by the emigration of such of her own members as cannot find at home a profitable investment of their faculties ; for a constant inter-communication of ideas and information, for the benefit of all countries ; and for that free trade, that unrestrained interchange of natural products and manufactures, by which alone the material wants of nations can be supplied, and States become not only prosperous but guarantees of each other's prosperity, and a sufficient scope be given to that boundless activity of man, which, if not allowed to fructify for the general good, continually expends and wastes itself in worthless schemes, in narrow, unassisted, and abortive efforts, in costly and disastrous wars, or in barren measures of precaution, protection, and prohibition, only necessary while nations are not in co-operation for the common weal.

Our League seeks liberty for God's life to manifest itself everywhere ; and that the form under which it manifests itself may be decided altogether by the natural tendencies, the state of education and enlightenment of each and every People. To interfere, to control that life, or to dictate its method, would be, in fact, a contradiction of our own principles. We claim for every People the right to choose their own institutions, to determine their own way of life. What we now ask, through this our League, is free room for growth. Let the growth be as God wills !

*Address to the Council of the People's International League, 1847*

## VII

### A Basis of Central European Organization

**D**emocracy can never conquer and transform Europe until it be organized in the fashion of a state or government, so as to form a primitive nucleus of the Europe of the peoples, a collective manifestation of the general idea destined to rule the future.

It is not ours to build the temple, the Pantheon of the faith we invoke. That temple will be erected by the peoples when the hour shall come ; but we may, and we ought, to found a Church of Precursors.

I have long caressed the idea of the formation of a vast association,

composed of a given number of sections ; an association which, embracing all the various manifestations of human activity, should group and organize all the believers in a new era, and in those principles, sketched above, upon which they are already agreed, according to their different tendencies and capacity, so as to direct their labours upon a common general plan. A few men rendered venerable by knowledge and virtue, intellect and love, and by sacrifices nobly endured for the sake of the common faith in different parts of Europe and America, would form the Supreme Council of the association, and their utterances to the world would be collective and synthetic.

Others, more intimately related by community of origin with the ideas and tendencies of each separate people, would constitute a series of *national* councils, the president of each of which would, in order to secure the unity of the general conception, be a member of the Supreme Council.

The Supreme Council would declare the conception of the general mission of the peoples : the national councils would declare the special mission of each nation. The first would represent the *principle* in virtue of which humanity is now seeking a new synthesis, and the essential terms of its future progress ; the second would represent the *application* of that principle among the various peoples, and the various means by which the nations may labour together in concord towards the realization of the general aim.

Under the impulse and guidance given by such twofold direction, the labours of the members of the association would be organized, some in the sphere of knowledge (*scienza*), others in the practical sphere ; while the national councils would decide upon the titles of the various peoples to be admitted as equals in the great federation of the nations, and transmit to each the European idea. The Supreme Council would trace the new map of Europe, promote the holy alliance of the oppressed against the oppressors, and, unrestrained by the limits of any absolute system, indicate the broad paths of progress, and direct the movements of the different peoples as the different divisions of a single army.

Then, as soon as the actual discouragements were overcome, and men's minds restored to confidence, the Supreme Council would initiate the DEMOCRATIC TAX.

A portion of this tax, converted into an *institution of credit* for working people, would be expended upon the industrial establishments,

both agricultural and manufacture, in such a manner as practically to exemplify the morality, methods, and results of association. Another portion would be used to promote a popular press and popular education, no longer limited to the great centres of population, but distributed according to the necessities of the various localities. The remainder would be allowed to accumulate, and be held as a sacred deposit, to be applied by the association to affording fraternal help to such peoples as should arise in assertion of their rights.

The union of thought and action, two essential aspects of the human unity which are now, with serious peril to the future, disjoined, would be reconstituted, as in all great epochs of humanity it has been, in new vigour; and the multitudes, who are at present more distrustful of the *thinkers* than is generally believed, would be restored to faith and confidence in an authority neither despotic nor arbitrary, but founded upon the union of love and works.

How much of this idea may ever be verified in the democratic camp, I know not. But I know that democracy ought to verify it as far as possible, or it must long continue to drag along the path of isolated effort, leading too often to martyrdom,—glorious no doubt and useful to humanity,—but not to victory. To pretend that the majority must come to an understanding upon the *whole* programme of the future *before* acting, is to condemn themselves to struggle against—I will not say long years of delay, for time is of little import in an enterprise like our own,—but against the impossibility of radically transforming men who are compelled to live and move in an atmosphere of egotism and corruption. We must first remove them from its mortal influence, and lead them into the fresh pure air beneath the heaven of God.

*The Holy Alliance of the Peoples, 1849*

In order to come to an understanding together to form our forces into one vast association, to organize European democracy into an army, in short—we have no need of a complete programme of the European future. What we do require is, that, taking such bases as have been already agreed upon as our common ground, we should found upon them a common Pact and mode of action enabling us to avail ourselves of all our forces, so as to overthrow all the obstacles that stand in the way of the progress of the peoples.

The first of these bases is nationality. Since the period of that uncertain and dangerous *cosmopolitanism* by which the labours of the

second half of the eighteenth century were distinguished, the constant tendency of Europe to rally round and organize itself beneath the banner of nationality, has been more and more clearly defined. Nor could it be otherwise. From the time when the idea—affirmed in twenty passages of the great poem and minor works of Dante—of the progressive collective life of the human race, became, through long historical and philosophical study, the accepted belief of the greatest intellects of our century, *humanity* was recognized as the supreme aim of every effort, of every advance. And from that recognition followed the perception of the importance of the *nation*, as the intermediate term between humanity and the individual, who, if left to his solitary effort, unsustained by the collective force of the millions sharing the same language, customs, tendencies, and traditions, sinks from inability to do better, into egotism. And egotism is in fact the ultimate and disastrous result of the theories of the cosmopolitists. The absurd and immoral *ubi bene ibi patria*,\* is the primary axiom of its founders. The idea of nationality arose at the opportune moment, to multiply the forces of the individual, and make known the means by which the labour and sacrifice of each man may be rendered efficacious and beneficial to humanity.

Without the nation there can be no humanity, even as without organization and division there can be no expeditious and fruitful labour. Nations are the citizens of humanity, as individuals are the citizens of the nation. And as every individual lives a twofold life, inward and of relation, so do the nations. As every individual should strive to promote the power and prosperity of his nation through the exercise of his special function, so should every nation in performing its special mission, according to its special capacity, perform its part in the general work, and promote the progressive advance and prosperity of humanity.

Nationality and humanity are therefore equally sacred. To forget humanity is to suppress the *aim* of our labours; to cancel the nation is to suppress the instrument by which we achieve the aim.

The indisputable tendency of the epoch in course of initiation is towards a reconstitution of Europe, in accordance with the different national vocations, into a certain number of states, as nearly as possible equal in population and extent. These states, which have remained divided, hostile, and jealous of one another, so long as their national ban-

\* *Where I am well off, there is my country.*

ner merely represented the interest of a dynasty or caste, will gradually become more and more intimately associated through the medium of democracy. The nations will be sisters. Free and independent in the choice of the means by which they reach the common aim, and in the organization of their internal life, they will gradually unite in a common faith and common pact, in all that regards their international life. The Europe of the peoples will be One; avoiding alike the anarchy of absolute independence and the centralization of conquest.

And we who belong to the progressive party, who believe in the progressive life of humanity, are all agreed as to these things.

We are all agreed that progress is the Providential Law, given, with the capacity of its gradual fulfilment, by God to Humanity. We are all agreed that association is the means of its fulfilment, that the harmonious development of all the moral intellectual and physical faculties of mankind is the purpose of the law; we all believe that the people is the sole continuous interpreter of the law. We all declare the old authority for ever extinct. We do not admit that the government of humanity or of the nation may be entrusted to chance, privilege, or hereditary succession, in one or more individuals; we desire that the best amongst us in heart and intellect should be our guides upon our pilgrimage; we desire—in order to put an end to the antagonism between the governing and the governed—that our guides should be recognized and accepted as such by the universal voice. The republic is the logical form of democracy.

*The Holy Alliances of the Peoples, 1849*

### A BASIS OF CENTRAL EUROPEAN ORGANIZATION

We believe in the progressive development of human faculties, and in the direction of the moral law which has been imposed upon us.

We believe in association as the only regular means which can attain this end.

We believe that the interpretation of the moral law and rule of progress can not be confided to a caste or an individual, but ought to be confided to the people enlightened by national education directed by those among them whom virtue and genius point out to them as their best.

We believe in the sacredness of both the individual and society, which ought not to be effaced nor to combat, but to harmonize together for the amelioration of all by all.

We believe in Liberty, without which all human responsibility vanishes ;

In Equality, without which Liberty is only a deception ;

In Fraternity, without which Liberty and Equality would be only means without end ;

In Association, without which Fraternity would be an unrealizable programme ;

In Family, City, and Country, as so many progressive spheres in which man ought to successively grow in the knowledge and practice of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity and Association.

We believe in the holiness of Work, in its inviolability, in the Property which proceeds from it as its sign and its fruit ;

In the duty of Society to furnish the element of material work by Credit, of intellectual and moral work by Education ;

In the duty of the individual to make use of it with the utmost concurrence of his faculties for the common amelioration.

We believe, to resume, in a social state having God and His Law at the summit ; the People, the universality of the citizens free and equal, at its base ; progress for rule, association as means, devotion for baptism, genius and virtue for lights upon the way.

And that which we believe to be true for a single people, we believe to be true for all. There is but one sun in heaven for the whole earth ; there is but one law of Truth and Justice for all who people it.

Inasmuch as we believe in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association, for the individuals composing the State, we believe also in the liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association of Nations. Peoples are the individuals of Humanity. Nationality is the sign of their individuality and the guarantee of their liberty : it is sacred. Indicated at once by tradition, by language, by a determined aptitude, by a special mission to fulfil, it ought to harmonize itself with the whole, and assume its proper functions for the amelioration of all, for the progress of Humanity.

We believe that the map and organization of Europe are to be remade, in accordance with these principles. We believe that a pact, through a congress of the representatives of all nationalities, constituted and recognized, having for mission to carry the holy alliance of Peoples and to formulize the common right and duty, is at the end of our efforts.

We believe, in a word, in a general organization, having God and



His Law at the summit, Humanity, the universality of nations free and equal, at its base, common progress for end, alliance for means the example of those peoples most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way.

. . . . .

We have not now to say what this organization should be. It suffices to-day for us to establish its urgency and possibility. We are not giving a programme ; we make an appeal.

To all men who share our faith ;

To all the Peoples who have a nationality to conquer ;

To all those who think that every divorce, even for a time, between thought and action is fatal ;

To all those who feel stirring within their hearts a holy indignation against the display which is made in Europe in the service of tyranny and falsehood :

We say—come to us ! Sacrifice to the one great object your secondary disagreements, and rally yourselves on the ground we are pointing out to you !

. . . . .

For the Central European Democratic Committee.

LEDRU ROLLIN. JOSEPH MAZZINI.

ALBERT DARASZ. ARNOLD RUGE.

*From the Manifesto, 1850*

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## Part Five

# ECONOMIC AND SOCIOLOGICAL IDEAS

## I

### The Rights of Man

All that has been achieved or attempted in the cause of progress and improvement in Europe during the last fifty years, whether against absolute governments or the aristocracy of blood, has been attempted in the name of the *Rights* of man, and of *Liberty* as the means of that well-being which has been regarded as the end and aim of life.

All the acts of the great French Revolution, and of those revolutions which succeeded and imitated it, were a consequence of the '*Declaration of the Rights of Man.*'

All the works of those philosophers whose writings prepared the way for that revolution were founded upon a theory of Liberty, and of making known to every individual his Rights. The doctrines of all the Revolutionary Schools preached that man was born for *happiness*; that he had a right to seek happiness by every means in his power; and that no one had a right to impede him in that search; while he had a right to overthrow whatever obstacles he met in his path towards it.

And all those obstacles were overthrown; liberty was achieved: in many countries it lasted for years; in some it exists even yet.

Has the condition of the people improved?

Have the millions who live by the daily labour of their hands acquired any, the smallest amount of the promised and desired well-being?

No; the condition of the people is not improved. On the contrary, in most countries it has even deteriorated.

Nevertheless in these last fifty years the sources of social wealth, and the mass of material means of happiness have been continually on the increase. Commerce, surmounting those frequent crises which are inevitable in the absolute absence of all organization, has achieved an increase of power and activity, and a wider sphere of operation. Communication has almost everywhere been rendered rapid and secure,

and hence the price of produce has decreased in proportion to the diminished cost of transport. On the other hand, the idea that there are rights inherent to human nature is now generally admitted and accepted—hypocritically and in words at least—even by those who seek to withhold those rights. Why then has not the condition of the people improved? Why has the consumption of produce—instead of being equally distributed among all the members of European society—become concentrated in the hands of a few, of a class forming a new aristocracy? Why has the fresh impulse given to industry and commerce resulted, not in the well-being of the many, but in the luxury of the few?

The answer is clear to those who look closely into things. Men are the creatures of education, and their actions are but the consequence of the principle of education given to them. The promoters of revolutions and political transformations have hitherto founded them all upon one idea—the idea of the *Rights* appertaining to the individual. Those revolutions achieved *Liberty*—individual liberty; liberty of education, liberty of belief, liberty of commerce, liberty in all things and for all men.

But of what use were rights when acquired by men who had not the means of exercising them? Of what use was mere liberty of education to men who had neither time nor means to profit by it? Of what use was mere liberty of commerce to those who possessed neither merchandise, capital, nor credit?

Rights no doubt exist; but when the rights of one individual happen to clash with those of another, how can we hope to reconcile and harmonize them, if we do not refer to something which is above all rights? And when the rights of an individual, or of many individuals, clash with the rights of the country, to what tribunal shall we appeal?

Even in a society constituted on a juster basis than our own, who shall persuade the man believing solely in the theory of rights, that he is bound to strive for the common good, and occupy himself in the development of the social idea? Suppose he should rebel; suppose he should feel himself strong enough to say to you, *I break the social bond; my tendencies and my faculties invite me elsewhere; I have a sacred, an inviolable right to develop those tendencies and faculties, and I choose to be at war with the rest*;—what answer can you make him within the limits of the Doctrine of Rights? What right have you, merely as a

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majority, to compel his obedience to laws which do not accord with his individual desires and aspirations? What right have you to punish him should he violate those laws?

The Rights of each individual are equal : the mere fact of living together in society does not create a single one. Society has greater power, not greater rights, than the individual.

How, then, will you prove to the individual that he is bound to confound his will in the will of his brothers, whether of country or of humanity?

By means of the prison or the executioner?

Every society that has existed hitherto has employed these means.

But this is a state of war, and we need peace : this is tyrannical repression, and we need Education.

*The Duties of Man, 1844*

The great French Revolution was not, philosophically speaking, a *programme* ; it was a *résumé*. It did not initiate, it closed an epoch. It did not come to bestow a new idea upon the world : to discover the *unknown quantity* of the problem of a new era ; it came to place upon a practical ground, in the sphere of the political organization of society, a formula comprehending all the conquests of twenty-four centuries, all the great ideas morally elaborated by two historical worlds—the Pagan and the Christian—of which, if I may allow myself the expression, it has summed up the balance. It took from the Pagan world its declaration of liberty, of the sovereign *Ego* ; from the Christian world its declaration of equality ; that is to say, of liberty for all as the logical consequence of the unity of nature in the human race ; hence also it derived its motto of fraternity, the consequence of the Christian formula, *all men are the sons of God* ; and it proclaimed—and herein consists its merit towards Europe—that all this ought to be realized here below. Further than this it did not go. As in every great summing up of the progress of the past, we can detect the germ of that of the future, the Revolution was marked by many aspirations towards the idea of association, of a common aim, of a collective solidarity, of a religious transformation,—the dominating idea of the present time ; but in its official acts, in the *ensemble* of its march ; in its most characteristic manifestations, it has never gone beyond the point of progress already (intellectually) reached, the emancipation of *individuality*. This is why, after having embodied its idea in a *Declaration of the Rights of*

*Man*, of the individual, it was only capable of ending in a *man*—in Napoleon. *Right*, that is to say, the individual asserting himself, was its life, its soul, its strength. *Duty*, that is to say, the individual submitting himself to the idea of a collective aim to be attained, never was its directing thought. That thought was the obligation, the necessity of fighting for the conquest of the rights of each ; it made, so to speak, duty subservient to rights. It never rose in action to the height of putting forward a *Declaration of Principles*. Its definition of Life has always been—whatever efforts have been made to prove that it went beyond it—the materialist definition—the *right to physical well-being*. It is so even now. And Europe is now agitated and unconsciously led by the other eminently religious definition of life as a mission ; a series of duties, of sacrifices to be accomplished for others, in view of an ulterior moral progress.

France has, by her Revolution, borne witness in the civil world to the truths taught in the moral world by Christianity. She has also said : Behold the man : *Ecce homo*. She has laid down the principle of human individuality in the plenitude of its liberty in face of her enemies ; and she has overthrown them all. She has done, politically, the work of Luther ; herein is her glory and her strength. But she has not given to mankind the Word of the future, the aim of the individual upon earth ; she has not indicated the work to be accomplished, of which liberty is only a necessary premiss—the new definition of Life which is to be the starting-point of an epoch. Her great formula, which the imitative mind of democracy has rendered European—*liberty, equality, fraternity*—is only an historical formula, indicating the stages of progress already attained by the human mind. Now, every philosophical and social formula ought—if it pretend to give a new initiative to the nations—to contain an indication of the Law to be followed and of its *necessary* interpreter. The formula which the Italian Revolution inscribed upon the republican banner at Rome and Venice, GOD AND THE PEOPLE, is more advanced and more complete than that of the French republicans.

*Europe : its condition and prospects*, 1852

No sooner had the French Revolution concluded one epoch, than the first rays of another appeared above the horizon. No sooner had the triumph of the human individual been proclaimed by the charter of rights, than intelligence foretold a new charter, the charter of *Principles*.

No sooner was the unknown quantity of the so-called middle ages determined, and the aim of the Christian synthesis achieved, than a new unknown quantity, a new aim, was set before the present generation.

On every side the doubt has arisen—of what advantage is liberty? of what advantage equality, which is in fact but the liberty of all? What is the free man but an activity, a force, to be put in motion? In what direction shall he move? As chance or caprice may direct? But that is not *life*, it is a mere succession of acts, of phenomena, of emissions of vitality, without bond, relation, or continuity; it is anarchy. The liberty of the one will inevitably clash with the liberty of others; constant strife will arise between individual and individual, and consequent loss of force, and waste of the productive faculties vouchsafed to us, and which we are bound to regard as sacred. The liberty of all, if ungoverned by any general directing law, will but lead to a state of warfare among men, a warfare all the more cruel and inexorable by the virtual equality of the antagonists.

We must reascend to the conception of *Humanity*, in order to ascertain the secret, rule and law of life of the individual, of man. Hence the necessity of a general co-operation, of harmony of effort—in a word, of *association*—in order to fulfil the work of all. Hence also the necessity of a complete alteration in the organization of the revolutionary party, in our theories of government, and in our philosophical political and economical studies; all of which have hitherto been inspired solely by the principle of liberty. The sacred word *Humanity*, pronounced with a new meaning, has opened up a new world before the eye of a genius—a new world as yet only forefelt—and commenced a new epoch.

Right is the faith of the individual. Duty is the common collective faith. Right can but organize resistance; it may destroy; it cannot found. Duty builds up, associates and unites; it is derived from a general law, whereas Right is derived only from human will. There is nothing therefore to forbid a struggle against Right: any individual may rebel against any right in another which is injurious to him; and the sole judge left between the adversaries is Force; and such, in fact, has frequently been the answer which societies based upon right have given to their opponents.

Societies based upon Duty would not be compelled to have recourse to force; duty, once admitted as the rule, excludes the possibility of

struggle ; and by rendering the individual subject to the general aim, it cuts at the very root of those evils which Right is unable to prevent and only affects to cure. Moreover, progress is not a necessary result of the doctrine of Right, it merely admits it as a fact. The exercise of rights being of necessity limited by capacity, progress is abandoned to the arbitrary rule of an unregulated and aimless liberty.

I foresee that it will be objected that the conquest of human rights is an illusion ; that slavery and inequality still endure on every side ; that the struggle was but commenced by the French Revolution. I shall be told that the principle of individuality still governs every question, and that while I am speaking of a new epoch inefficacious prayers are everywhere put up for the accomplishment and realization in action of the very synthesis which I have stated to be exhausted.

We must not confound the discovery of a term of progress with its triumph in the sphere of reality ; the intellectual evolution of the thought of an epoch, with its *material* application ; the ideal conquest, with its practical consequences.

The *positive* application of a given term of progress to the different branches of the civil, political, and economic organism, can only be successfully begun after its moral development in the intellectual sphere is complete. That moral development is the labour of an epoch, and no sooner is it complete than a power—either individual or people—arises to proclaim its results and consign its formula to the keeping of the nations. A new epoch then begins, in which—while the intellect of humanity is occupied with the newly-revealed term—the term of the past and exhausted epoch is by degrees practically realized and applied. The thought of one epoch is only verified in the sphere of *action*, when the human *intellect* is already absorbed in the contemplation of the thought of its successor. Were it not so, the connection and coherence of the epochs would be interrupted, and a solution of continuity would take place.

Now, I affirm, that if the material application of the terms *liberty* and *equality* has not been attained—nor will be until a people have indicated a new term as the aim of the general endeavour—their *moral* development is complete. I affirm that the *unknown quantity* of the middle ages is transferred to the member of the equation containing the known quantities ; the *hypothesis* of the middle ages is the principle of the present day ; the *idea* of the middle ages is now a recognized admitted law. Does any one now deny liberty and equality in prin-

ciple? Does any one attempt to raise doubts as to the theory of Rights? The most illiberal monarch living fails not to invoke the name of that liberty he secretly abhors; to assert that he is the protector of the *rights and liberties* of his subjects against the anarchy of factions. The question is, in the sphere of principles, decided. The only struggle is as to the application. The dispute no longer regards the law itself, but its interpretation.

The individual is no longer the *aim* of human endeavour. The individual will reappear in new sacredness, when, by the promulgation of the social law, the rights and duties of individual existence are made to harmonize with that law. Hitherto the worship accorded to individuality has given rise to an ignoble *individualism*, a nameless egotism and immorality.

*Faith and the future, 1835*

The political theory which dominated alike the great achievements, and the great legislative manifestations of the French Revolution was, the *theory of Rights*; the moral doctrine which promoted and perpetuated it was, the materialist doctrine which has defined life as *a search after happiness on earth*. The first inaugurated the Sovereignty of the Ego: the second inaugurated the Sovereignty of *Interests*. The few isolated gleams of light thrown upon the path of the future by individuals who died prophets or martyrs of other ideas and other aims are of no account in the balance (no great revolution could be without such), the fundamental character of the revolution was as I have shortly stated it. France made it her own: she in no way altered it when the violence of the agitation was succeeded by despotism; she has shown no indication of altering it since her recent defeat.

The consequences—since every principle adopted, inevitably generates a method—are obvious to all who understand the logic of history. The Rights of different individuals or of different orders of society, when neither sanctified by sacrifice fulfilled, nor harmonized and directed by a common faith in a providential moral law, will sooner or later come into collision and lead to reciprocal shock; and each reassertion of such rights will wear the aspect of war and hatred. The absence of a law of duty, supreme over all rights, and to which all can therefore appeal, gradually and inadvertently leads men to the acceptance of *les faits accomplis*: success is gradually taken for the sign and symbol of legitimacy, and men learn to substitute the wor-



ship of the actual for the worship of the true ; a disposition which is shortly after transformed into the adoration of Force. Force is by degrees accepted and sought after, even by those who invoke the holy names of justice and truth as the principal means of their achievement and application. The guidance of liberty is entrusted to the weapons of tyranny ; the revolution is incarnated in St. Just and Robespierre ; and *terror*, elevated into a system, assumes the title of an energetic apostle.

When the revolution, either extinguished by a successful soldier or by the peaceful Machiavellism of a deceitful prince, is superseded by a new order of things, the nations educated by such political doctrines as these, still maintain them as the directing spirit of their governmental organization, and translate *Force* into *administrative centralization*—the concession of the monopoly of public life to the state—and the repression or neglect of every element that endeavours to emerge from a condition of inertia into one of practical activity. Meanwhile the seeds of egotism are insinuated into the hearts of men by the false definition of life as a search after happiness ; the good impulses which, in the fervour of youth or the excitement of a violent general commotion, suggested golden visions of universal happiness and perennial harmony between individual and collective interests, are blunted in less stirring times by the cold calculations dictated—in the absence of any faith to prescribe duty—by age, or by the evil realities of the present.

The truth is, the theory of Rights may be able to complete the destruction of a form of society either tyrannous or sinking into decay ; it is incapable of founding society anew upon a durable basis. The doctrine of the Sovereignty of the *Ego* can only create despotism or anarchy. Liberty is a means of reaching good ; it is not the aim.

Equality, as understood in its absolute material sense, is an impossible negation of nature : were it even possible to found it, it could only lead to immobility. The secret of a well-organized social system cannot be discovered through the medium of the suffrage, whether exercised at the will of one, of a few, or of the whole people ; unless the vote is based upon, starts from, and expresses their anterior acceptance of some ruling moral principle—a principle so harmonizing the religious and historical tradition of the nation with the intuitions of individual conscience as to become the informing spirit of a whole epoch, during which it will be interpreted and practically applied by the people. The

'people' is not any fraction, however vast, but the *ensemble* of all the individuals and all classes associated to form a nation. under the guidance of a common faith and a common pact, indicating a common aim ; that Aim is sole sovereign.

*From the article M. Renan and France. 1872*

## II

### Rights and Duties

**T**he ideas which have long agitated the camp of Democracy, may, if maturely considered, be classed under two great doctrines ; which, again, may be summed up in two words—*Rights and Duties*.

The doctrine which takes individual rights for its starting-point has played, especially in the last sixty years, an important part, highly beneficial to humanity. Arising, or, more correctly speaking, reduced to a formula, at a time when the religious life of nations was still in great measure subject to colleges of priests of whatsoever description, their political life to governments of whatsoever description, their intellectual life to censors, and their industrial life to revenue officers ;—it has struck down, destroyed, or undermined all these. It has conquered—whether morally or actually is of little importance, for every moral conquest must sooner or later become actual—liberty of conscience, political securities, and freedom of the press : recently it has conquered free trade. Here is a great and noble part in the history of the world which can never be denied to this doctrine. But the important question for democracy is not there. *Is that enough?* Are all these conquests the *end*, or are they not rather the *means* to enable us to attain the end? And if this is so, can the principle of the *Ego*, of *individual right*, if laid down as the basis of education, political and moral, can it, I say, guide man, can it associate men for that end, for those ulterior conquests? That is the question. Whoever examines things at all seriously, will perceive that the doctrine of individual rights is essentially and in principle, only a great and holy protest in favour of human liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative. It is able to destroy ; it is impotent to found. It is mighty to break chains ; it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love.

Behold nations strong and great ; freed from all the fetters which prejudices, class interests, or the hostile ambitions of a few reigning families had cast around them. What use will they make of their freedom of action? Will they establish their nationality upon broad and active sympathies with Truth, Beauty and Justice, or will they wrap themselves up in a narrow nationalism? Will they strive to encroach upon the rights of others, to absorb, to monopolize all power? Will they perceive that national and international life ought to form only two manifestations of one and the same principle, the love of what is good? Will they, in word, take as their motto, *the weakening of all which is not ourselves* ; or, *Amelioration of all by all* ; *the progress of each for the advantage of all*. This is the question which democracy desires to solve ; for democracy is not the mere liberty of all, but *Government freely consented to by all, and acting for all*.

The doctrine of individual rights is so incompetent to solve the question as I have here laid it down, that it is terrified at the idea of government. Its supporters regard government as a necessary inconvenience ; to which they submit, on condition of giving it as little power as possible. In their theory, government reduced nearly to the functions of a police constable, deprived of every initiative, has no mission but to *prevent*. It is there to repress crime and violence ; to secure to every individual the exercise of his rights against any brutal attack of his neighbours—nothing more. And lest, seduced by the sweets of the power deposited in its hands, it should attempt to overstep these narrow bounds, they surround it with suspicion, with mistrust, with hostile local powers ; they devote their whole study to organize a system of guarantees against its possible encroachments. Here is, properly speaking, no society ; nothing by an aggregation of individuals, bound over to keep the peace, but for the rest following their own individual objects ; *Laissez faire, laissez passer*, is the formula of the school.

This is not the ideal we seek ; no, certainly, it was not to attain the ignoble and immoral *every one for himself*, that so many great men, holy martyrs of thought, have shed, from epoch to epoch, from century to century, the tears of the soul, the sweat and blood of the body.

We need liberty, as much to fulfil a *duty* as to exercise a *right* : we must retain it. But if you give to your political education a higher religious principle, liberty will become what it ought really to be—the ability to choose between various means of doing good.

Suppose the rights of one individual temporarily opposed to those of another, how will you reconcile them, except by appealing to something superior to all rights? Given the right to increase their wealth, recognized in all, how will you solve, without appealing to another principle, the great and persistent question between the workman and his manufacturing employer? Suppose an individual revolting against the bonds of society: he feels himself strong; his inclinations, his faculties, call him to a path other than the common; he has a right to develop them, and he wages war against the community. Consider well, what argument can you oppose to him consistently with the doctrine of rights? What right have you, from the mere fact that you are a majority to impose upon him obedience to laws which are not in harmony with *his* individual rights and aspirations? Rights are equal for all: society cannot have one more than an individual. How, then, will you prove to that man that he ought to confound his own will with the will of his brethren? By imprisonment? by the scaffold? That is to say, wherever society has not given education, *by violence*. Suppose one of those solemn crises which threaten the life of a country, and call for the active devotedness of all its sons—a foreign invasion, a violent attempt to substitute a tyranny for the fundamental laws of the state—some great and indispensable progress to be won for a suffering class, is it in the name of rights that you will call on the citizen to dare martyrdom? Is not the first of rights the right to life? You have taught him that society was constituted for the sole purpose of securing to him *his* rights; and now you demand of him to sacrifice them all—to suffer, to die for the safety of his country—for the progress of a class which perhaps is not even his own! No; he will calculate the risks and the chances of success, and act accordingly; or he will declare himself a cosmopolite—will say—as, in fact, has been often said—‘*Ubi bene, ibi patria!*’ he will carry his at his shoe-sole, and you will have no right to address to him a single reproach. The man has only been logical—consistent with the principle of the education you have given him.

*Thoughts upon democracy in Europe, 1847*

Two grave errors were committed by the revolution of 1830. The first was in starting from the old imperfect theory of *rights*, instead of the theory of social *duty*. The second was that of substituting one programme for another during the period of the struggle, from a false

idea of *tactics* ; and hence of confiding the direction of the movement to men who had neither fought, suffered, nor conquered for the true aim of the insurrection.

Resolved to maintain the tradition of Revolution, militant France recognized no other doctrine than that summed up by the revolutionary assemblies in their *Declaration of the Rights of Man*. Though following instinctively the voice of duty in their actions, they failed to derive from it any settled faith to serve as a test for those seeking to join their party, and a pledge both of their constancy and of the universality of the aim. They forgot that the mere theory of rights, applied to a society composed of elements so various and unequal, both in capacity and education, must of necessity tend to maintain it fractional and divided. Each fraction would be satisfied with obtaining the free exercise of *its own* rights, and would neglect the rights of others immediately afterwards.

The idea of right is not general and uniform at any given period ; it implies a knowledge or *consciousness* of the right demanded, and the moral *possibility* of exercising it. This consciousness and this possibility necessarily differ where social position and education are different.

It is only the idea of duty, which, being derived from the height of a religious mission, enjoins upon all to create such consciousness and such possibility, where they do not already exist, and confounds all distinction of classes, by embracing every class in a work which may neither be neglected nor interrupted without guilt.

They who raise no banner but that of rights may be willing to extend those rights so long as the struggle is undecided, in order to gather around them a larger number of elements ; but the tumult of battle once ended, the voice that inclines man to repose will make itself strongly heard, and the constant temptations of egotism will suggest to the class placed by victory in the first position, that the exercise of their own rights will be more secure in proportion as their domination is exclusive and protected against the encroachments of others.

Moreover, the doctrine of rights is essentially a doctrine of *opposition* ; and it is the tendency of all doctrines of opposition to admit too readily any element, or accept any compromise which appears likely to accelerate their victory, although the ultimate result of so doing is to weaken, transform, or dissolve the victory thus obtained.

Without liberty you cannot fulfil any of your duties. Therefore you have a right to liberty and a duty to wrest it at all risks from whatsoever Power shall seek to withhold or deny it.

Without liberty there is no true morality, because if there be not free choice between good and evil, between devotion to the common progress and the spirit of egotism, there can be no responsibility.

Without liberty there is no true Society, because association between free men and slaves is impossible ; there can only exist the rule of the one over the others.

Liberty is sacred, as the individual, of whose life it is the reflex, is sacred.

You must have liberty in all that is indispensable to the moral and material aliment of life ; personal liberty, liberty of locomotion, liberty of religious faith ; liberty of opinion upon all subjects, liberty of expressing that opinion through the Press, or by any other peaceful means ; liberty of association in order to render that opinion fruitful by cultivation and contact with the thoughts and opinions of others ; liberty of labour, and of trade and commerce with its produce ; all these things which may not be taken from you without your having a right to protest.

No one has any right to imprison you, or subject you to personal espionage or restraint in the name of Society, without telling you wherefore, telling it you with the least possible delay, and immediately conducting you before the judicial power of the country. No one has any right of persecution, intolerance, or exclusive legislation as to your religious opinions : no voice has any right to interpose itself between God and your conscience.

The Press must be absolutely free. The rights of intellect are inviolable, and every *preventive* censorship is tyranny. The right of peaceful association is as sacred as thought itself.

No power, then, has a right to limit or impede Association.

Each of you is bound to labour as the sole means of life's material support. Labour is sacred. No one has a right to impede it, forbid it, or render it impossible by arbitrary regulations.

But Liberty is not the negation of all authority : it is the negation of every authority that fails to represent the Collective Aim of the Nation, or that presumes to impose or maintain itself upon any other basis than that of your free consent.

In these later days the sacred idea of Liberty has been perverted by

sophistical doctrines. Some have reduced it to a narrow and immoral egotism, have made *self* everything, and have declared the aim of all social organization to be the satisfaction of its desires. Others have declared that all government and all authority is a necessary evil, to be restricted and restrained as far as possible; that liberty has no limit, and that the aim of all society is that of indefinitely promoting liberty, which man has the right of using or abusing, provided his doing so result in no direct evil to others, and that government has no other mission than that of preventing one individual from injuring another.

Reject these false doctrines, my brothers! The first has generated the egotism of class: the second makes of society—which, well organized, would be the representation of your collective life and aim—naught better than the soldier or police-officer commissioned to maintain an external and apparent peace.

The tendency of all such doctrines is to convert liberty into anarchy; to cancel the idea of collective moral improvement, and that mission of Progress which society ought to assume. If you should understand liberty thus, you would deserve to lose it, and sooner or later you would lose it.

*The Duties of Man, 1858*

Can you doubt me? Can you doubt my watching from afar with an eager eye and a blessing soul, the efforts of the brave and earnest British women struggling for the extension of the Suffrage to their sex, or for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, which is only an incident in the general question—Equality between Man and Woman—sacred for any sensible, logical and fearless man who fights for any question involving Equality to whatever class or section of mankind it applies? Could I ever feel safe in my right and duty to struggle for Equality between the working man and the so-called upper classes of my own country if I did not deeply and warmly believe in your own right and duty? Is your question less sacred than that of the Abolition of Slavery in America, or of the serfdom elsewhere? Ought it not to be even more sacred to us when we think of our mothers and remember that the most important period—the first period—of our education is entrusted to you?

Are not all questions of Equality groundless—a mere selfish rebellion—unless they derive their legitimacy and strength from a single,

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general, all-embracing principle—the oneness of mankind—the basis, the soul of your Religion? Do not those who deny the righteousness of your claims bow to the words of St. John : ‘ That they may all be one ; as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, they also may be one in us.’ And to those of St. Paul : ‘ There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.’

Those words, they say, apply to heaven. Don’t they know that what is decreed in heaven must and will have to be fulfilled on earth?

Yes, we are all the children of God, free and equal in Him : and it is high time, after eighteen hundred and seventy years since the word was spoken, and whilst new religious truths are already dawning on the horizon, for its being practically understood and applied in its direct consequences to human life and society.

One God, one Life, one Law of Life ; this is or ought to be our common belief ; and wherever God’s baptism lives, wherever the stamp of Humanity is on a created being, there we find Free-will, Educability, tendency to Association, capability of indefinite progression, a source of the same general duties and rights, a leading principle to legislation in all branches of human activity.

No question ought to be solved without our asking ourselves : *how far does the proposed solution minister to Moral Education?* And is not the feeling of self-dignity, the deep conviction of a task to be fulfilled here down for our own improvement and that of our fellow creatures, the initiatory step to all education? Must it not start by repeating to those we want to educate the words you quoted : *you are a human being ; nothing that concerns mankind is alien to you?* Crush in one man the innate sense of self-respect : you decree the helot. Sanction to any amount moral inequality : you create rebellion with all its evils—or indifference, hypocrisy, frivolity and corruption. Punish the sinner leaving the accomplice untouched : you suppress, by fostering in the punished one a sense of being unjustly dealt with, all the good and the educational that there is in punishment. Claim the right of legislating for one class without that class being heard and somehow sharing in your work : you cancel at once the sacredness of Law, and instil hatred and contempt in the excluded class.

And if you do not forsake or neglect these principles, you will conquer. Your cause is a religious one : don’t narrow it down to what is called a *right* or an *interest*. Let duty be your ground. Children of God as we



are, you have a task to perform towards the progressive discovery and the progressive fulfilment of His Law. You cannot abdicate that task without sinning to God who appointed it, and gave you faculties and powers for its accomplishment ; and you cannot fulfil the task without liberty, which is the source of responsibility. . . . Your claim is the claim of the working man—of Nations cancelled, like Poland, by brutal force from Europe's map : of races dismembered, like the Slavonian, between foreign masters and doomed to silence. Like them all, you want to bring to the common work a new element of life and progress : you feel you have *something* to speak, legally and officially, towards the great problems which stir and torture the soul of mankind. *There* is your real ground for being heard ; there your strength. Keep on that ground firmly and do not allow expediency, unconscious selfism, or a fragmentary view of the struggle to lure you away from it.

There is a holy crusade going on through the world for Justice, Freedom and Truth, against Lies and Tyranny. You are—battalion-like—fighting in it. Feel it and act accordingly. Sympathize with all who suffer and bleed, and you will be sympathized with : help and you will be helped. There is no right unless a duty has been fulfilled ; the emancipation of the working class is now at hand because the working man has, thank God, through the last half-century, shown himself ready to any amount of sacrifice for any noble cause summoning the efforts of the good and brave.

*Letter to Mrs. Emilie Hawkes, 1870*

### III

#### Tradition, Progress and Association

**I** am a democrat wishing to advance, and to make others do the same, in the name of these three sacred words—Tradition, Progress, Association. I believe in the great voice of God which ages bring to me through the universal tradition of the human race. It tells me that the Family, the Nation, and Humanity, are the three spheres through which human individuality must labour to the common end, the moral perfecting of itself and of others, or rather of itself by others and for others ; that the institution of property is destined to be the sign of the material activity of the individual ; of his share in the improvement of the physical world, as the right of suffrage must indicate his

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share in the administration of the political world; and that it is precisely from the use, better or worse, made of such rights in these spheres of activity, that the merit or demerit of the individual before God and man depends. It tells me that all these things, elements of human nature, have been transforming themselves, purifying themselves unceasingly, attuning themselves more and more to the Ideal of which God has endowed his creatures with the presentiment; but never perishing: and that these dreams of Communism, of the abolition or the absolute fusion of individuality in the whole, have been, through all time, only transitory incidents in the onward march of the human race; reproducing themselves at each great intellectual and moral crisis, and signaling the urgency of a transformation; but by themselves nothing, and very happily incapable of realization; except, like the community of convents in the infancy of Christianity upon a scale infinitely small and destitute of the power of progress.

I believe in the eternal progression of life, and consequently of intelligence and sentiment, in the creature of God; in the progress not only of man in the past, but also of man in the future; I think that the problem for us to solve is less that of *defining* the forms of future progress, than that of placing mankind in a condition to feel and to accomplish it by means of a religious education, and the moral development consequent upon opening the great paths to human activity under all its forms.

I believe in Association, as the only means of accomplishing upon earth this progress to which we all aspire; not only because it multiplies the action of the productive forces—this, although important, is only so in the second degree—but because, in bringing nearer all the different manifestations of the human soul, it enlarges and renders more powerful the life of the individual, by causing him to commune with and participate in collective life. And I know that such association can be fertile only so far as it exists among free individuals, among free nations; having both of them the consciousness of a special mission to fulfil in the common work.

Without the religion of Duty any great social transformation is impossible. Every social transformation implies more vast and earnest development of the principle of Association. Now, the notion of individual rights can only spring from individual interest; and individual interest does not create association; it tends to dissolve it. The theory of *well-being*, if made the aim of a social transformation,

leaves unchecked those instincts which urge the individual to enjoyment ; inoculates the soul with egotism, and sanctifies the appetites. A transformation, founded upon such elements—against which our every effort in aid of progress is directed at the present day—could not endure.

*Thoughts upon Democracy in Europe, 1847*

Life is one : the individual and society are its two necessary manifestations ; life considered singly, and life in relation to others. Flames kindled upon a common altar, they approach each other in rising, until they mingle together in God. The individual and society are sacred ; not only because they are two great *facts*, which cannot be abolished, and which, consequently, we must endeavour to conciliate—but because they represent the only two *criteria* which we possess for realizing our object, the truth ; namely, *conscience* and *tradition*. The manifestation of truth being progressive, these two instruments for its discovery ought to be continually transformed and perfected ; but we cannot suppress them without condemning ourselves to eternal darkness ; we cannot suppress or subalternize one without irreparably mutilating our power. Individuality, that is to say, conscience, applied alone, leads to anarchy ; society, that is to say, tradition, if it be not constantly interpreted and impelled upon the route of the future by the intuition of conscience, begets despotism and immobility. Truth is found at their point of intersection.

Progress is the consciousness of progress. Man must attain it step by step, by the sweat of his brow. The transformation of the *medium* in which he lives only takes place in proportion as he merits it ; and he can only merit it by struggle ; by devoting himself, and purifying himself by good works and holy sorrow. He must not be taught to enjoy, but rather to suffer for others ; to combat for the salvation of the world. It must not be said to him ; *Enjoy, life is the right to happiness* ; but, rather, *Work ; life is a duty, do good without thinking of the consequences to yourself*. He must not be taught, *To each according to his wants*, or, *To each according to his passions*, but rather, *To each according to his love*. To invent formulae and organizations, and neglect the internal man, is to desire to substitute the frame for the picture. Say to men, *Come, suffer ; you will hunger and thirst ; you will, perhaps, be deceived, be betrayed, cursed ; but you have a great duty to accomplish* ; they will be deaf, perhaps, for a long time, to the severe

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voice of virtue ; but on the day that they do come to you, they will come as heroes, and will be invincible.

*Europe its Condition and Prospects*, 1852

‘ Association ’, I am sometimes told, ‘ is no new principle. By prefixing it as the universal aim, you therefore neither create a new synthesis, nor the necessity for one. Association is only a method, a means of realizing liberty and equality : it is a part of the old synthesis, nor do we see the necessity of a new one.’

I admit that association, in the usual acceptation of the word, is nothing more than the *method of progress*, the means by which progress is gradually accomplished. With every step in advance, association gains a corresponding degree of power and extension, and in this sense the tendency to association may be said to be contemporary with the progress, initiated—in regard to man—with the earliest existence of our planet. It has exercised an action in all the synthesis now exhausted, and will exercise still greater influence in the synthesis we seek to enthrone. But although its action always existed, mankind were unconscious of it, and influenced by it without being themselves aware of it. Such has been the case with progress itself, with the law of gravity, with all great physical or moral truths. Their action existed long before it was revealed to us.

But is not the difference between a law unknown, and a law declared, promulgated, and accepted, sufficient to constitute a new starting-point for the activity of the human intellect? The law once defined, the regulation of our action by it becomes a *duty* : its fulfilment becomes the aim of all human endeavour, and the method of deriving the maximum of utility from its fulfilment becomes the study of every thinker. The human intellect no longer wastes precious time in researches the object of which has been realized. Power is increased a hundred-fold when it is concentrated, and a definite direction is given to its action. Previously to the promulgation of the law, the mere instinctive sense of its existence could do no more than constitute a *right*, and a right almost always contested.

Great historical epochs do not date from the existence of a law, a truth, or a principle ; but from the time of their promulgation. Were it not so, it would be idle to speak of distinct epochs or syntheses : truth is one, and eternal ; and the thought of God, in which was the germ of the world, contained them all.

Now I believe that the time has arrived when the principle of association, solemnly and universally promulgated, should become the starting-point of all theoretical and practical studies, having for their aim the progressive organization of human society, and be placed at the summit of our constitutions, our codes, and our formulae of faith. And I say, moreover, that the promulgation of a term directing our researches upon a path absolutely different from any yet tried, is sufficient to constitute, or at least to indicate, a new epoch.

For the rest, ours is not a formula of association only; it is—Europe, and, through its means, humanity, associated in the completeness of all its faculties and all its forces, under the indispensable conditions of liberty, equality, and fraternity, for the realization of a *common aim*, the discovery and progressive application of its law of life.

*Faith and the Future*, 1835

The characteristic of every great movement of transformation is spontaneity. God alone sounds the hours of the world. When the times are ripe, He inspires the people that has suffered most and believed most, with the courage and determination to conquer or die for all the rest. *That* is the initiator-people. It arises, combats, triumphs, or succumbs; but either its ashes or the trophies of its victory, disclose the Word of the new epoch—the salvation of the world. All *initiative* has ceased in Europe; and instead of teaching each people the duty of endeavouring to seize it, we persist in assuring them that one nation still holds it, that it is by right her own.

In the dawn of the new epoch, though we have divined its fundamental principle, we do not yet understand the consequences of our faith in that principle, nor the duties it imposes upon any people aspiring to enjoy its fruits. We persist in raising the banner of the expiring epoch to guide the wandering tribes on the path of the future: we seek to solve the problems of the future with the method of the past: we hail the last beams of the setting sun as the first rays of coming dawn.

Ask of the peoples whom we see arising, urged by a prophetic instinct to lift the stones of their sepulchres and advance,—what is their hope, what are the words whispered to them by the angel of their new life to come? In the midst of the paligenetic signs that abound in earth and heaven, of the lightning flashes of the future, gleaming on every side,

—the voice of millions will answer: *We are advancing towards the liberty, equality, and fraternity foretold to us.*

Liberty and equality: lovely and sacred words! but by what means shall we reduce them to the sphere of reality; constitute them an integral part of European society, and identify them with the very life of the peoples? For such and no other is the problem. The belief in these things has now taken firm possession of men's minds: few contradict their truth in principle.

It is therefore necessary to act rather than discuss: what we have to do is to achieve the material expression of our rights, to translate into earthly action the divine idea. Now the term which has been intellectually reached by an epoch cannot be realized in action by those who remain pent up and confined within the boundaries of that epoch. It is only by fixing our eyes upon the future epoch, by proposing to human activity a new term of progress as the goal, that we can reach the practical application of the term which gave life to the epoch immediately anterior. As liberty can only be practically realized and achieved through the intellectual conquest of equality; so equality can only be practically realized and achieved in the *social* epoch,—that is to say, through the association of all in a common aim.

*On the Revolutionary Initiative in Europe, 1834*

Revolution is only sacred and legitimate when undertaken in the name of a new aim upon the path of progress, capable of ameliorating the moral, intellectual, and material condition of the whole people: revolutions undertaken in order to substitute the systematic supremacy of any single fraction of the people for the rest, are naught other than rebellious, as dangerous as unfruitful.

Every true revolution is the substitution of a new educational problem for the old. True government is, the intellect, the sense of the people, consecrated to the work of carrying out that new educational principle in the sphere of facts. Everything depends upon so organizing the government that it shall be alike bound to be and capable of being the true interpreter of that principle, and have neither the temptation nor the power to falsify it; but all the theories of government founded upon distrust, suspicion, resistance, liberty *per se*, or antagonism between the governing power and the governed, as upon an organic idea, are characteristic of a period of transition, a generous but temporary protest against an abnormal and tyrannical

condition of things, but inefficacious and incapable of constituting a normal and fruitful national life.

*From the article M. Renan and France, 1872*

Every existence has an aim. Life, human life, has achieved the consciousness of this fact ; life is therefore a mission—the mission of reaching the aim : it consists in incessant activity upon the path towards it, and a perennial battle against the obstacles it encounters upon that path. The Ideal is not within, but beyond us and supreme over us : it is not the *creation*, but the gradual *discovery* of the human intellect. The law which directs the discovery is named Progress : the method by which progress is achieved is Association—the association of all the human faculties and forces. The ultimate discovery of the aim of life is assured by providential design, but time and space are given to us wherein to achieve it, and are therefore the field of liberty and responsibility for each and all of us. Our choice lies between evil, which is egotism, and good, which is love and sacrifice for the sake of our fellow-men. The faculty of choice, of discovering the path of progress, having been bestowed upon us, social institutions are the means by which we incarnate our thought in action, and advance towards the realization of the providential design.

Every collective work necessitates division of labour : the existence of distinct nations is a consequence of this necessity. Every nation has a special function, or mission, in the collective work, and a special aptitude fitting her to perform that function. This is her insignia, her baptism, the sign of her legitimacy. Each nation is one of the work-people of humanity, and labours for the advance of humanity towards the common goal and for the common good. Every nation which neglects to fulfil this special function betrays her mission, sinks into egotism, decays, and undergoes a period of expiation proportionate to her error or offence. For the separate nations, as for humanity, the various stages of education are named epochs. Every epoch reveals one fragment of the Ideal—one line of the divine Idea. A philosophy prepares the way for the discovery ; a religion then sanctifies the new idea, by elevating it into a *duty* ; a political science then translates it gradually into facts, into the practical manifestations of life, and an art symbolizes it for us.

The *initiation* of the new epoch—which is the solemn annunciation of a new principle—is accomplished by a revolution ; the *evolution*—

the gradual, pacific development of that principle—constitutes the subsequent life of the entire epoch. During that evolution the nations progressively adopt and employ those different elements which are their instruments of labour—their tools. Monarchies, patriciates, and priesthoods—all these are but the instruments of the nation, to be modified or changed according to the necessity of the times, and the greater or less power of service there is in them, until the whole people, awakened to full consciousness and comprehension of the principle, become its progressive interpreter.

Revolutions are to the nations and to humanity what instruction is to individuals.

The tradition of a people is also divided into periods, each of which is countersigned by a revolution, which points out and calls into action a new and better instrument in place of one worn out. That tradition cannot be rightly studied in one or several of its periods; the organization of the new period cannot rightly be founded upon those elements which have proved useful in one or several periods of the past. Only from the study of the entire tradition of all the stages reached by the nation in its past progress towards the destined aim, can we direct our choice of the new element calculated most efficaciously to promote its further advance upon the path of the future.<sup>1</sup>

*From the article M. Renan and France, 1872*

## IV

### Education

**T**he vital question in agitation at the present day is a question of Education. We do not seek to establish a new order of things through violence. Any order of things established through violence, even though in itself superior to the old, is still a tyranny. What we have to do is to propose, for the approval of the nation, an order of things we believe to be superior to that now existing, and to *educate* men by every possible means to develop it and act in accordance with it.

The theory of Rights may suffice to arouse men to overthrow the obstacles placed in their path by tyranny, but it is impotent where the

<sup>1</sup> These concluding words of the article were written on the 3rd March, 1872. Mazzini died on the 10th of that month.



object in view is to create a noble and powerful harmony between the various elements of which the nation is composed. With the theory of happiness as the primary aim of existence, we shall only produce egotists who will carry the old passions and desires into the new order of things, and introduce corruption into it a few months after.

We have therefore to seek a Principle of Education superior to any such theory, and capable of guiding mankind onwards towards their own improvement, of teaching them constancy and self-sacrifice, and of uniting them with their fellow-men, without making them dependent either on the *idea* of a single man or the *force* of the majority.

No plan of popular education can be realized alone: a change both in the political and material condition of the people is also needed, and they who imagine that an educational transformation may be accomplished alone, deceive themselves.

A few among you, once imbued with the true principles on which the moral, social, and political education of a People depend, will suffice to spread them among the millions, as a guide on their way, to protect them from the sophisms and false doctrines by which it will be sought to lead them astray.

Be assured that without education you cannot know your duties, and that whenever society prevents you from obtaining education, the responsibility of your errors rests upon society, not on you; your responsibility begins upon the day in which a path to instruction is opened to you, and you neglect to pursue it; on the day in which the means are offered to you by which to transform the society which has too long condemned you to ignorance, and you neglect to seize them. You are not guilty because you are ignorant, but you are guilty when you resign yourselves to ignorance.

Education is the bread of the soul. Even as physical organic life is unable to flourish and expand without material aliment, so does our moral and intellectual life require for its expansion and manifestation the external influence, and the assimilation—in part at least—of the affections and tendencies of others.

Individual life springs up like the flower. Each variety is gifted with a special existence and a special character, upon the common soil, and is nourished by the elements common to the life of all. The individual is an offshoot of Humanity, and alimments and renews its vital forces in the vital force of Humanity. This work of alimentation and renovation is accomplished by Education, which transmits (directly or

indirectly) to the individual the results of the progress of the whole human race.

Education therefore is not merely a necessity of your true *life* ; it is also as a holy communion with your fellow-men, with the generations who lived (that is to say, thought and acted) before you, that you are bound to obtain for yourselves a moral and intellectual education, that shall embrace and fecundate all the faculties which God has given you, even as seed to fructify, and wherewith to constitute and maintain the link between your individual life and the life of collective Humanity.

*The Duties of Man, 1844*

The theory of *Liberty of Education*, and nothing more, was just and useful as a war-cry against a monopoly of education entrusted to an authority the representative of the catholic and feudal principle, for ages adverse to progress, and incapable of governing and directing the life either of the individual or of humanity. And we would raise that cry even now in all cases where it is necessary to overthrow a false authority, and assert the right of society to found a new authority, the true expression of our epoch.

But so soon as the national life is freely organized under the inspiration of the faith expressed by the word PROGRESS, the problem is changed.

The nation then becomes an assemblage of principles, beliefs, and aspirations directed towards a common aim, which has been accepted as the basis of their fraternity by the vast majority of the citizens.

To concede to each single citizen the right of communicating to the rest his own programme, and to deny that right to the nation, is a contradiction utterly incomprehensible in those who desire national unity, and ridiculous in those who preach unity of weights and measures, and of the monetary system.

Moral unity is far more important than material unity, and without a national education moral unity is impossible, anarchy inevitable. National education is, moreover, the sole just basis upon which to found a penal code.

Those who oppose the principle of national education in the name of individual independence, do not perceive that they but remove the child from the teachings of *all* his fellow-countrymen, to hand over his intellect and independence to the arbitrary rule and direction of one sole individual—the father. Liberty and association are both sacred,

and both must be represented by education. The social duty by the inculcation and transmission of the national programme, and liberty of progress by the concession of a like freedom of transmission to all other programmes, which should be protected and encouraged by the State. The individual would then be free to make his choice.

*Works, vol. I*

I have often dreamed of a state of things in Europe when every loving and devoted soul, convinced of the necessity of a creed of fusion—of a general doctrine that might correspond with the now undeniable movement that is hurrying Europe, and with Europe the world, towards new destinies—should act upon the duties imposed by such a conviction. Instead of all these associations organized for one special branch of teaching, or of activity, and which are now separate, strangers to each other, not only in different countries, but in the bosom of the same country—often even of the same town—there should be one great philosophical—I might say religious—association, to which all these secondary associations should be united as branches to the parent stem; each bringing to the centre the results of its labours, of its discoveries, of its views for the future. Instead of all these academies, universities, lectureships, without mission, programme, or extended views—and in which, as if to engraft doubt and anarchy upon instruction itself, a materialist professor of medicine jostles a mystic metaphysician; and a course of individualist political economy follows a course of history or public laws based on the principle of association—there should be one real apostolate of knowledge; starting from the small number of fundamental truths henceforth secured to the human race by the evidence given to them by a few men of genius, but still needing to be made popular. The balance-sheet of our acquirements would soon be struck; and this balance sheet being synthetically drawn up, the solution of the programme we are all seeking would not long remain undiscovered.

At present we are very far from any such Council of the intellects of Europe. But methinks the time is come to remind the men who desire the general good, of a few and simple fundamental principles, which they are in danger of forgetting while carried away by secondary questions and by party spirit.

The suffrage, political securities, progress of industry, arrangement of social organization, all these things, I repeat, are not Democracy;

they are not the cause for which we are engaged ; they are its means, its partial applications or consequences. The problem of which we seek the solution is an *educational problem* ; it is the eternal problem of human nature : only at every great era, at every step we ascend, our starting-point changes, and a new object, beyond that which we have just attained, is brought within our vision.

*Thoughts upon Democracy in Europe, 1847*

Your liberty, your rights, your emancipation from every injustice in your social position, the task which each of you is bound to fulfil on earth—all these depend upon the degree of education you are able to attain.

Without education you are incapable of rightly choosing between good and evil : you cannot acquire a true knowledge of your rights ; you cannot attain that participation in political life without which your complete social emancipation is impossible ; you cannot arrive at a correct definition and comprehension of your own mission.

Without it your faculties lie dormant and unfruitful even as the vital power lies sterile in the seed cast into untilled soil, and deprived of the benefits of irrigation and the watchful labour of the agriculturist.

At the present day your class is either uneducated, or receives its education at the hands of men or governments who, having no ruling principle to guide them, necessarily mutilate or misdirect it. Present directors of Education imagine that they have fulfilled their duties towards you when they have opened a certain number of schools—distributed unequally over the territory they govern—wherein your children *may* receive a certain degree of elementary instruction, consisting principally of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Such teaching is properly called *instruction*, and it differs and is as distinct from true *education* as the various organs of our existence differ and are distinct from our *life*. Education addresses itself to the moral faculties ; instruction to the intellectual. The first developed in man knowledge of his duties ; the second gives him the capacity of achieving them. Without instruction, education would be too often inefficient ; without education, instruction is a lever deprived of its fulcrum.

Without a national education, the nation has no moral existence, for upon it alone can a national conscience be formed. Without a national education—common to all citizens—all equality of rights and duties is an unmeaning formula, for all knowledge of duties, and all capacity

for the exercise of rights, are left to the chances of fortune, or the arbitrary choice of those who select the teacher.

*The Duties of Man*, 1858

I feel ashamed, but I have been overwhelmed by work, not flourishing in health, although better now, and altogether unable to fulfil what I had promised. Then, and after all I write to say that I cannot fulfil it. I said that I would write about the education of your son. I find that I cannot. I ought to know him, his tendencies, his capabilities, what he has already learned. To give general rules is nothing. He *may* require special ones.

I have mentioned his tendencies. *That* must be your special object. Every man is a *speciality*, is capable of some definite thing. You must try to discover that *special* tendency, and then frame his education accordingly. After a general teaching of those branches which are good for *any* man, direct his studies towards the development of that special tendency which you will have discovered. Education means *drawing out, educate*, what is in the boy : not creating in him what is not. You cannot create.

But one thing is, must be common to all. You must give him a proper notion of what Life is, and of what the world in which he has been put for the fulfilment of a task is.

Life is a duty, a function, a mission. For God's sake, do not teach him any Benthamite theory about happiness either individual or collective. A creed of *individual* happiness would make him an egotist : a creed of collective happiness will reach the same result soon or late. He will perhaps dream Utopias, fight for them whilst young ; then, when he will find that he cannot realize rapidly the dream of his soul ; he will turn back to himself and try to conquer *his* own happiness : sink into egotism.

Teach him that Life has no sense unless being a task :—that happiness may, like sunshine on a traveller, come to him, and that he must welcome it and bless God for it ; but that to *look* for it is destroying both the moral man and his duty and most likely the possibility of ever enjoying it :—that to improve himself, morally and intellectually, for the sake of improving his fellow-creatures, is his task :—that he must try and get at Truth and then represent it, in words and deeds, fearlessly and perennially :—that to get at Truth, two *criteria* have been given to him, his own conscience and tradition, the conscience of man-

kind :—that whenever he will find the inspiration of his own conscience harmonizing with that of mankind, sought for not in the history of a single period or of a single people, but of all periods and peoples, then he is sure of having Truth within his grasp :—that the basis of all Truth is the knowledge of the Law of Life, which is indefinite Progression :—that to this Law he must be a servant.

This knowledge of the Law of Progression must be your aim in all your teaching.

Elementary Astronomy, elementary Geology, ought to be taught as soon as possible. Then, universal History, then Languages.

The difficult thing is to get the proper teaching. When I speak, for instance, of Astronomy, I mean a survey of the Universe, of which the Earth is part, grounded on Herschel's theory and tending to prove how everything is the exponent of a Law of Progression, how the Law is one, how every part of the Universe accomplishes a function in the whole. Herschel, Nichol, Guillemin's recently translated 'Heavens' are the guides to be chosen.

Languages are easily learned in boyhood. French, German and Italian ought to be taught. Two years of study may put the boy in communication with three worlds.

I would not teach any *positive* Religion ; but the great fundamental Trinity, God, the immortality of the soul, the necessity of a religion as a common link of brotherhood for mankind, grounded on the acknowledgment of the Law of Progression. At a later period he will choose.

Geography of course will be taught. But everything taught in a *general* way and not applied is easily forgot. The best way is to have a collection of good maps and to give him the habit of never reading a historical book or even a tale without following it on the map. It is the best and most lasting way.

In one word, a religious conception of life—then a full notion of the world he lives in—then the special branch of activity to which he seems inclined : that is the whole of education for your boy.

*Letter to Mr. William Malletson, 1865*

## V

## Enfranchising the Negroes

**Y**ou ask me to give you my opinion on the question of the right of men of colour to the vote. Can you have any doubt about it?

You have abolished slavery. This abolition is the crown of your glorious strife, the religious consequence of your battles, which otherwise would have only been a lamentable butchery. You have decreed that the sun of the Republic shall shine freely upon all ; that, as God is one, so on the blessed soil where liberty is not merely a chance fact, but a faith and a gospel, the stamp of Humanity shall be one.

Can you mutilate this great principle? Can you curtail and reduce it to the proportions of the semi-liberty of the monarchies? Can you tolerate that any man amongst you should only be the half of himself? Can you proclaim the dogma of semi-responsibility? Can you constitute on the republican soil of America a class of political slaves like those of the Middle Ages?

Does liberty exist without the vote? Is not the vote the seal of human nature affirming itself in the moral world, as the right of work and possession is the seal by which it affirms itself in the physical world? Do you wish to change your democracy into an incipient aristocracy? Do you wish to decree that colour means moral inferiority?

Ignorance is inferiority ; you have not thought, however, of making the right to the vote depend upon intellect. If you had done this, you would have met with a good many objections, but you could not have been accused of being directly false to the principle proclaimed by you ; accused, that is, of applying a different rule to two categories of the sons of God ; accused of saying :

‘ These men of colour are destined to be the armed apostles of the national union, and to give their life for that purpose, but their life will not be represented in the Councils of the Nation.’

But is not the vote the first step towards education? Does not the consciousness of a function to be accomplished prepare man for progress?

Is not raising the self-esteem of a reasonable being the best way of beginning the education of the child, as well as of the ignorant man?

And what do you fear? Errors? Have your *whites* never erred? And is not the path which leads to truth always sown with errors?

Give the negroes the vote and education, and you will shorten for them the period of errors. The great principle which you mean to extend to all Humanity, by proclaiming its sanctity, cannot be compared to the small sum of evil which may be caused by the few transitory errors of a minority. Practically speaking, you may be certain of one thing, and that is that the men of colour, to whom you give the vote, will vote for those who wished them to be raised to political existence. If, on the contrary, they remain deprived of this right, they will become the instruments of illegal agitations in the hands of those who promise them the vote. These things will probably be said and repeated to you much more energetically by your American compatriots.

But there is an argument which, so far as I know, has not yet been touched upon by your fellow-citizens, and which nevertheless seems to me of vital importance for you and for us all.

Your task is not finished, but only changed: a sacred duty stands before you; but you cannot accomplish it until you have manfully faced and resolved the doubt which now causes you to waver.

Every great nation has two stages of life. The first may be devoted to its own formation, its internal organization, and the preparation, so to say, of those elements and faculties by means of which a Nation can undertake a given work and proceed to the fulfilment of that mission which was assigned to it by God for the good of Humanity. A Nation is a living mission: its life is not its own property, but a force operating in the universal plan of Providence.

The second stage begins after the Nation has affirmed and assured its own existence, after it has mustered its forces and shown everyone the qualifications that it possesses for the fulfilment of its mission.

Then the Nation rises up and by noble deeds moves in harmony with the general plan. You have traversed the first stage triumphantly, and are now on the threshold of the second; you have therefore the choice of being false to your duty as a Nation, or of proceeding towards the goal.

In the great battle which is being fought all over the earth between good and evil, between justice and despotism, between equality and privilege, between duty and egoism, between republic and monarchy,



between truth and falsehood, between God and Idols, your place is pointed out, and you must occupy it worthily.

*Letter to Mr. Conway, 1865*

## VI

### Capital and Labour

**M**any, too many, of you are poor. Life, for at least three-fourths of the working class, whether labourers or mechanics is a daily struggle to obtain the *indispensable* material means of existence. They are occupied in manual labour for ten, twelve, sometimes fourteen hours a-day, and by this constant, monotonous, and painful industry they scarcely gain the bare necessities of physical existence. The attempt to teach such men the duty of progress, to speak to them of their intellectual and moral life, of their political rights, or of education, is sheer irony in the present state of things.

They have neither time nor means to improve and progress. Wearied, worn-out, half-stupefied by a life consumed in a round of petty and mechanical toil, all they do learn is a mute, impotent, and often unjust rancour against the class of men who employ them. They too often seek forgetfulness of the troubles of the day and the uncertainty of the morrow, in the stimulus of strong drink, and sink to rest in places better described as dens than rooms, to waken to a repetition of the same dull exercise of their merely physical powers.

Thus, the misery of the working-classes is unchanged. Liberty of competition for him who possesses nothing—for him who, unable to save on his daily earnings, cannot even initiate a competition—is a lie; even as political liberty is a lie for those who, from want of education, instruction, time, and material means, are unable to exercise their rights. Increased facilities for the exchange and conveyance of the products of labour would by degrees emancipate labour from the tyranny of trade and commerce, and from the existing classes of *intermediates* between the producer and the consumer, but they cannot emancipate it from the tyranny of Capital; they cannot give the means of labour to him who has them not.

And from the want of an equal distribution of wealth, and of a just division of produce, combined with the progressive increase of the cypher of consumers, capital itself is turned aside from its true econo-

mic aim, and becomes in part stationary in the hands of a few, instead of spreading and circulating ; or it is directed towards the production of objects of superfluity, luxury, and fictitious wants, instead of being concentrated on the production of objects of primary necessity to life, and is risked in perilous and, too often, immoral speculations.

At the present day—and this is the curse of our actual social economy—capital is the tyrant of labour. Society is at present composed—economically speaking—of three classes ; that is to say, of *capitalists*, being the possessors of the means and implements of labour, of land, of factories, ready money, and raw material ; of *middlemen*, chiefs and organizers of labour, and dealers, who are, or ought to be, the representatives of the intellectual side ; and of operatives, who represent the material side of labour.

The first of these three classes is the sole master of the field, and is in a position to promote, accelerate, delay, or direct labour toward certain special aims, at will. And the share of this class of the results of labour and the value of production is comparatively settled and defined, the location of the instruments of labour is variable only within certain known and definite limits, and even time itself may be said to be to some extent in their power, as they are removed from the pressure of immediate want.

The share of the second class is uncertain. It depends upon their intellect, their activity, and above all, on circumstances, such as the greater or less development of competition and the flux and reflux of capital, which is regulated by events not within the reach of their calculations.

The workman's share consists simply of his wages, determined previously to the execution of the work, and without regard to the greater or less profits of the undertaking ; and the limits within which those wages vary, are determined by the relation that exists between the supply and demand, or, in other words, between the population of operatives and capital.

Now, as the first constantly tends to increase, and to an increase generally superior (however slightly) to the increase of the second, the tendency of wages, where no other cause intervenes, is of course to decrease.

Time also is altogether beyond the power of the working-man. Financial and political crises, the sudden application of new machinery to the different branches of industrial activity, the irregularities of

production, and its frequent excess and accumulation in a given direction (an evil inseparable from partially-enlightened competition), the unequal distribution of the working-classes upon certain points, or in certain branches of activity, and a hundred other causes tending to the interruption of labour, take from the operative all free choice as to his own condition. On the one side he sees absolute starvation, on the other the necessity of accepting whatever terms are offered to him.

Such a state of things, I repeat, indicates the germ of a moral evil which must be cured.

The remedies proposed both by the philanthropists and economists are unequal to this task.

And nevertheless there is progress in the class to which you belong ; a progress historical and continuous, and which has overcome still greater difficulties.

You were first *slaves*, then *serfs*. Now you are *hirelings*. You have emancipated yourselves from slavery and from serfdom. Why should you not emancipate yourselves from the yoke of *hire*, and become free producers, and masters of the totality of production which you create?

Wherefore should you not accomplish, through your own peaceful endeavours and the assistance of a society having sacred duties towards each of its members, the most fruitful Revolution that can be conceived—a revolution which, accepting labour as the commercial basis of human intercourse, and the fruits of labour as the basis of property, should gradually abolish the class distinctions, and tyrannical dominion of one element of labour over another, and by proclaiming one sole law of just equilibrium between production and consumption, harmonize and unite all the children of the country, the common mother?

When society shall recognize no other distinction save the distinction between *producers* and *consumers* ; or rather when every man shall be alike producer and consumer ; when the profits of labour, instead of being parcelled out among that series of *intermediates*—which (beginning with the capitalist and ending with the retailer) frequently increases the price of production fifty per cent—shall belong entirely to those who perform the labour, all the *permanent* causes of your poverty will be removed.

Your future depends upon your emancipation from the exactions of capital, which is at present the arbitrary ruler of a production in which it has no share.

Your *material* and *moral* future. Look around you. Wherever you find capital and labour in the same hands—wherever the profits of labour are divided among the workmen in proportion to the increase of those profits and to the amount of aid given by the workmen to the collective work—you will find both a decrease of poverty and increase of morality.

*Association of labour, and the division of the fruits of labour, or rather of the profits of the sale of its productions between the producers, in proportion to the amount and value of the work done by each—this is the social future.*

You were once slaves, then serfs, then hirelings. You have but to *will* it, in order shortly to become free producers, and brothers, through Association. Association—but free, voluntary, and organized on certain bases, by yourselves, among men who know, esteem, and love each other; not imposed by the force of governmental authority, and without respect to individual ties and affections upon men regarded rather as cyphers and machines of production, than as beings moved by spontaneous impulse and free will.

Association—but to be administered with a truly republican fraternity by your own delegates, and from which you should be free to withdraw at your own discretion: not subject to the despotism of the State, or of an arbitrarily-constituted hierarchy, ignorant of your individual wants and position.

In Association is the germ of an entire social transformation, a transformation which, by emancipating you from the servitude of *wages*, will gradually further and increase, produce, and improve the economical position of the country.

*The Duties of Man, 1858*

Be not deceived; the words *communism* and *socialism*, against which all the papal indignation seems directed, only represent in the *Encyclica* an oratorical artifice, to conciliate the timid and ill-informed to whom those words are synonymous with anarchy, arbitrary division of the soil, abolition of property and worse; they stand in place of the scape-goats upon which were heaped all the iniquities of Israel.

The Pope knows, or ought to know, that communism, unknown in Italy, and opposed by most Republicans, is considered by us as an anti-progressive idea, hostile to human liberty, and practically im-

possible—that socialism, an aspiration rather than a system, only means a desire to substitute progressive association, which is the logical consequence of the brotherhood taught by Christ, for the unbridled anarchy of individual rights and privileges which now clash with one another; he knows, or ought to know, that the source of every movement in Italy is the necessity universally felt of becoming a NATION, a nation free and great, conscious of the duties which bind it to the human family, and capable of fulfilling them. Although he dares not openly attack the Italian symbol, and evokes phantoms which concern us not, in order to combat it more advantageously, his aversion to all change, to all popular progress, to every emancipating tendency, is not the less evident. He reproaches the promoters of these changes ‘with deluding the working-people and the men of the lower classes with hopes of a happier fate’; he fears that the people ‘stupified by vice and long license’ may easily fall into the snare; he recommends the bishops to preach that ‘by an immutable law of nature some must be superior to others, not only in gifts of mind and body, but also in those of riches’; he charitably menaces eternal punishment to those unfortunates who allow themselves to be seduced by our promises; and finally, he puts forth a theory on the inevitable necessity of poverty, founded partly upon the formulæ of Guizot and the *doctrinaires* of France, partly upon the isolated texts from the Gospel, perverted or misunderstood.

The theory is this:—

*‘The poor exist through causes which neither can nor ought to be changed. But the catholic religion preaches charity to the rich, which will obtain for them treasures of grace and eternal rewards from God. The poor may thank providence that it opens to them (provided only that they peacefully and cheerfully submit to their misery) an easier path to heaven: where alone the equitable judgment of God will be accomplished for them.’*

And to this theory is joined another upon authority. ‘All authority comes from God. Every government *de facto* is government *de jure*. Obey then, or if you resist, be damned.’

In other words, and summing up the two theories in one, *earth and heaven constitute a perpetual antagonism. Right, equity, and truth, reign in heaven; fact, force, and inevitable evil, upon earth. Two races of men exist: the race of the rich and powerful, the race of the poor and enslaved. The poor exist for the benefit of the rich, in order that the latter may win heaven, by exercising the virtue of charity—*

slaves in order that their masters may govern in the spirit of mercy and love. Where they do not so, God will inflict punishment- or grant compensations in the next world. But every effort to ameliorate the earthly condition of the poor and enslaved race, is a sin. This is the religious doctrine taught by the church of the Pope to humanity, in the nineteenth century. And it teaches it in the name of the gospel of Christ, and in the face of these words : **THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN**, contained in the only prayer which Jesus taught to believers ; in the face of this command : **THOU SHALT WORSHIP THE LORD THY GOD, AND HIM ONLY SHALT THOU SERVE** ; in the face of this prophetic aspiration, **THAT ALL MAY BE ONE ; AS THOU FATHER, ART IN ME, AND I IN THEE**.

No ; it is not true that there exists antagonism or separation between heaven and earth. No, it is not true, that whilst truth and the justice of God reign in heaven, submission to fact, and reverence to brute force is the terrestrial law. No. it is not true that the salvation of the human creature is accomplished here below, as in a place of expiation, by the virtue of resignation and indifference. The earth is of God. The earth upon which Jesus, and after him, the holy martyrs of humanity, have shed their tears and blood, is the altar upon which we are bound to offer sacrifice to God ;—the soul is the priest, and our works are the incense which rises to heaven and is acceptable to our heavenly Father. The earth is a ladder to heaven, and in order that we may be worthy to mount it, our whole life should be a hymn to God. The place how given to us wherein to bear testimony to our faith, the arena of trial now granted to the free creature wherein to furnish the materials for God's judgment, this earth, ought, by our efforts, to be transformed, ameliorated, and purified, and as we are made in the image of God, it should be rendered more and more the image of the *kingdom of heaven*, of the *ideal* which God has given us, which Jesus foretold to us, and of the splendour of which our conscience, from epoch to epoch, gains a glimpse.

It is not true that two races exist upon earth ; that the human family must be fatally divided into two ; that the poverty of some is necessary to the salvation of others, that the master finds, as it were, his complement in the slave. Before God there are neither masters nor servants, neither rich nor poor, neither patricians nor plebeians. And that which is not good before God, cannot be good before men. We are all free, because we are all accountable for our works, because

we are all capable of progress and born to labour. Every inequality which destroys our liberty, fetters our capability of progress, enthrones idleness, or degrades, or tyrannizes over labour, is not of God ; it is of evil ; and God only tolerates evil upon earth in order that, by combating it, we may find favour in his eyes.

The martyrdom and word of Christ are not in opposition to our principles. Has not Jesus told us that we are all brothers and children of God? Liberty and equality in heaven, but not, you say, on earth. No, this absurd distinction is not in the gospel. Inequalities having their source in social forms, exist in fact in the very elements wherein the life of the individual is developed ; and we ought to labour to change these forms, to transform that element, which is susceptible of eternal modification, in the name of God, in the name of the war against evil, against sin and its consequences, commanded by him.

*On the Encyclica of Pope Pius IX, 1849*

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## Part Six

# RELIGIOUS AND MORAL OUTLOOK

## I

### Mazzini's Religious Credo

1. That God created man an imperfect but immortal and progressive Being.

2. That child-bearing, labour, knowledge and death, are blessings of God to man : child-bearing as the link with the generations, labour and knowledge as the instruments of progress, and death as the portal to the next stage of existence.

3. That the spirit of God is incarnate in every child ; that it is the progressive immortal Soul which animates Humanity ; first manifested in the inarticulate instinct which urges Man to progress ; then in his conscious recognition of an intelligent ruling Power, and in his gradually improving attempts to embody an Ideal dimly stirring within him some religious symbol (Idol or Creed), the worship of and obedience to which constitute his first rude notions of morality and duty. The revelation of this incarnated Spirit of God to the individual is the voice of conscience, imperfect but progressive, and *always* pointing to something superior to mere selfishness.

4. That the revelation of the Word of God (spirit, Logos) is continuous : that partial revelations of the Word have been given by all the Founders of the various religions of Humanity in the past ; each of these has revealed some new fragment of the Law ; the Gospel of Christ being one beautiful development of this progressive and infinite Revelation.

5. That the condemnation of all mankind for the original sin of the first man is a fable inspired by the desire to explain the existence of evil. That to the sources of eternal Revelation are now added the tradition and the history of Humanity and the discoveries of science, proving the existence of a providential Law of Progress. We now know that evil is in its nature transitory, since it can be gradually overcome by man ; therefore as an imperfect being can only work out his own perfectionment through voluntary self-sacrifice for the achievement of Good, evil (the obstacle to be conquered) is the *necessary* con-



dition of human *merit*. The further discovery and voluntary fulfilment of the Law of Progress is the mission of Man on earth and beyond it, throughout an ascending series of existences. The earth, being one stage of the ascent, is sacred. Man's duty *here* is to strive to transform and purify the world according to the highest conception he has formed of Justice and Righteousness (the Kingdom of God).

6. That the knowledge that there is a providential Law which has directed, does direct, and will direct the whole series of existences through which the generations past, present and future are destined to pass and which links them together in one sole Aim (the achievement of the highest development of which human nature is capable), teaches us that HUMANITY is not an aggregation of individuals, but a Collective Being. 'Humanity is a man who lives and learns for ever.' The knowledge that a common aim exists renders all privileged interpreters between the individual and God unnecessary henceforth: the best interpreter between the individual man and God is Humanity. The Law of the whole body is the Law of every limb. Association is, therefore, the method of its fulfilment: Liberty was the word of the epoch of individuality: Voluntary Association is the word of the dawning epoch of Humanity.

The whole duty of man is, then, the gradual discovery and fulfilment of the Law of Progress through labour and voluntary self-sacrifice. All the religions of the past were sacred, inasmuch as they revealed a word or line of the Law; all imperfect inasmuch as they were individual, not collective revelations; and all false in so far as they assumed to be the complete and final Revelation.

Religions die; but Religion (the continuous, progressive aspiration of man towards God) is eternal.

*Summary by Mrs. Emilie Hawkes and approved by Mazzini, 1867*

I believe in God, in a causative intelligence superior to the created world, and because I believe the Divine Unity is fundamental, and reproduces itself in all creations and necessarily involves *one law, one design, one continuous development, one purpose, one Humanity*; and hence *one Art, one philosophy, one polity, one religion*, of which all arts, philosophies, epochs of civilization, religions, are no more than evolutionary phases, progressive and transitory manifestations, divine at one time, human at all times—because I so believe, you excommunicate me. Why can't you see that the eternal spirit of

religion cannot be forever contained within one set of fixed and dated symbols? . . . I begin to despair of you.

*Letter to Paolo Pallia, 1834*

I do not believe in any existing religion, and cannot, therefore, be suspected of blindly following some tradition or educational influence of life. But I have been thinking, deeply as I was capable of, all my life about our law within my own conscience, and I have reached a conviction, never more to be shaken, that there is no such thing as Death ; that indefinite progression is the law of life ; that every capability, every thought, every aspiration given to us must have its practical development ; that we have ideas, thoughts, aspirations which go far beyond the possibility of our terrestrial life ; that the very fact of our having them and of our being unable to trace them to our senses, is a proof that they come to us from beyond earth, and may be realized out of it ; that nothing except forms of being perish down here ; and that to think that we die because our form dies is the same thing as to think that the worker is dead because his implements have been wearing out.

Since that belief came to me, tested likewise by intellect and heart, by mind and love, I have lost all—a sister excepted—that was dear to me in my own country. I grieved, and grieve still ; but never despairingly. I felt the sacredness of Death. I felt new duties of love arising before me. I felt that I was never to forget the dear lost ones ; that I was to grow truer, more loving towards others, more active in fulfilling duties, for their sake and mine. I felt that they would grieve if I did not do so. I felt that my doing so would probably hasten the moment in which we would meet again and fulfil the pledge contained in true, earnest, terrestrial love. Before every grave I tried to improve, I kept faithful to the departed, and therefore sadder and sadder at their leaving me one after the other, but firm and faithful to the feeling that love is not a mere sensation, but a higher and holier thing—the budding of the flower, and a promise and a pledge that it will bloom elsewhere, just as the flower has its roots under the soil and expands above.

*Letter to Mr. Joseph Foreman, 1857*

My beliefs may not be those of others ; they are not yours ; but they spring in me from an inward inspiration. Far above all creeds there is God. . . . If my heart is conscious of impulses that carry me

beyond the sphere of faith we share in common ; if I seem to grasp the link that binds all religions to the successive and ever vaster evolutions of the Divine plan ; if I seem to behold beyond all Churches, Catholic, Protestant, or others, a vaster fane, which, resting on them all, embraces them all ; if I seem to see not merely man as an individual, but humanity as a whole, bowing down in unity and devotion in this temple, am I less religious for that? One day perhaps I shall be able to express my ideas, give utterance to what I imagine and foresee, point out the course that I have followed and you will then perceive with what tenderness I have weighed the various religious forms and expressions, which I reject as exclusive because I have found in myself something that comprehends and explains them all as a great educational plan of God for humanity. Meanwhile do not judge or condemn me on the strength of a phrase . . . do not call me proud any longer . . . continue to love me.

*Letter to Melegari, 1849*

Many among those to whom our words are more expressly addressed believe in God or profess to do so. Have they never thought, if this belief is within them as a profound reality and not a mere lip-avowal, of the logical consequences involved? Have they considered that if God is, there necessarily exists between Him and His creation a Thought, a Providential design? That there exists alike for the individual life and Humanity, a plan, a purpose, an end? That there exists for us all, individuals and society, a holy, absolute duty to co-operate for its fulfilment? That and *end*, whatever it be, assigned to Humanity, has need for its attainment, of the united energies of all the faculties and powers, active or latent, in Humanity itself? That gradually to achieve and constitute through Association the moral unity of the human family is the indispensable means of ascending to that end? That hence the progressive elimination of all caste, of all artificial distinctions, and, within the limits of the possible, all the inequalities which tend to separate men from one another and hinder their concordant activity is part of the Providential design? Herein . . . exists the reason for our movement its justification, the certainty of its victory. And herein should also exist for us all, Catholic or Protestant, Christian or non-Christian, for all of us who believe in God, that sense of reverence and love for the unemancipated classes which to-day are knocking at the portals of the civilized world.

*Roma del Popolo, 1871*

## II

## What is Religion?

Religion is eternal. Religion, superior to philosophy—is the bond that unites men in the communion of a recognized generating Principle, and in the consciousness of a common tendency and mission ; it is the *Word* which shall raise the standard of Humanity in the midst of the nations of the earth.

Religion is *Humanity*.

Men have need of unity. Without unity progress is impossible. There may be movement, but it will not be uniform or concentrated. There will be first disorder ; then opposition ; finally anarchy.

Men cannot remain in a state of anarchy. When they are left to it, when the directing minds do not hasten to extinguish it by the revelation of moral Principles, scepticism, materialism, and indifference to everything superior to the individual are introduced into the struggle. Amongst us, the Catholic faith being shaken by the progress of intelligence, and the shafts of ridicule, men turned anxiously to any reforms, any doctrines that promised to substitute a new order of things for the one destroyed. Unfortunately, tyranny, remaining the master, forbade reforms ; forbade that new ways should be opened to the people, to gather round something positive and secure. It followed, then, that men's minds being unsettled, failing to perceive the new Word, and having lost the old, either took refuge again in superstition or adopted materialism ; and at the present time, there is, consequently, a want of harmony between the masses and the educated classes of the nation ; there is mistrust on one side, indifference upon the other. There is indifference, because materialism is not a belief. It has no faith, no consciousness of something higher ; it recognizes no mission—lives in itself, by itself, with itself—looks at facts, and neglects principles—and remains a cold and calculating doctrine of individualism. With such a doctrine great peoples are not created, because great peoples are those who represent and develop an *idea* in humanity ; and materialism does not produce, but rather excludes every *general idea*, making *self-interest* a law for everything ; self-interest, a doctrine ever variable, differing in every individual, according to years, circumstances, the accidents of climate, and other physical causes.

Perhaps in religion as in politics, the age of the *symbol* is passing away, and a solemn manifestation may be approaching of the Idea as yet hidden in that symbol. Perhaps the discovery of a new relation—that of the individual to humanity—may lay the foundation of a new religious bond; as the relation of the individual with nature was the soul of paganism; as the relation of the individual with God has been the soul of Christianity. But whatever may be in store for the future, whatever new revelation of our destinies awaits us, it behoves us meanwhile not to forget that Christianity was the first to put forward the word *equality*, parent of liberty—that it was the first to deduce the rights of man from the inviolability of his human nature—that it was the first to open a path to the relationship of the *individual* with *humanity*, containing in its doctrine of human *brotherhood* the germ of a principle, of a law of *association*.

*From the Pope to the Council, 1849*

Truth is one, and governs every manifestation of life. Every stage of the education of humanity, or of a single nation, is presided over and directed by a social Thought, expressing and representing the degree of progress in course of achievement.

Religion, art, politics, and industry, all express and promote this thought, in methods varying according to their special mission, and the elements over which their influence extends.

Genius—the spirit gifted with exceptional power—may either sum up the past, or prophesy the future; but the collective literature, the Art of one or of many nations is inspired and informed solely by the immediate social *aim* of the epoch.

Philosophy, since its earliest existence, has almost always been the repository of the ruling Thought of its epoch. But that Thought, while confined to the regions of philosophy, is unfruitful; the object of mere individual contemplation, it is incapable of modifying social life unable to incarnate itself in, and direct the action of mankind.

Religion seizes upon that Thought, relinks it to heaven, gives it the consecration of a divine origin and of a future; then, setting it on high as the supreme law and aim of human action, transforms the world through it.

The ministry of art is similar. Art seizes upon the idea lying inactive in the mind, to instil it into the heart, confides it to the affections, and converts it into a passion which transforms man from a thinker into an apostle.

The highest condition of art is when it interrogates the Thought of the epoch in the nation and in humanity, translates it in symbols and images, and clothes it in forms that stimulate the heart, the fancy, and the affections, to make it a part of their own life, and ensure its triumph.

And the Thought of the epoch in humanity—whatever appearances may say to the contrary—is a religious transformation. We have to fulfil the solemn obsequies of a faith which, for reasons it were long to detail, no longer makes fruitful the life of man; and to summon hearts now hesitating, sceptical, disheartened, and divided, to re-baptism in faith, goodwill, and brotherhood, around the cradle of a new religion.

*Preface to critical and literary Essays, 1861*

On reading again certain pages of mine after almost twenty years of study of the religious problem, I see that perhaps my affirmations may have gone beyond what was postulated by Jesus in his doctrine of the unity between heaven and earth, and that some may here discover a contradiction of what I have elsewhere said as to the inefficiency of Christianity to define our mission here on earth, and as to the dualism—implanted in the germ by its Founder—which has dominated its development.

I addressed those pages to the priests, and having at heart to prove to them that the Pope not only gave the lie to us but also to the doctrine of Jesus, I collected exclusively the texts that favoured my assumption while not mentioning those which might have weakened it or necessitated a longer discussion. We should suppress a little and add much to these pages to-day, if I had leisure to re-write them.

The contradiction between this and some of my later writings is, after all, more apparent than real. Jesus, blessed by immense love, and a perfect harmony between thought and action, could not fail to feel within himself the unity of life and the inevitable accord between earth and heaven. Hence all the instinctive truths and the grand presentiments of the future that are sown throughout his teachings, and which I gathered together in these pages upon the Encyclical. He was, and still is, unique and supreme, among the transformers of religion, in the way of *love*. But in *intellect* he did not pass beyond the need of *one* Epoch: and the need of the Epoch of which he was the initiator was the Affirmation of the Individual, the inviolability of Conscience,

equality between all human souls, and the possibility for every soul to redeem itself from sin and rise towards God.

Placed between the influences of Israelitish tradition and the impossibility of finding within his own period the idea of the *collective* life of Humanity—and therefore the true idea of God—he remained, when confronted with the *how*, uncertain and not at the level of that which is becoming perceptible to us.

To a conception founded solely upon *individuality* he could not adjoin the idea of the God-Educator : of Progress decreed by Him as the Law of Life : of Association as the means whereby slowly but infallibly Progress is to be realized : of the harmony between life on earth and future lives, brought about by *realized* Progress. Hence the hypotheses of the Fall : of Redemption through a Mediator : of Grace with its correlative of eternal punishment—grafted by Jesus upon his own doctrine, germs which were developed by his followers during the first three centuries, and constituting the Christian Dogma. Hence also that because of the fact of dogma always reigning supreme over the *practical* realization of the Moral Law, Christianity is inefficacious to verify the grand presentiments of Jesus and to solve the problem of terrestrial life.

If my readers will bear these few lines in mind, they will perhaps more easily reconcile apparent variations in some of my writings.

*A note to Mrs. Caroline Stansfeld, 1868*

### III

#### Religion and Politics

**I**f you knew what a religion truth is for me ! And how conviction inspires me with respect, if not with confidence ! I think that the political synthesis, or at least a gleam of this synthesis, ought to precede in the new epoch and in new Europe the manifestation of the religious synthesis of the epoch. Formerly there were *individual* rights, and it was natural that the individual should emancipate himself first, constituting himself the *instrument* which was to obtain an application of those rights to the political branch.

Now it is the contrary ; the social synthesis is in question, the *instrument* is no longer the *individual*, but the *people*. Hence it is neces-

sary that the People, who has to conquer the religious formula, should be reconstituted ; hence the political revolution must precede the religious one. Only you know that I have always said : the vanguard, the lost sentinels of Humanity, the *intelligent men*, ought to begin proclaiming that they see the *new land*, and the new law.

Meanwhile, as you believe that my efforts ought to help on the triumph of Christianity, I believe that yours ought to help on the triumph of the new synthesis—of the *social* synthesis—of philosophy become religion. Because my harmonized duality is precisely this harmonizing of philosophy and religion : two things which hitherto have been at strife, and which will end in fellowship. Yours, although you do not perceive it, is an eclecticism and nothing more.

*Letter to Paolo Pallia, 1834*

When Young Italy raised her banner, now nearly twenty years ago, two elements predominated in Italy : superstition and materialism. Superstition was the habit of a part of the population, to whom all light, all education, was forbidden, led astray by a traditional religious sentiment conceived in the narrowest spirit, —of men who, deprived of every motive of action, of all consciousness of the true life of citizens, clung with a kind of despair to a heaven little understood. Materialism was the natural reaction of those who had been able to emancipate themselves from the abject spectacle which religion offered, from the brutal yoke it sought to impose upon their intelligence. It was said to them, *Believe all that we affirm* : they replied by *denying* all. Luther compared the human mind to a drunken peasant upon horseback, who, leaning over on one side, falls on the other, when you seek to set him upright. Many peoples have passed through a similar experience. Young Italy rejected at once both materialism and superstition. It declared that in order to acquire the strength necessary to become a nation, Italy must emancipate herself not only from the old Catholic belief, but from the materialism of the eighteenth century. The first pretended a divine sanction to immobility ; the second dried up the sources of faith, and logically tended to destroy the idea of duty, and to leave nothing for the object of human worship, but right and enjoyment. We wished to progress as the world progresses, according to the will of God, through the Life eternal. We did not wish to combat in order to obtain the satisfaction of certain appetites, *panem et circenses*, but for something more elevated ; for the dignity, the sacred liberty



of the human soul, its development in love. We sought to fulfil a mission upon earth for our own and for our brethren's good.

My predominating idea, and the vital thought of all my labours, is this: a fatal separation has been established between religious and political belief, between heaven and earth; this is why we wander groping from one crisis to another, from convulsive movement to convulsive movement, without succeeding, without finding peace. It is necessary to reunite earth to heaven, politics to the eternal principles which should direct them; nothing great or durable can be done without this.

*Preface to the Essay: From the Pope to the Council, 1850*

There are three things, three lives, if I may so express myself, in man. There is that by which he is united to humanity, and holds communion with it—his participation in *collective* life, his place, his value, in the history of our race; there is that by which he holds communion with himself, sometimes, may I say, with God—his Ego, his individuality, his conscience; there is lastly that by which he holds communion with the physical world—his body, his instincts, his wants, his appetites and desires. It is evident that in adopting for his criterion the first of these three manifestations of human life, he must at once find himself driven to that universal will, that authority which he repudiates. Shall he then take conscience as his criterion? But what is the conscience of the men who surround him, and whom he wishes to render happy, if it is not the production of that education which they have derived from the previous labours of humanity, of the *medium* in which they have been living? What is their Ego (individuality), if it is not the result of the influences belonging to the corrupt epoch which Fourier condemns to death? In order to discover the inspirations of individual conscience pure from every influence, he must go back beyond the historic period to the commencement of our species, to that time when the individual, hardly developed at all in his moral nature, only reveals his Ego (individuality), by his sensations. And what will this process leave him but the third human manifestation—the body; sensation, the capacity of pain and pleasure? There he stops. He is obliged to do so. He mutilates man by taking from him head and heart, and then sets himself to study and anatomise what remains. He finds under his scalpel, wants, instincts, appetites: are they not, then, the key to the intention of the

creating power? He throws a disdainful glance over the world's history; everywhere, in all times, he finds the animal propensities at work; and everywhere, in all times, legislators, moralists, and religions, assuming to enchain, repress, and mortify them. 'Behold,' says he to himself, 'the capital error. They annihilate a work of God, and they deny an eternal element of humanity!' His own indignation is a ray of light for him: his world is discovered! '*I have destroyed,*' cries he, '*twenty ages of political imbecility*'; and he thenceforth takes the appetites of man for a guiding principle in his researches. He does not ask himself if these *propensities* are anything but instruments, which do not act by themselves, but which depend upon a superior power, and which produce good when directed by self-devotion, and evil when directed by selfishness. He does not see the mind above, *Man*, claiming his exclusive attention. He takes the means for the end and the starting-point at the same time, and he says to himself: '*Man is an animal with certain propensities, or rather those propensities constitute the man: they are sacred; our mission consists in giving them full and entire satisfaction.*' There you have, in effect, the whole theory of Fourier. 'It confines itself,' he says, 'to utilizing the desires, *such as Nature gives them*, and without seeking to change them in any respect.' That said—all is said.

*Thoughts upon Democracy in Europe, 1847*

There are *materialists*—illogical, and carried away by the impulses of a heart superior to their doctrines—who do feel and act upon the worship of the ideal; but *materialism* denies it. Materialism only recognizes in the universe a finite and determinate quantity of matter, gifted with definite properties and susceptible of modification, but not of progress; in which certain productive forces act by the fortuitous agglomeration of circumstances not to be predicted or foreseen, or through the succession of causes and effects—inevitable and independent of human action. Materialism admits neither the intervention of creative intelligence, divine initiative, nor human free-will.

Recognizing no higher historic formula than the alternation of vicissitudes, it condemns humanity to tread eternally the same circle being incapable of the conception of a spiral path of progress upon which mankind traces its gradual ascent towards an ideal beyond.

Strange contradiction! Men whose aim it is to combat the egotism instilled by tyranny, to inspire a sacred devotion to the fatherland, to

make of the Italian people a great nation, present as its first intellectual food a theory the ultimate consequences of which are to establish egotism upon a basis of right.

The same men who urge upon people the duty of shedding their blood for an idea, begin by declaring to them : There is no hope of any future for you ; faith in immortality—the lesson transmitted to you by all past humanity—is a falsehood ; a breath of air, or a trifling want of equilibrium in the animal functions, destroys you wholly and forever. There is even no certainty that the results of your labours will endure : there is no providential law or design, consequently no possible theory of the future : you are building up to-day what any unforeseen fact, any blind force or fortuitous circumstances may overthrow tomorrow.

They teach these brothers of theirs, whom they desire to elevate and ennoble, that they are but dust ; an unconscious secretion of I know not what material substance ; that the thought of a Kepler or Dante is dust, or rather phosphorous ; that genius, from Prometheus to Jesus, brought down no divine spark from heaven ; that the moral law, free-will, merit, and the consequent progress of the *ego* (beyond this one earth-phase of existence) are illusions ; that events are successfully our masters, inexorable, irresponsible, and insuperable by human will.

*A note to Mrs. Caroline Stansfeld, 1869*

Great ideas create great peoples. Let your life be the living summary of one sole organic idea. Enlarge the horizon of the peoples. Liberate their conscience from the materialism by which it is weighed down. Set a vast mission before them. Re-baptize them. Material interests when offended do but produce émeutes : principles alone can generate revolutions. The question now agitating the world is a religious question. Analysis, and anarchy of religious belief, have extinguished faith in the hearts of the peoples. Synthesis, and unity of religious belief will rekindle it.

Then, and then only, will that true energy which gathers new strength amid obstacles take the place of the false energy which sinks under every delusion. Then will cease the disunion and distrust that now torment us, multiplying sects, and hindering association ; making a little centre of every individual ; raising up camps on every side, but giving us no army ; dividing mankind into poets, and men of  
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prose and calculation ; men of action, and men of intellectual speculation.

Then will disappear from amongst our party that impure and equivocal class which dishonours our ranks, and by the introduction of a duality between word and action, creates doubts and distrust of our symbol ; which prates of virtue, charity, and sacrifice, with vice in its heart, dishonour on its brow, and egotism in its soul ; which leaves the stigma of its immorality upon our flag ; which hides itself in the day of battle, and reappears when all danger is over to gather up the spoils of the conquered, and contaminate and destroy the fruits of the victory.

Then will men's prejudices vanish one by one, and with them the influence of the nameless tribe of the weak and timid who blame our cry of action because themselves deficient in courage ; who implore a little hope for their country as an alms from an embassy, and drag the sacredness of exile through ministerial mud ; who imagine that the salvation of nations may be compassed by diplomatic artifice ; who conspire by apeing the arts and habits of police-agents ; who mock at enthusiasm, deny the power of inspiration and of sacrifice, term martyrdom imprudence, and employ the calculations of arithmetic to solve the problem of the regeneration of the peoples.

*Faith and the Future, 1835*

On the one side there are men who tell you—*'It is very true that God exists, but the only thing you can do is to confess His existence ; and adore Him. None can comprehend or declare the relation between God and your conscience. Reflect upon all this as much as you please, but neither propound your own belief to your fellow-men, nor seek to apply it to the affairs of this earth.'*

*Politics are one thing, Religion another. Do not confound them together. Leave all heavenly things to the spiritual Authorities, whatsoever they may be, reserving to yourselves the right of refusing them your belief if they appear to you to betray their mission. Let each man believe in his own way ; the only things about which you are bound to concern yourselves in common are the things of this world. Materialists, or spiritualists, whichever you be, do you believe in the liberty and equality of mankind? do you desire the well-being of the majority? do you believe in universal suffrage? Unite together to obtain these things ; in order to obtain these you will have no occasion to come to a common understanding about heavenly things.'*

On the other side you have men who say to you—‘*God exists : but He is too great, too superior to all created things, for you to hope to approach Him through any human work. The earth is of clay. Life is but a day. Withdraw yourselves from the first as far as possible, and do not value the other above its worth. What are all the earthly interests in comparison with the immortal life of your soul? Think of this ! Fix your eyes on heaven. What matters it how you live here below? You are doomed to die, and God will judge you, according to the thoughts you have given, not to the earth, but to Him. Are you unhappy? Bless the God who has sent you sorrows. Terrestrial existence is but a period of trial, the earth but a land of exile. Despise it, and raise yourselves above it. In the midst of sorrows, poverty, or slavery, you can still turn to God, and sanctify yourselves in adoration of Him ; in prayer, and in faith in a future that will largely recompense you for having despised every worldly thing.*’

Of those who thus speak to you, the first do not love God, the second do not know Him.

Say to the first that man is One. You cannot divide him in half, and so contrive that he shall agree with you in those principles which regulate the origin of society, while he differs with you as regards his own origin, destiny, and law of life here below.

*The Duties of Man, 1844*

In God thought is identical with action ; every thought in Him is a creation. It is not the same with us, imperfect beings as we are. We attempt where He achieves ; we wish when we cannot attempt, and I write the word *wish* because wishing is action too. Surrounded as we are by an overwhelming atmosphere of materialism, we are too ready to think we do nothing when we wish, and that when we cannot transform (outer) realities we are utterly powerless. We speak of the oneness of the universe and still forget what the power of an unuttered, fervent and sacred wish may be. But does not the last wish of the martyr, the strong, silent, unheard belief of the fettered prisoner, reach God and affect the fate of Humanity? Is it not true deep love—although seemingly a fruitless one in this world of ours—an agent, a power towards the next? I want to impress upon you this : action is always possible ; your organism may fail, and the manifestation, the visible results of your action, may be cancelled by the medium in which you live, and which you feel incapable of transforming. But is there not a Kingdom of the Soul? Is a thought, a fervent wish, arising

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in a pure soul powerless on other souls, because it does not embody itself in a terrestrial reality? Does not the spiritual world exist?

I fear, dear friend, that you are bent too much on self-analyzing, on thinking of your own salvation. Let God think of it; your task is to act for the fulfilment of His Law, whenever and as much as you can; to pray and wish fervently for it whenever action is forbidden; and to trust Him without any terms. Love Him in a simple, unexact, unscrutinizing way, and remember that self-torturing has in itself an unconscious hidden taint of egoism.

*Letter to Mrs. Hamilton King, 1871*

## IV

### New Faith

A new epoch is dawning upon us; a new faith is gradually being substituted for the old. The new faith will not accept any privileged interpreters between the people and their God. If, availing your self of the enthusiasm by which you are now surrounded, you assume the position of initiator of this epoch and of this faith, you must descend from the Pala throne, and go forth among the multitudes, an Apostle of Truth, like Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades. The people hail you as their chief, and found in Italy a State which will cancel the atheistic formula which declares that *the inward man is to be governed by God's law and love, and the outward by force*; and accept and adore the doctrine which declares that *the inward and outward man, the soul and body are one, and one the law by which they are governed*.

*Letter to Pius IX, 1847*

Faith requires an aim capable of embracing *life* as a whole, of concentrating all its manifestations, of directing its various modes of activity, or of repressing them all in favour of one alone. It requires an earnest unalterable conviction that that aim will be realized; a profound belief in a mission, and the obligation to fulfil it; and the consciousness of a supreme power watching over the path of the faithful towards its accomplishment. These elements are indispensable to faith; and where any one of these is wanting, we shall have sects,

schools, political parties, but no faith ; no constant hourly sacrifice for the sake of a great religious idea.

Now we have no definite religious idea, no profound belief in an obligation entailed by a mission, no consciousness of a supreme protecting power. Our actual apostolate is a mere analytical opposition ; our weapons are *interests*, and our chief instrument of action is a theory of rights. We are, all of us, notwithstanding our sublime presentiments, the sons of rebellion, We advance, like renegades, without a God, without a law, without a banner to lead us towards the future. Our former aim has vanished from our view ; the new, dimly seen for an instant, is effaced by that doctrine of rights, which alone directs our labours. We make of the *individual* both the means and the aim. We talk of Humanity—a formula essentially religious—and banish religion from our work. We talk of synthesis, and yet neglect the most powerful and active element of human existence. Bold enough to be undaunted by the dream of the material unity of Europe, we thoughtlessly destroy its moral unity by failing to recognize the primary condition of all association,—uniformity of sanction and belief. And it is amidst such contradictions that we pretend to renew a world.

You seek to perform a work of regeneration, and,—since without this all political organization is fruitless—of moral personal amelioration ; and you hope to accomplish it by banishing every religious idea from your work !

Politics merely accept man as he is, in his actual position and character ; define his tendencies, and regulate his action in harmony with them. The religious idea alone has power to transform both.

The religious idea is the very breath of Humanity ; its life, soul, conscience, and manifestation. Humanity only exists in the consciousness of its origin and the presentiment of its destiny ; and only reveals itself by concentrating its powers upon some one of the intermediate points between these two. Now this is precisely the function of the religious idea. That idea constitutes a faith in an origin common to us all ; sets before us, as a principle, a common future ; unites all the active faculties in one sole centre, whence they are continuously evolved and developed in the direction of that future and guides the latent forces of the human mind towards it. It lays hold of life in its every aspect, and in its slightest manifestations ; utters its augury over the cradle and the tomb, and affords—philosophically speaking—at once the highest and the most universal formula of a given epoch of

civilization ; the most simple and comprehensive expression of its *knowledge* (scientia) ; the ruling synthesis by which it is governed as a whole, and by which its successive evolutions are directed from on high.

Viewed with regard to the individual, the religious conception is the sign of the relation existing between him and the epoch to which he belongs ; the revelation of his function and rule of life ; the device beneath which he fulfils it. That conception elevates and purifies the individual, and destroys egotism within him by transporting the centre of activity from the inward to the outward. It has created for man that theory of *duty* which is the parent of sacrifice ; which has inspired, and ever will inspire him to high and holy things ; the sublime theory which brings man nearer to God, lends to the human creature a spark of omnipotence, overleaps every obstacle, and converts the scaffold of the martyr into a ladder of triumph.

*Faith and the Future*, 1835

Brother, Schiller's words, 'Ernst ist das Leben,' are true for all, but especially for us Italians. Life without a noble object, life not devoted to the cult of a great idea, is not life, but vegetation. Do you wish to be a vegetable? Temptations will not be wanting to induce you to become one. You would have *sensations* perhaps, but you would always feel a void in your soul ; besides, you would not have any friends, and the few souls similar to mine would despise you.

Do you wish to be man? Then train your life on earth to be an adoration of the Beautiful, the Great, and the Divine, and act so as to train the lives of others to this also. But observe that this thing that I am asking of you is a serious business, much more so than you imagine. An instructive wish of the heart is not sufficient ; it is not sufficient that the enthusiasm of a generous nature urges you from time to time to a fine action—this is the case with *men of impulse*, who are a degree inferior to real *men*. It is necessary that the adoration which I demand from you should be constant, at all times, and in all your acts. It is necessary that you should be an inspiration, an incarnation, of it.

The great symbol contained in Christ is the incarnation of God in man, and it ought always to be our Ideal. It is necessary that you should work all your life to make your individual soul a temple of the Ideal, of God. It is necessary that this motive of yours should make you



to resist all the distractions of youth ; it is necessary that it should enable you to resist the hateful materialism which will surround you, and the ridicule and persecution to which you will possibly be subjected on the way if you are faithful to your cult.

*Letter to Carlo Fenzi, 1846*

## V

### Humanity and the Papacy

**H**umanity and the Papacy—these are the two extreme terms of a controversy which is an integral part of the providential progressive education of the human soul, and which has visibly agitated Europe for now four centuries. The substitution of these two words leads to a misconception of the terms of the problem, falsifies the elements by which the question should be decided, and assigns to Humanity a character of *opposition* tending to a negation of its very essence.

Humanity is, now as ever, deeply, inevitably religious, and because it is religious it makes war upon the Papacy, which is not religion, but the form or phantasm of religion.

The accusation of irreligion, of mere negation of *all* authority, which is cast against democracy is unworthy of any who take the trouble to study its most important and most potent manifestations in a spirit of impartiality. We are combating to gain a true authority for the world ; we all desire the termination of this period of crisis, in which one only of the two human criterions of truth—the conscience of Humanity and the conscience of the individual—is left to us. We all demand a common faith, a common pact, an interpreter of God's Law.

The cry for liberty which bursts forth from the peoples, is in fact a cry for emancipation from the corpse of a dead authority, which usurps the place of the new. But before this pact can be indeed religious, and our souls be security for its observance, it must first be freely accepted by our conscience ; before this authority can indeed govern and direct our life, it must have faith in itself, and the world have faith in it ; it is necessary that it should be to us a Word of unity of progress, and of the unceasing revelation of the truth.

Ah ! I remember an Italian mother who regretted to have but two

sons to offer to her country ; and another who wrote to me, shaken for a moment by sorrows unknown to all but her. bidding me think on the 12th and the following verses of the 6th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians.<sup>1</sup> The first of these mothers had lost one son through your (French) soldiers under the walls of Rome ; the other had had two torn from her by exile, while the third had died by his own hand in prison. The words of those mothers are to me answer sufficient to many studied discourse. The religion of sacrifice is quite other than the religion upheld by French bayonets.

Perish the Papacy then, and long live Italy ! If, said Padre Ventura, the church does not advance with the peoples, the people must advance without the church, against the church.

Against the church !—No ; we will advance from the church of the past to the church of the future ; from the dead to the living church ; the church of free men and equals, wherein he shall be first who best has served his brothers, and where the seat of faith needs not to be upheld by force.

This cry of my soul, this conviction which nothing can destroy, is the cry and the conviction of all the Italian youth who have thrilled with anger in reading your (Monsieur Montalembert of the French Assembly who attacked the Italian Republican party) discourse, as they will thrill with affection in reading these words of mine. You may stifle my voice ; theirs you cannot. You may blot our many lives ; you cannot cancel life. The life of a nation is of God. Your efforts will break against the decree of Providence. Italy will be One. . . .

*Works, Vol. 1*

A mighty question is now being agitated in Europe, between two principles which have divided the world since its creation ; and these two principles are liberty and authority (the existing religious authority). The human mind desires to progress according to its own light, not by favour of concession, but by virtue of the law of its own life. Authority says to it : *Rest where thou art : I alone strike the hour of the*

<sup>1</sup> For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness ; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace ; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. (12-17)

march : when I am silent everything should rest, for all progress which is accomplished without me and beyond me, is impious. The human mind interrogates itself : it feels its own right and power ; it finds that the germ of progress is in itself, that strength and right come to it from God and not from an intermediate power coming between itself and God, as if charged to lead it. Hence springs revolt and resistance, and hence the anomalous situation of Europe. The conscience of the human race is struggling with tradition, which desires to enchain it ; the future and the past dispute for the collective life of humanity, and for that of the individual. The man who in these struggles, ever stifled yet ever re-appearing,—in this series of manifestations and violent repressions which have constituted European history for two-thirds of a century,—sees only the action of some turbulent factions, or the result of some accidental or material causes, such as a deficit, a famine, a secret conspiracy or cabinet intrigue, understands nothing of the facts of history, nothing of the laws, of which, through those facts, history becomes the expression. And he who in the great questions of the suffrage, or proletarian emancipation, and of nationality sees nothing but the subjects of political discussion, having no connection with the religious idea, with the providential development of humanity, understands neither man nor God, and degrades to the proportions of a pigmy intellectual contest, that which is in fact a battle of giants, of which the stake is a step in advance in the universal education of mankind, or a step backward towards the world which we had believed to have ended with the middle ages.

Between the two great armies which sustain the combat, marauders and free corps have undoubtedly introduced themselves and falsified its character ; between the two doctrines represented in the two camps, a multitude of exaggerations, of dangerous utopias, of false and immoral philosophies, have come to throw trouble and alarm in men's minds.

It matters little. The real question remains as I have stated it. All these irregular Cossack-like movements will disappear, like the sharp-shooter of an army, when the hour arrives for the masses to begin to move. It matters little also for what I now desire to say, whether the result of the struggle ought to be, as some imagine, the absolute abolition of the principle of authority and the pure and simple enthronement of liberty ; or, whether, as I believe, the future holds in reserve a great *collective* religious manifestation, in which the two

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terms, authority and liberty, tradition and individual conscience, will both be recognized as essential elements to the normal development of life, and united in one whole, become at once the safeguard of belief and of progress.

All the powers whose rallying cry is *Authority*, are allied for the defensive and for the offensive ; they fulfil amongst each other the duties of fraternity ; when one is attacked, the others fly to its aid ; in time of peace, a universal propaganda rallies the means of all. They have a plan, a combined action, and a visible symbol, the Pope.

It is not thus with the nations or individuals whose rallying cry is *Liberty*. They may recognize their brothers in the ideal sphere ; they fail to do so upon the field of reality. Each sustains, defends what he has been able to conquer of liberty for himself ; no one exerts himself for the triumph of the principle elsewhere. The life of God is only sacred to them so far as it is diffused in their own sphere ; beyond their own frontiers it becomes indifferent to them : they abandon it to chance, they deliver it over to the enemy. No protection is afforded to the peoples who are tortured and destroyed, no hindrance is offered to the hostile forces which stifle life in its cradle, or prevent the truth from manifesting itself. To the cry of *Authority everywhere and for all*, they oppose that of *Liberty for those who possess it*.

*Preface to the Essay : From the Pope to the Council, 1850*

The question between the temporal and spiritual power is misunderstood by many ; and it is important to reduce it to its true significance. To regard it as anything more than a protest against the principle of absolute authority represented by the Pope—to seek to furnish through it a *positive* organic foundation to society—would tend to withdraw the earth and man from religion.

Religion and politics are inseparable. Without religion political science can only create despotism or anarchy. We seek neither the one nor the other. For us, life is an educational problem, society the medium of developing it, and of reducing it to action. Religion is the highest educational principle ; politics are the application of that principle to the various manifestations of human existence. The *ideal* remains in God : society should be so arranged as to approach to it as nearly as it is possible upon earth. Worshippers all of God : we should seek to conform our acts to his law. Thought is the *spirit* ; its translation into action, into visible external works, is the *social fact*.

To pretend then to separate entirely and for ever, earthly things from those of heaven, the temporal from the spiritual, is neither moral, logical, nor possible. But when the Power representing a religious principle no longer possesses or inspires faith—when, through ages of error, and through the progress of the people, all vital communion has ceased between that power and humanity—when it no longer possesses any *initiative*, but only the strength of *resistance*, the first form assumed by dissent is that of protest and separation. Society, before decreeing the final condemnation of that power, and of the principle upon which it is supported, separates it from its own movement, isolating it in a sphere of inaction, where opinion can judge it fearlessly and dispassionately. Then is raised the cry for the separation of the temporal from the spiritual ; and that cry, for those who understand the secret instincts of the people, means :

Your mission is fulfilled ; withdraw. Our life, our progress, spring no longer from you. The principle which you represent is not ours. We no longer believe in you. In our hearts a purer, larger, and more efficacious religious conception is fermenting, which is not yours. And since you either will not or cannot accept it, remain alone. A solemn memorial of the past which will never return, you are now naught but an idol, a form without life or soul. God and religion remain with us ; with us who feel ourselves better than you, and more capable of guiding ourselves through the paths of our earthly country, which should be for us a step towards heaven, a field for exertion in the mission of the fraternal education of humanity.

*From the Pope to the Council, 1849*

The priesthood preach ignorance in the name of the God of truth ; and abject submission in the name of the God of battles. The storm against the irreligion, incredulity, and wickedness of an epoch which, like all great revolutionary epochs, is essentially religious ; against those who, strong in virtue and self-sacrifice, seek to elevate the creature from the dust in the name of the Creator, and restore to man the consciousness of his origin and of his mission ; and against enterprises having for their aim the destruction of the anarchy produced by tyranny, and the union of humanity in the name of the spirit of love.

To us this matters little. Humanity will not cease its onward course because a handful of misguided men persists in refusing to advance with it, and remaining lost among ruins. Humanity will not

stop short because unaccompanied by the depositaries of the ancient creed. The religious idea exists in and for humanity, for humanity alone knows the aim towards which it is advancing. Humanity alone hears the voice bidding it pursue that aim, and is the sole possessor of the secret that unites its various races.

Religion in its own essence—is one, external, and immutable as God himself; but in its external form and development, it is governed by the law of time, which is the law of mankind. Like man, like the human species, religion is born, undergoes growth and change, is apparently consumed by its own progress, grows old, dies, and is born again of its own ashes. And in this perpetual vicissitude, in this alternate mechanism of life and death, it is purified, elevated, and generalized; constantly bearing towards the Infinite, which is its origin and aim. From unity it came, and to unity it returns, passing through and accompanying the world upon its voyage, and through the medium of man, whose history is identical with its own.

When the times are ripe for change no human power can impede it; and if the priesthood refuse to inaugurate that change, humanity will turn from man to address itself to God, and constitute itself priest, pope, and sacrificer to Him. The priesthood of the people is as worthy as the priesthood of a privileged class. But the priests are men and citizens; the clergy, let it not be forgotten, are a part of our country; and he who seeks the good of all, who inscribes upon his banner the words, *Country and Humanity*, is bound to address himself to all, and to use every effort to rouse all men and all classes from inertia and error.

*Works, vol. V*

## VI

### Belief in Immortality

**I** do not believe in such a thing as death. It is for me (in my belief) the cradle of a new existence: and I feel more bound to those who have entered the new stage of Life, as I feel there is no real link broken between them and me except through forgetfulness. Let us not desecrate the solemn thing which is misnamed death by unruly woe and atheistical despairing. Let us do nothing which would not be approved of by the dead, nothing that would sadden them. Let us bind, more

and more, our existence to the duties to be fulfilled, to the affections we have vowed ourselves to, to the lives we are to soften and comfort here down, to the real, active, pure worship of the Ideal which is our common aim, the link to all loving and beloved souls, the road to a higher life in which all our good feelings must find an embodiment and in which we must consequently meet, in one shape or other, all those who have been a feeling to us. Love is but a promise. I would not for all the world that you should fall in the depths of inert despair if I died. If love is not an empty word, a passionate, passive movement, but rather a state of progression for the soul, you would feel yourself bound to worship with a renewed enthusiasm all that you found good in me, and all that I loved, yourself, the Beautiful, the Grand, the True. What I say about myself, I say to you about Eliza.

*Letter to Mrs. Emilie Hawkes, 1850*

I believe in Immortality as I believe in Life. . . . I believe in *conscious* Immortality. Without a consciousness of identity it would be a lie ; and the conscience of Humanity does not utter lies. I believe in a progressive life for collective mankind. Life is one ; there is only one law for it under whatever aspects it manifests itself. I believe in the progressive development of our affections, when we live and die in them ; they are the best part of our life. I believe in the meeting of those who love ; without that, affection, a thing of God, would be nothing but a bitter irony. I believe that meeting to be granted first to constancy in love, secondly to constancy in our task. There is a whole belief and a whole guidance in this ; and I live and walk, sad but composed and firm, as if I was surrounded by the dead I love, and as if any change in me, any withering, barren egotistical grief, would not only grieve them but prolong the separation. Every death has left its stamp on my soul, and taken away for ever a smile from my face, because I am a man, whatever I believe in, and we feel heavily even a temporary separation from those we love ; but it has strengthened me in the fulfilment of what I believe to be my duties and has kept far any atheistical sorrow. Life is a mission, but not without a consolation—the immortality of love.

*Letter to Mr. John McAdam, 1857*

Bend your head beneath the will of God, dearest friend : think of those you love and who want you to be firm ; and *be firm*. Think of her too, grieve upon her ; but let not your grief be such as would make

her blame it or mourn over it. Like the Macedonian Legion, when one was falling, draw nearer you all who remain ; love each other more dearly, see, help, advise one another more than ever ; commune with her who has loved and loves you all by communing more intimately with one another, and remember, for God's sake, that there is no such thing as Death for all that is best in us—that what people call Death is only a transformation and a step onwards in Life. Love is a voucher-safer for immortality. We would not scatter a single flower upon a tomb, if there was not an instinct in the soul teaching us that our love pleases the cherished one who is buried beneath. And depend upon me, there is more truth discovered by those flashes of the virgin soul than by all the dim, painfully elaborated lanterns of analysis and reasoning knowledge. There is an everlasting link of the invisible world as there is one of the visible. Is it not so even in this our own terrestrial life? Do we not invisibly link one another by Love as we do visibly by mutual contact? Do not the continuous transformations that are taking place in Nature break asunder the visible, tangible bond of unity that makes a whole of all external things? And is not the tangible a mere symbol of the intangible? Depend upon me, dear friend, Eliza is still loving us and feeling our love.

*Letter to Mrs. Ashurst, 1850*

## VII

### A Prayer for the Planters

**T**hou has placed, as symbol of the eye of thy Providence, one sun in heaven for the earth. Thou hast interwoven in one mighty harmony, of which human Music, Religion's eldest child, is but a faint and stammering echo, the worlds, those finite rays of thy infinite Thought, that move around us, like the scattered letters of a heavenly alphabet, which we shall know one day. In this fair physical Universe, which is the garment of the Idea, thou hast everywhere taught Unity, and the bright light of thy teaching shines upon their souls ; but they have veiled the eyes of their souls, they have broken in pieces that which is so fair, and on the wreck of their Unity they have built a warring Dualism : two natures, two laws, two ways of life.

Thou hast put a voice in each man's heart, an impulse in each man's conscience, which says : *I am free, free because I am responsible, free*



*because I am a man, made in God's image, inherently possessing in myself the powers and aspirations and destinies of all Humanity.* And they (the planters) have denied that this is the voice of all men. They have shut themselves up in their selfish *Ego*, and have said : *this voice is ours alone*, and they see not, that if they put a bound to it, they blot it out from all creation, since God did not create the *planter* but the *man*. They have sown hate, and they will reap revolt : they have denied the God of Love, and they have provoked the God of vengeance.

O Lord, open their understandings and soften their hearts. Let the angel, that inspires good thoughts, descend upon them in their dreams by night. Let them hear through him the cry of horror that ascends from all Humanity that believes and loves ;—the sorrowing cry of all who endure and fight for the Good in Europe, and whose confidence and faith is shaken by their stubborn crime ;—the mocking cry of the princes and kings of the earth, who, when their subjects are full of turmoil, point to the proud republicans of America, who alone of men, maintain the helotism of pagan ages ;—the long anguish of Jesus, who, because of them, still suffers on his cross to-day ! And when in the morning they awake, let their children lay their innocent curly heads beside their lips, and whisper, inspired by thee : ‘ Father, father, free our brother, the black man ; buy and sell no more the son of man for thirty pennies ; see, this black man too has a mother and little children like us ; Oh that his old mother could rejoice to see him proud and free ! that his children could smile on him fresh and happy, in the morning, as we smile now on you, father.’<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Published in Bolton King's biography of Mazzini. The original was written (1846) in French and sent to Mr. William Shaen in response to a request for a paper on the abolition of slavery.

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## Part Seven

# LITERARY CRITICISMS

## I

### On Italian Literature

If I open the history of the various literatures of different nations, I observe an alternation of glory and decay, of reciprocal influence, of transfusion from one to another, as well as a continual mutability of taste, now national, now servile, now corrupt. The literature of no country is so entirely original as to have received no intermixture of foreign elements, either through tradition in its early days, or through conquest at a later date.

Italian literature in its early days bore the stamp of the laws of taste communicated by the Arabs to the south of Europe. It was Platonic, mystic, and idealist in one age, and materialist in another; severe, national and independent at one period, and again servilely imitative; then impotent and lascivious—the amusement of the idle, and the flatterer of the strong. Yet the same Italian sky diffused the enchantment of its eternal smile over the soul of the *Trovatori* and of Guinicelli, in the days of Dante, and in those of the *Cicalate*.

The character of every literature is determined by the institutions of the country, and the existing diversity is but the natural result of those civil and political conditions which excite or depress, promote or restrain intelligence.

I do but briefly sketch, as far as my space and powers allow, subjects which require to be broadly developed; but when literary research is carried out in the direction I have indicated, the result will render yet more evident the truth of the assertion, that the laws and literature of a people invariably advance upon two parallel lines.

As for us Italians, our political institutions—now ferocious, now corrupt; sometimes impotent, often tyrannical, and never in accordance with the will of the majority—have produced a poetry, lovely and harmonious in form, and brilliant in colour and fancy, but almost always frivolous and effeminate, and in no way appealing to the higher faculties of the mind. Our literature—now learned, now academic and now courtly—though erudite, elegant, and pleasing, has never yet been

either useful or national, if we except the works of some of our historians and philosophers, and those few poets whose genius towers above the ages.

Nevertheless, with a tenacity worthy a better cause, we persist in rallying round a Palladium incapable of saving us from ruin, and in opposing the cry of *patriotism* to those who strive to arouse us to our ancient intellectual vigour. O Italians ! it is well to defend our national honour and our past glories ; but national honour is better guarded by overcoming our defects than by boasting of our gifts, and the best safeguard for our past glories would be the achievement of new.

Our fathers have done great deeds ; but until we remember that time, by developing new rights, invariably creates new duties, and so long as we content ourselves with worshipping their sepulchres, so long will Italy—once the first among nations—remain behind ; for the palm of intellect can be maintained neither by sun nor sky. . . .

Italy has long ceased to possess a literature of her own, and that she must reform her laws of taste by meditation upon the essence of the beautiful, and a careful comparison of the multiple forms it assumes, and their effect upon the human mind, in order to create a literature which shall represent and express every application of the one universal principle guiding the progress of the human family.

And in order to found this new literature, the Italians must study the literature of other nations, not for purposes of imitation, but in order to know the various shapes in which nature reveals herself to her children ; to learn how various are the paths by which to reach the heart ; how numerous the harmonies of the soul and the sources of the passions ; even as the master's hand, wandering in prelude over the chords of the harp, modulates through each in turn, in order to select the one most fitted to give utterance to the hidden sentiment vibrating in his own bosom.

What will be the form assumed by this new literature ; what the opinions, rules, and principles, which should direct those aspiring to reach this aim ? I know not. Rules and precepts do but suffocate true genius, and all that can be usefully done in this wise must be to excite, purify, or touch the soul, and then leave it perfect freedom in its flight.

I know not even by what paths this intellectual renovation must be first approached ; but I do know that the phenomena of moral nature and the inner man, will be its chosen domain ; and that it will regard physical nature and the outward man but as their outward symbol and

manifestation. I know that social man in action—that is to say, in the organized development of his faculties towards a given aim—will be its subject ; and I know that this development depends upon the action and effect of certain passions universally and truly felt, and that the mission of literature must therefore be to cultivate and direct them towards that aim.

I know that intellect and enthusiasm must no longer be divided ; that the secret of the universe can only be divined by one uniting both these faculties in the highest degree ; and that the truly European writer must be a philosopher holding in his hand the poet's lyre.

*Of an European Literature 1829, Works, Vol. II*

When once the foundations of our national literature shall be laid, and the true tradition of Italian Thought shall be followed out by our writers and accepted by the people ; when the vices sown during many centuries by priestly education and foreign tyranny shall be eradicated ; our writers may venture to claim an amount of intellectual liberty which, at the present moment, they are bound to renounce. At present the *aim* must rule supreme over all individual inspiration. He who should allow his own individual tendencies or impulses to lead him from that aim would be false alike to his country and to art. Art is for us an educational priesthood, and our poets and artists should work, as many painters of the Umbrian school worked, kneeling in prayer.

The vices which have degraded our literature from the days of Charles V downwards, and rendered it unworthy of Italy, are many. They are, courtly adulation of every power in turn ; blind and servile respect for the vanity or prejudices of the native city, academy, or *coterie* of the writer ; irreverence towards our great men, eternally quoted, but never deeply studied ; and the malignant envy of contemporary talent which has so often embittered both the life and death of men of true power and sincere patriotism. But the sources of all these vices lie in the fact of our having—a few rare exceptions apart—separated our literature from the *life* of the nation and from the Italian ideal, in order to follow in the footsteps of other literary schools—ancient or modern, Greek or French—all of them alien to our national records and national aspirations.

The tyranny which has denied us the existence as a people—the absence of a centre, the visible representative of our collective Italian

thought—our language, written, but never spoken, save in a fraction of Italy—the weariness of a hateful and barren present, combined with the fascination exercised by the splendid memories of Greek art, allied to our own both through historical relationship and community of destiny, as well as of the Roman art which followed in its footsteps—all contributed to deprive our literature of spontaneity and originality, by throwing it back upon mere *imitation*.

*Preface to Literary works (Italian Edition), 1862*

Materialism—may the youth of Italy mark my words, for verily the Italian future depends upon this question which I can but touch upon here—Materialism has perpetuated our slavery by poisoning our souls with egotism and cowardice. Materialism—between the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno, and the prison of Campanella—substituted for the idea that life is a mission and duty to be fulfilled, the idea that it is a *search after happiness*; and, since every noble form of happiness is withheld from those whose country is enslaved, even this idea of happiness was corrupted into an idea of *pleasure*, of the happiness of a day or hour, to be bought by gold, in the satisfaction of unworthy sensual passions. Materialism broke asunder that social bond, that instinct of collective brotherhood to which Rome and our early republics owed their greatness, to make the *individual* the centre, end, and aim of our every endeavour, and substituted for the idea—earlier conceived in Italy than elsewhere—of a providential educational design and common progress, the cold lifeless conception of a *fated* alternation of triumph and ruin, life and death.

Materialism corrupted the holy Dantesque idea of love into a base appetite, and the severe simplicity of our ancestors into the shameless libertinage that still prevails to so great an extent among our Italian youth, and cancelled *woman* from the social world, by substituting for her the *female*.

Where there is neither reverence for woman, faith in a future, nor the sense of a duty to be fulfilled towards a whole people, there can be no true national literature.

And indeed, under the dissolving action of materialism, and of the causes I have mentioned, our literature vanished, and our poetry expired. It is true some *literati* and some poets were left, but isolated and apart from the people, unregulated by any general idea, and listened to only by a limited public, consisting of other *literati*, their

patrons, and academies. Since that time Italy has produced writers of learned pedantry upon antique remains, or various readings of classic verse ; endless commentaries upon Dante or others of our great men, containing not a single allusion to their prophecies of our future ; writers of obscene novels in verse—a race unknown in England and Germany—such as Casti, Baffo, Batacchi, etc. ; crowds of rhymsters about love, without a spark of true genius or feeling, and of panegyrists of locks of hair, of eyes, of hands—literary portrait-painters of the external form of woman without her soul.

To re-link, then, intellect of Italy to our national tradition, and lead it through the national to the European Ideal,—such is the actual mission of literature amongst us. And the future will judge our poets and literary men by the extent to which they have realized this aim, and fulfilled this mission.

To study our historical records, the forgotten or misconceived works of our great men, the manifestations of the instincts of our people in the past, and thence to disinter the Italian Thought ; to reveal that thought to all, and stimulate them to reduce it to action ; to tell Italian youth of the greatness of their fathers, and teach them the cause of that greatness ; to relate the story of their decay, and the causes of that decay ; to call them back from dissolving analysis to creative synthesis, from the habit of viewing the universe in fragments, to the conception of the Unity which is the soul of the universe ; from the materialism that looks not beyond facts themselves, to the study of the ideas that generate facts ; to hold up to their veneration the men who have fought and suffered in defence of the banner of duty, and to reprobation those who have abused the gifts of God, by denying or betraying that flag from egotism or love of pleasure ; to instil into their hearts the conviction that great principles alone can create great peoples ; to educate them to constancy against every obstacle, to hope during suffering, to faith during the triumph of evil, and to benevolence and affection in the midst of delusion and deception ; to raise an altar to love, and join the hands of man and woman thereon in equal union ; to raise on high the standard of the emancipation of brotherhood of the peoples ;—such is the sacred duty of our writers at the present day.

*Preface to Literary works (Italian Edition) 1862*

## II

## On Dante

(Abridged)

**I**n all periods of transition men cast these longing glances on the past, and, as it were, strain to their hearts with redoubled affection the image of some one among their mighty dead. Once it was Plato or Aristotle, now it is Bacon or Dante. It is the last effort men make to seize the guiding thread of Tradition, before adventuring upon the unknown regions of the future. From these giants of the realm of Thought, these high priests of the ideal, they demand alike the meaning of that which has been, and a prevision of that which is to be.

Nor do they appeal in vain. Great men are the landmarks of Humanity; they measure its course along the past, and point out the path of the future—alike historians and prophets. God has endowed them with the faculty of feeling more largely and intensely, and, as it were of absorbing more than their fellows of that universal life which pervades and interpenetrates all things, and they breathe it out again at every pore. The potent unity of their own minds enables them to grasp the synthesis of that which mediocrity is constrained to analyse and view only in detail; to organize their impressions, reminiscences, and previsions into one harmonious and complete conception; and from a rapid glance at effects, to seize and comprehend their causes, their generating principle. The conscious thought of such men is the unconscious and still inarticulate thought of a whole nation, which it will require future generations to develop; their speech an historical formula, or an intuition of the future.

The thought that burned within the soul of Dante is the same that ferments in the bosom of our own epoch. Every instinct within us points to this truth. It is for this that we gather with new earnestness around his image, as if to place our wavering belief beneath the protection of the vast wings of his genius.

Whether Catholics, Guelphs, or Ghibellines, these biographers and commentators, though enchained by the formulae of the past, and incapable themselves of foreshadowing or comprehending the new faith which the times are maturing, nevertheless betray, by their labours and aspirations, an instinct of coming renovation, a yearning

after a moral unity, founded upon some great, harmonious, organic, authoritative idea ; a sense of the deep need of some comprehensive, religious, political and artistic *unity*, to strengthen and multiply those powers of intelligence and will which are now frittered away in the pursuit of material interest ; an undefined aspiration after the ideal now hidden beneath the materialism of private aims, and by the superficial, venal, and corrupt literature by which we have been over-run during half-a-century. Dante is to them what he is to us, one of the purest worshippers of the ideal mankind has known, and one of the rarest intellects, both for innate vigour and universality of conception, that has existed for our good from the days of Charlemagne down to Napoleon. It is for this that they write with earnestness, and that we listen to them always with patience, sometimes with affection. The secret of Dante is the secret of our own epoch, and in it we are one with them. Dante was neither a Catholic, a Guelph, nor a Ghibelline ; he was a christian and an Italian.

The bare facts of Dante's life, upon which I cannot dwell here, need not occupy much of his future biographer's time. But the life, the true life of Dante, does not lie in the series of the material facts of his existence. The life of Dante consists in the sufferings and aspirations of his soul ; in its dominant impulses ; in the ceaseless development of the idea which was at once his guide, inspiration, and consolation ; in his *belief* as a *man* and as an *Italian*.

Nor is this to be discovered by consulting the biographers and annotators of Dante ; nor by rummaging the archives of monasteries, and tracing the precise footsteps of his journeys throughout Italy with M. Ampère. It must be done by penetrating as deeply and earnestly as possible into the *medium*, the element in which Dante lived ; and then by study of his works, the minor works especially, which were visibly designed by him as a preparation for the Poem itself, the crown of the edifice. And in this last, if read in a spirit of reverence, meditation and love, the writer will find all he can require.

Both as a *man* and as a *poet*, Dante stands the first in modern times ; or, more correctly speaking, the first of all times (since there are none among the ancients who resemble him) ; he is as the head of that series of great men which, numbering in its ranks Michael Angelo, has been concluded in our own day by Byron ; while other parallel series, initiated (Aeschylus excepted) by the Greeks, and numbering in its ranks Shakespeare, was concluded by Goethe.



In all the works of Dante the life of struggle and suffering he led is revealed to us, and we follow his steps with beating hearts. He is one of the few of whom it may be said, in the spirit of the beautiful Catholic legend, that they leave their image upon their winding-sheet.

The idea which Dante pursued during his whole life, finds its philosophical expression in the *Convito*: political, in the *Monarchia*; literary, in the treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia*; political and religious, in the *Commedia*.

The *Vita Nuova* is a thing apart. It is the perfume of Dante's early youth; the dream of love which God grants to His privileged children, to teach them never to despair of life, nor to doubt or forget the immortality of the soul. Written probably when he was eight-and-twenty, he relates in it the story of his love for Beatrice, both in prose and verse. It is an inimitable little book, full of thoughts sweet, sad, pure, gentle and delicate. There are pages in the *Vita Nuova* in prose—those, for instance, in which he relates the death of Beatrice—far superior to Boccaccio in style and language; and sonnets far beyond the most admired of Petrarch. I know no one but Shelley who could have translated them.

There have been loud disputes, from the days of Canon Biscioni down to M. Rossetti, about the real existence of such a person as Beatrice. How, from the mystic style of the work and from some ambiguous expressions put there as a prelude to the poem, learned men have been able to bring themselves—in spite of the most positive evidence—to the contrary—to doubt the existence of 'Bice,' or to admit two distinct beings, the Beatrice of the poet, and the Beatrice of the theologian—thus destroying that progressive continuity which is the peculiar characteristic of the genius and the love of Dante,—I cannot imagine.

It is precisely this endeavour to place a link between the real and the ideal, between the symbol and the invisible, between earth and heaven, which converts the love of Dante into something which has no analogy among mortals; a work of purification and idealization that stands alone, to point out the mission of woman and of love here below. She who inspired Dante on earth becomes his guardian angel in heaven. In the face of the mighty love kindled in the heart of the poet, death itself disappeared. The bier, as Jean Paul says, is the cradle of heaven. Dry your eyes, you who weep; the souls who have loved you, and whom you have loved to the last moment of their earthly

existence, are appointed, in reward of their love and yours, to watch over you, and to protect you, to elevate you one step nearer to God in the scale of your progressive transformations. Have you never, in some solemn moment, been visited by an intuition, a thought of genius, an unwonted and brighter ray from the Eternal Truth? It was, perhaps, the breath of the being whom you loved the most, and who has the most loved you on earth, passing across your burning forehead. When, soul-sickened by delusion and deception, you have shivered beneath the icy touch of doubt, have you never felt a sudden glow of love and faith arise within your heart? It was, perhaps, the kiss of the mother you wept as lost, while she smiled at your error.

The love of Dante was as the prelude to these previsions of our own day. It is not the pagan love, the joyous, thoughtless, sensual love of Tibullus or Anacreon; it is a love full of sadness; tormented by the sense of and the aspiration towards an ideal it is unable to reach. At an age when most men dream only of hope and pleasure, the first love-dream of Dante tells of death, the death of Beatrice. He never describes her beauty, unless it be her fair hair and the expression of her face: *ove non puote alcum mirarla fiso* ('whence none can gaze upon her steadfastly'), he hastens to add. Nor is it the love of the age of Chivalry. Chivalry—owing to the instinct of equality innate in our people, which rendered them mistrustful of the feudal origin of the institution—never struck a firm root in Italy. It cannot be likened to the love of Petrarch—a love which often assumes a divine aspect from the charm of its expression, but is querulous and restless, like all love essentially earthly in its aim; full of agitation during Laura's life, and lamented or accepted as a sort of inevitable misfortune at her death. The love of Dante is calm, resigned, and submissive; death does not convert it into a remorse; it sanctifies it. Far different from the love which in our age of transition has deserved the name of *l'égoïsme à deux personnes*, a jealous and convulsive passion, half-pride, half-thirst of enjoyment, which narrows the sphere of our activity and causes us to forget our duties both towards our country and Humanity—the love of Dante does not dry up the other affections; it fosters and fertilizes them all; strengthens the sense of duty and enlarges the heart to embrace the whole earth. He says in *Vita Nuova*, 'Whosoever she appeared before me, I had no enemy left on earth; the flame of charity kindled within me caused me to forgive all who had ever offended me.' The power of further advance upon the path of purity and improve-

ment instilled into him by Beatrice is the constant theme of his verses.

The memory of Beatrice was his inspiration, not only in the magnificent pages which he consecrated to her towards the close of his life in the great poem ; but in that worship of Woman, which pervades it from beginning to end. In his love of every form of Beauty, in his incessant yearning after inward purity, Beatrice was the muse of his intellect, the angel of his soul, the consoling spirit sustaining him in exile and in poverty, throughout the cheerless wanderings of the most storm-beaten existence we know.

And another thought sustained him—the *aim* towards which he directed all the energy Love had aroused within him, and on this I especially insist ; because, strange to say, it is either neglected or misunderstood by all who busy themselves about Dante. This *aim* is the National Aim—the same desire that vibrates instinctively in the hearts of twenty-five millions of men between the Alps and the sea ; and it is the secret of the immense influence exercised by the name of Dante over the Italians. This idea, and the almost superhuman constancy with which he laboured towards its triumph, render Dante the most perfect incarnation of the life of his Nation.

This idea of his Nation's greatness illumines every page of Dante ; it is the ruling thought of his genius. Never man loved his country with more exalted and fervid love ; never man had more sublime and glorious visions of the destinies in store for her. They who see him in a Guelph or a Ghibelline do but grovel round the base of the monument he sought to raise to Italy. I cannot undertake to discuss here the question as to the feasibility of Dante's ideas about Italy : the future will decide that point. What I seek to show is the *aim* he had in view, so as to afford materials upon which they who hereafter write his life may form their judgment. This I shall do as rapidly as possible, upon the authority of the *Convito* and the treatise *De Monarchia*.

This, then, was the faith by which, in the thirteenth century, the soul of Dante was sustained and upheld :

God is one. The universe is a thought of God ; the universe is one as He is one. All things come from God, and all participate, more or less, in the divine nature, according to the end for which they are created. They all navigate towards different ports upon the great ocean of existence, but are all moved by the same will. Flowers in

the garden of God, they all merit our love according to the degree of excellence he has bestowed upon each. Of these MAN is the most eminent. Upon him God has bestowed more of his own nature than upon any other created thing.

In the continuous scale of Being, that man whose nature is the most degraded approaches the animal; he whose nature is the most noble approaches the angel. Everything that comes from the hand of God tends towards the perfection of which it is susceptible; and man more earnestly and more vigorously than all the rest. There is this little difference between him and the other creatures, that his perfectibility is what Dante calls '*possible*', which he uses for *indefinite*. Coming from the bosom of God, the human soul incessantly aspires towards Him, and endeavours by holiness and knowledge to become reunited with its source. Now, the life of the individual is too short and too weak to enable him to satisfy that yearning in this world; but around him, before him, stands the whole human race, to which he is allied by his social nature—that lives for ever, accumulating from generation to generation its labours upon the road to eternal truth. Humanity is one. God has made nothing in vain, and since there exists a *collective* Being, a multitude of men, there exists *one* aim for them all—one work to be accomplished by them all.

Whatever this aim may be, it certainly exists, and it is our duty to endeavour to discover and attain it. Mankind, then, ought to work together in unity and concord, in order that the intellectual power bestowed upon them may receive the highest possible development in the double sphere of thought or action. It is only by harmony, consequently by association, that this is possible. Mankind must be *one*, even as God is *one*:—one in organization, as it is already one in its principle. Unity is taught by the manifest design of God in the external world, and by the necessity of an aim. Unity requires something by which it may be represented; hence the necessity of a unity of government. Therefore it is indispensable that there may be some centre to which the collective inspiration of mankind may ascend, thence to descend again in the form of LAW—a power strong in unity, and in the counsel of the higher intellects naturally destined to rule; providing with calm wisdom for all the different functions—the distinct employments which are to be fulfilled; itself performing the part of pilot, of supreme chief, in order to achieve the highest possible degree of perfection. Dante calls it 'the universal Religion of human nature':

in other words, empire—*IMPERIUM*. It will be its duty to maintain concord amongst the rulers of states, and this peace will diffuse itself from that high centre into towns, from the towns among each cluster of habitations, into every household and the individuals of which it is composed.

The few and brief quotations<sup>1</sup> I have given will suffice to show that from the study of these works of Dante, the Italians will find not only the consecration of the National Idea by the greatest Italian genius, but an unexpected harvest of truths which have been claimed by writers long posterior. In these pages, written five centuries ago, the tradition of Italian philosophy is linked to the school of Pythagoras, Pelesio, Campanella and Giordano Bruno. The holy doctrine of progress obtains the support of an authority hitherto unsuspected, but anterior to every other known. The collective life of the human race ; the law of its incessant development and progressive advance, accomplished through the medium of perpetually-extending association ; the prophetic announcement of a social unity arising from the right distribution of the various social functions which a view to one common *aim*—the theory of duty, all that forms the basis and the merit of a school generally regarded as French—we find laid down for us in these books by an Italian of the thirteenth century, which have hitherto been neglected, probably in consequence of their uninviting style and form.

It was the *dust of the diamond*—the hidden, mysterious pain of Genius, so real, and yet, from its very nature, understood by so few ; the torment of having seized and conceived the ideal and felt the impossibility of reducing it to action in this life ; the Titanic dream of an Italy, the leader of humanity and angel of light among the nations contrasted with the reality of an Italy divided against herself, deprived of her temporal head, and betrayed by her spiritual ruler ; coveted by all strangers, and ready to prostitute herself to them ; the sense of the power within to guide men towards good, while condemned, from adverse circumstances and the sway of egotistical passions, to waste that power in enforced impotence ; the constant inward struggle between faith and doubt ;—all these were the things that changed the author of the *Vita Nuova* into the writer of the *Inferno*—the young angel of peace and gentle poetry, whose features Giotto has preserved to us, into the Dante with whom we are familiar, the Dante come back from hell. It was when bowed down beneath this internal conflict that

<sup>1</sup> Not given in this abridged excerpt. -

Dante, one day, wandering across the mountains of Lunigiana knocked at the gate of the monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo. The monk who opened it read at a single glance all the long history of misery on that pale thin face of the stranger 'What do you seek here?' said he. Dante gazed around, with one of those looks in which the soul speaks, and slowly replied—'Peace'—*PACEM*. There is in this scene something that leads our thoughts up to the eternal type of all martyrs of genius and love, praying to His Father, to the Father of all, upon the Mount of Olives, for peace of soul, and strength for the sacrifice.

PEACE—neither monk nor any other creature could bestow it on Dante. It was only the unseen hand, which sent the last arrow, that could, as Jean Paul says, take from his hand the Crown of Thorns.

Dante has found peace and glory; the crown of thorns has long since fallen from his head; the idea which he cast like seed into the world has sprung up, and developed from century to century, from day to day; his soul which did not find a responsive echo in its course here below, communes in the present day with millions in his native land. More than five hundred years have passed over the country of Dante since the death of his mortal part—years of glory and of shame, of genius and intolerable mediocrity, of turbulent liberty and mortal servitude; but the name of Dante has remained, and the severe image of the poet still rules the destinies of Italian generations, now an encouragement, and now a reproach. The splendour of no other genius has been able to eclipse or dim the grandeur of Dante; never has there been a darkness so profound that it could conceal this star of promise from Italian eyes; neither the profanations of tyrants and Jesuits, nor the violations of foreign invaders, have been able to efface it. 'Sanctum Poetae nomen quod nunquam barbaries violavit.' The poem was long misunderstood and degraded by vulgar commentators; the prose works, in which Dante had written the *National Idea* still more explicitly, were forgotten—concealed by suspicious tyranny, from the knowledge of his fellow citizens; and yet, as if there had been a compact, an interchange of secret life between the nation and its poet, even the common people who cannot read know and revere his sacred name. At Porciano, some leagues from the source of the Arno, the peasants show a tower in which they say Dante was imprisoned. At Gubbio a street bears his name; a house is pointed out as having been dwelt in by him. The mountaineers of Talmينو, near Udine, tell the travellers that there is the grotto where Dante wrote—there is the

stone upon which he used to sit ; yet a little while, and the country will inscribe on the base of his statue :

THE ITALIAN NATION TO THE MEMORY OF *ITS* PROPHET.

*On the minor works of Dante, 1844. Works, vol. IV*

### III

#### On Byron and Goethe

(Abridged)

**B**yron and Goethe—the two representative poets of two great schools ; and around them we are compelled to group all the lesser minds which contributed to render the era illustrious. The qualities which adorn and distinguish their works are to be found, although more thinly scattered, in other poets their contemporaries ; still theirs are the names that involuntarily rise to our lips whenever we seek to characterize the tendencies of the age in which they lived. Their genius pursued different, even opposite routes ; and yet very rarely do our thoughts turn to either without evoking the image of the other, as a sort of necessary complement to the first. The eyes of Europe were fixed upon the pair, as the spectators gaze on two mighty wrestlers in the same arena ; and they, like noble and generous adversaries, admired, praised, and held out the hand to each other.

There is no absolute type on earth : the absolute exists in the Divine Idea alone ; the gradual comprehension of which man is destined to attain ; although its complete realization is impossible on earth ; earthly life being but one stage of the eternal evolution of Life, manifested in thought and action ; strengthened by all the achievements of the past, and advancing from age to age towards a less imperfect expression of that idea. Our earthly life is one phase of the eternal aspiration of the soul towards progress, which is our Law ; ascending in increasing power and purity from the finite towards the infinite ; from the real towards the ideal ; from that which is, towards that which is to come. In the immense storehouse of the past evolutions of life constituted by universal tradition, and in the prophetic instinct brooding in the depths of the human soul, does poetry seek inspiration. It changes with the times, for it is their expression ; it is transformed with society, for—consciously or unconsciously—it sings the lay of Humanity ; although, according to the individual bias or circum-

stances of the singer, it assumes the hues of the present, or of the future in course of elaboration, and foreseen by the inspiration of genius. It sings now a dirge and now a cradle song; it initiates or sums up.

Byron and Goethe summed up. This is at once the philosophical explanation of their works, and the secret of their popularity. The spirit of an entire epoch of the European world became incarnate in them ere its decease, even as—in the political sphere—the spirit of Greece and Rome became incarnate before death in Caesar and Alexander. They were the poetic expression of that principle, of which England was the economic, France the political, and Germany the philosophic expression: the last formula, effort, and result of a society founded on the principle of Individuality. That epoch, the mission of which had been, first through the labours of Greek philosophy, and afterwards through Christianity, to rehabilitate, emancipate, and develop individual man—appears to have concentrated in them, in Fichte, in Adam Smith, and in the French school *des droits de l'homme*, its whole energy and power, in order fully to represent and express all that it had achieved for mankind. It was much; but it was not the whole; and therefore it was doomed to pass away. The epoch of individuality was deemed near the goal; when lo! immense horizons were revealed; vast unknown lands in whose untrodden forests the principle of individuality was an insufficient guide. By the long and painful labours of that epoch, the human unknown quantity had been disengaged from the various quantities of different nature by which it had been surrounded; but only to be left weak, isolated, and recoiling in terror from the solitude in which it stood. The political schools of the epoch had proclaimed the sole basis of civil organization to be the right to liberty and equality (liberty for all), but they had encountered social anarchy by the way. The Philosophy of the Epoch had asserted the Sovereignty of the human *Ego*, and had ended in the mere adoration of fact, in *Hegelian* immobility. The Economy of the epoch imagined it had organized *free* competition, while it had but organized the oppression of the weak by the strong; of labour by capital; of poverty by wealth. The Poetry of the epoch had represented individuality in its every phase; had translated in sentiment what science had theoretically demonstrated; and it had encountered the void.

There are two forms of Individuality; the expressions of its internal and external, or—as the Germans would say—of its subjective and



objective life. Byron was the poet of the first, Goethe of the last. In Byron the *Ego* is revealed in all its pride of power, freedom, and desire, in the uncontrolled plenitude of all its faculties ; inhaling existence at every pore, eager to seize 'the life of life.' The world around him neither rules nor tempers him. The Byronian *Ego* aspires to rule it ; but solely for dominion's sake, to exercise upon it the Titanic force of his will. His poetry emanates from his own soul ; to be thence diffused upon things external ; he holds his state in the centre of the Universe, and from thence projects the light radiating from the depths of his own mind ; as scorching and intense as the concentrated solar ray. Hence that terrible unity which only the superficial reader could mistake for monotony.

The emptiness of the life and death of solitary individuality has never been so powerfully and efficaciously summed up as in the pages of Byron. The crowd do not comprehend him : they listen ; fascinated for an instant ; then repent, and avenge their momentary transport by calumniating and insulting the poet. His intuition of the death of a form of society they call wounded self-love ; his sorrow for *all* is misinterpreted as cowardly egotism. They credit not the traces of profound suffering revealed by his lineaments ; they credit not the presentiment of a new life which from time to time escapes his trembling lips ; they believe not in the despairing embrace in which he grasps the material universe—stars, lakes, Alps, and sea—and identifies himself with it, and through it with God, of whom—to him at least—it is a symbol. They do, however, take careful count of some unhappy moments, in which, wearied out by the emptiness of life, he has raised, with remorse I am sure, the cup of ignoble pleasures to his lips, believing he might find forgetfulness there.

Goethe—individuality in its objective life—having, like Byron, a sense of the falsehood and evil of the world around him—followed exactly the opposite path. After having—he, too, in his youth—uttered a cry of anguish in his Werther ; after having laid bare the problem of the epoch in all its terrific nudity, in Faust ; he thought he had done enough, and refused to occupy himself with its solution. It is possible that the impulse of rebellion against social wrong and evil which burst forth for an instant in Werther may long have held his soul in secret travail ; but that he despaired of the task of reforming it as beyond his powers.

Whilst Byron writhed and suffered under the sense of the wrong and

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evil around him, he attained the calm—I cannot say of victory—but of indifference. In Byron the man always ruled, and even at times overcame the artist: the man was completely lost in the artist in Goethe. In him there was no subjective life; no unity springing either from heart or head. Goethe is an intelligence that receives, elaborates, and reproduces the poetry affluent to him from all external objects: from all points of the circumference; to him as centre. He dwells aloft alone; a mighty Watcher in the midst of creation. His curious scrutiny investigates, with equal penetration and equal interest, the depths of the ocean and the calyx of the floweret. Whether he studies the rose exhaling its eastern perfume to the sky, or the ocean casting its countless wrecks upon the shore, the brow of the poet remains equally calm: to him they are but two forms of the beautiful; two subjects for art.

Happy in detecting a ray of the beautiful upon the humblest blade of grass gemmed with dew; happy in seizing the poetic elements of an incident the most prosaic in appearance;—he was incapable of tracing all to a common source, and recomposing the grand ascending scale in which, to quote a beautiful expression of Herder's, 'every creature is a numerator of the grand denominator, Nature.' How, indeed, should he comprehend these things, he who had no place in his works or in his poet's heart for Humanity, by the light of which conception *only* can the true worth of sub-lunary things be determined? 'Religion and politics,' said he, 'are a troubled element for art. I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible.' Questions of life and death for the millions were agitated around him; Germany re-echoed to the war-songs of Körner; Fichte, at the close of one of his lectures, seized his musket, and joined the volunteers who were hastening to fight the battles of their fatherland. The ancient soil of Germany thrilled beneath their tread; he, an artist, looked on unmoved; his heart knew no responsive throb to the emotion that shook his country; his genius, utterly passive, drew apart from the current that swept away entire races. He witnessed the French Revolution in all its terrible grandeur, and saw the old world crumble beneath its strokes; and while all the best and purest spirits of Germany, who had mistaken the death-agony of the old world for the birth-throes of a new, were wringing their hands at the spectacle of dissolution;—he saw in it only the subject of a farce. He beheld the glory and the fall of Napoleon; he witnessed the reaction of down-trodden nationalities—sublime pro-

logue of the grand epopee of the Peoples destined sooner or later to be unfolded—and remained a cold spectator.

A serene and passive calm, with the absolute clearness and distinctness of successive impressions, in each of which he was for the time wholly absorbed, are the peculiar characteristics of Goethe. 'I allow the objects I desire to comprehend, *to act tranquilly upon me*,' said he; '*I then observe the impression I have received from them*, and I endeavour to render it faithfully.' Goethe has here portrayed his every feature to perfection.

Such were Byron and Goethe in their general characteristics; both great poets; very different, and yet, complete as is the contrast between them, and widely apart as are the paths they pursue, arriving at the same point.

Goethe contemplates the world in parts, and delivers the impressions they make upon him, one by one, as occasion presents them. Byron looks upon the world from a single comprehensive point of view; from the height of which he modifies in his own soul the impressions produced by external objects, as they pass before him. Goethe successively absorbs his own individuality in each of the objects he reproduces. Byron stamps every object he portrays with his own individuality. To Goethe, Nature is the symphony; to Byron it is the prelude. She furnishes to the one the entire subject; to the other the occasion only of his verse. The one executes her harmonies; the other composes on the theme she has suggested. Goethe better expresses lives; Byron life. The one is more vast; the other more deep. The first searches everywhere for the beautiful, and loves, above all things, harmony and repose; the other seeks the sublime, and adores action and force.

Both of them—I am not speaking of their purely literary merits, incontestable and universally acknowledged—the one by the spirit of resistance that breathes through all his creations; the other by the spirit of sceptical irony that pervades his works, and by the independent sovereignty attributed to art over all social relations—greatly aided the cause of intellectual emancipation, and awakened in men's minds the sentiment of liberty. Both of them—the one, directly, by the implacable war he waged against the vices and absurdities of the privileged classes, and indirectly, by investing his heroes with all the most brilliant qualities of the despot, and then dashing them to pieces as if in anger;—the other, by the poetic rehabilitation of forms the

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most modest, and objects the most insignificant, as well as by the importance attributed to details—combated aristocratic prejudices, and developed in men's minds the sentiment of equality.

And now farewell to Goethe ; farewell to Byron ! farewell to the sorrows that crush but sanctify not—to the poetic flame that illumines but warms not—to the ironical philosophy that dissects without reconstructing—to all poetry which in an age where there is so much to *do*, teaches us inactive contemplation ; or which, in a world where there is so much need for devotedness, would instil despair.

Farewell, a long farewell to the past ! The dawn of the future is announced to such as can read its signs, and we owe ourselves wholly to it.

The duality of the middle ages, after having struggled for centuries under the banners of Emperor and Pope ; after having left its trace and borne its fruit in every branch of intellectual development ; it has re-ascended to heaven—its mission accomplished—in the twin flames of poesy called Goethe and Byron. Two hitherto distinct formulæ of life became incarnate in these two men. Byron is isolated man, representing only the internal aspect of life ; Goethe isolated man, representing only the external.

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## IV

### On Thomas Carlyle (Abridged)

I know no English writer who has during the last ten years so vigorously attacked the half-gothic, half-pagan edifice which still imprisons the free flight of the spirit, no one who has thrown among a public much addicted to routine and formalism, so many bold negations, so many religious and social views, novel and contrary to any existing ones, yet no one who excites less of hostility and animadversion. There is generally so much candour and impartiality in his attacks, so much conviction in his thoughts, so entire an absence of egotism, that we are compelled to listen to what, if uttered by any other man with anger or contempt, would excite a storm of opposition. There is never anger in the language of Mr. Carlyle ; disdain he has, but without bitterness, and when it gleams across his pages, it speedily

disappears under a smile of sorrow and of pity, the rainbow after a storm. He condemns, because there are things which neither heaven nor earth can justify; but his reader always feels that it is a painful duty he fulfils. When he says to a creed or to an institution, 'You are rotten—begone!' he has always some good word upon what it has achieved in the past, upon its utility, sometimes even upon its inutility. He never buries without an epitaph—'*Valeat quantum valere protest.*' Take as an instance, above all, his *History of the French Revolution*.

All the movement of industrial civilization, which has over-flooded intellectual and moral civilization, has not deafened him. Amidst the noise of machinery, wheels, and steam-engines, he has been able to distinguish the stifled plaint of the prisoned spirit, the sigh of millions, in whose hearts the voice of God whispers at times, '*Be men!*' and the voice of society too often cries, 'In the name of Production, be brutes!' and he is come, with a small number of chosen spirits, to be their interpreter. He declares that all the bustle of matter and of industry in movement does not weigh against the calm, gentle, and divine whisper that speaks from the depths of a virtuous soul, even when found in the lowest grade of mere machine-tenders; that the producer, not the production, should form the chief object of social institutions; that the human soul, not the body, should be the starting point of all our labours, since the body without the soul is but a carcase; whilst the soul, wherever it is found free and holy, is sure to mould for itself such a body as its wants and vocation require.

In all his writings, the standard of the ideal and the divine is boldly unfurled. He seeks to abolish nothing, but he desires this truth to be acknowledged and proclaimed, that it is the invisible which governs the visible, the spiritual life which informs the exterior; he desires that the universe should appear, not as a vast workshop of material production, but as a temple, in which man, sanctified by suffering and toil, studies the infinite in the finite, and walks on towards his object in faith and in hope, with eyes turned constantly toward heaven. Toward this heaven the thought of the writer soars continually with fervour, sometimes even with a kind of despair. It is a reflection of this heaven, the image of the sun in the dew-drop, which he seeks in terrestrial objects. He penetrates the symbol to arrive at the idea; he seeks God through visible forms, the soul through the external manifestations of its activity. We feel that wherever he found the first suppressed, the second extinguished, he would see nothing left in the

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world but idolatry, falsehood, things to despise or to destroy. For him, as for all who have loved, and suffered, and have not lost in the selfish pursuit of material gratifications the divine sense which makes us men—it is a profound truth that ‘we live, we walk, and we are in God.’ Hence his reverence for nature,—hence the universality of his sympathies, prompt to seize the poetical side in all things,—hence, above all, his notion of human life, devoted to the pursuit of duty, and not to that of happiness,—‘the worship of sorrow and renunciation,’ such as he has given it in his chapter ‘The Everlasting Yea’ of *Sartor Resartus*, and such as comes out in all his works. There are, no doubt, many who will term this a truism; there are others who will call it utopian.

Looking around me, I affirm that the spiritual view which Mr. Carlyle takes of human life is the only good, the only essentially religious one,—and one of extreme importance, here especially, where the very men who battle the most boldly for social progress are led away by degrees to neglect the development of what is highest, holiest, and most imperishable in man, and to devote themselves to the pursuit of what they call the useful. There is nothing useful but the good, and that which it produces; usefulness is a consequence to be foreseen, not a principle to be invoked. The theory which gives to life, as its basis, a *right* to well-being, which places the object of life in the search after happiness, can only lead vulgar minds to egoism, noble and powerful minds to deception, to doubt and to despair. It may indeed destroy a given evil, but it can never establish the good; it may dissolve, but cannot re-unite. Whatever names it assumes, in whatever Utopia it may cradle itself, it will invariably terminate in organizing war,—war between the governors and the governed in politics, disguised under the name of a system of guarantees, of balance, or of parliamentary majorities—war between individuals in economy, under the name of free competition (*free* competition between those who have nothing and who work for their livelihood, and those who have much and seek a superfluity !)—war, or moral anarchy, by effacing all social faith before the absolute independence of individual opinion. This is nearly the present state of things in the world—a state from which we must at any cost escape. We must come to the conviction that there exist no rights but those which result from the fulfilment of duty; that our concernment here below is not to be happy, but to become better; that there is no other object in human life than to discover, by collec-

tive effort, and to execute, every one for himself, the law of God, without regarding individual results. Mr. Carlyle is an eloquent advocate of this doctrine, and it is this which creates his power: for there are, thank God, good instincts enough at the bottom of our hearts to make us render homage to the truth, although failing in its practice, when it finds among us a pure-minded and sincere interpreter.

There is but one defect in Mr. Carlyle in my opinion, but that one is vital: it influences all he does, it determines all his views; for logic and system rule the intellect even when the latter pretends to rise the most against them. I refer to his view of the *collective* intelligence of our times.

That which rules the period which is now commencing, in all its manifestations; that which makes every one at the present day complain, and seek good as well as bad remedies; that which everywhere tends to substitute, in politics, democracy for governments founded upon privilege—in social economy, association for unlimited competition—in religion, the spirit of universal tradition for the solitary inspiration of the conscience—is the work of an *idea* which not only alters the aim but changes the starting-point of human activity; it is the *collective* thought seeking to supplant the individual thought in the social organism; the spirit of *Humanity* visibly substituting itself (for it has been always silent and unperceived at work) for the spirit of *man*.

In the past, we studied one by one the small leaves of the calix, the petals of the corolla; at the present day our attention is turned to the full expansion of the flower. Two thousand years, from the earliest times of Greece down to the latest times of pagan Rome, worked out individuality under one of its phases; eighteen centuries have enlightened and developed it under the other. At the present day other horizons reveal themselves—we leave the individual for the species. The instrument is organized; we seek for it a law of activity and an outward object. From the point of view of the individual we have gained the idea of right; we have worked out (were it only in thought) liberty and equality—the two great guarantees of all personality: we proceed further—we stammer out the words *Duty*—that is to say, something which can only be derived from the general law—and *association*—that is to say, something which requires a common object, a common belief. The prolonged plaint of millions crushed beneath the wheels of competition has warned us that freedom of labour does

not suffice to render industry what it ought to be, the source of material life to the state in all its members : the intellectual anarchy to which we are a prey has shown us that liberty of conscience does not suffice to render religion the source of moral life to the state in all its members.

We have begun to suspect, not only that there is upon the earth something greater, more holy, more divine than the individual—namely, Humanity—the collective Being always living, learning, advancing toward God, of which we are but the instruments ; but that it is alone from the summit of this collective idea, from the conception of the Universal Mind, ‘ of which,’ as Emerson says, ‘ each individual man in one more incarnation,’ that we can derive our mission, the rule of our life, the aim of our societies.

Half-a-century ago, all the boldest and most innovating theories sought in the organization of Societies guarantees for free individual action ; the State was in their eyes only the power of *all* directed to the support of the rights of *each* ; at the present day, the most timid reformers start with a social principle to define the part of the individual,—with the admission of a general law, of which they seek the best interpreter and best application. What, in the political world, are all these tendencies to centralization, to universal suffrage, to the annihilation of castes ? Whence arise, in the religious world, all these discontents, all this retrogression toward the past, all these aspirations toward a future, confused and uncertain, it is true ; but wide, tolerant, and reconciliatory of creeds at present opposed ? Why is history, which in old times was satisfied with relating the deeds of princes or of ruling bodies of men, directed at the present day so much to the masses, and why does it feel the necessity of descending from the summits of society to its base ? And what means that word Progress, which though understood in a thousand different ways, is yet found on every lip, and gradually becomes from day to day the watchword of all labours ?

We thirst for unity : we seek it in a new and larger expression of the mutual responsibility of all men towards each other,—the indissoluble *co-partnership* of all generations and all individuals in the human race. We begin to comprehend those beautiful words of St. Paul (Romans xii. 5), ‘ We being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.’ We seek the harmony and meaning of the worth of individuals in a comprehensive view of the collective whole. Such is



the tendency of the present times, and whosoever does not labour in accordance with it, necessarily remains behind.

Mr. Carlyle comprehends only the *individual*; the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him. He sympathizes with all men, but it is with the separate life of each, and not with their collective life. He readily looks at every man as the representative, the incarnation in a manner, of an idea: he does not believe in a 'supreme idea,' represented progressively by the development of mankind taken as a whole. He feels forcibly (rather indeed by the instinct of his heart, which revolts at actual evil, than by a clear conception of that which truly constitutes *life*) the want of a bond between the men who are around him: he does not feel sufficiently the existence of the greater bond between the generations past, present, and future. He seems to regard the human race rather as an aggregate of similar individuals, distinct powers in juxtaposition, than as an association of labourers, distributed in groups, and impelled on different paths toward one single object. The idea of the nation itself, the Fatherland,—the second collective existence, less vast, but still for many centuries not less sacred than humanity—vanishes, or is modified under his hand: it is no longer the sign of our portion of labour in the common work, the workshop in which God has placed the instruments of labour to fulfil the mission most within our reach; it is no longer the symbol of a thought, of a special vocation to be followed, indicated by the tradition of the race, by the affinity of tendencies, by the unity of language, by the character of localities, etc.; it is something reduced, as much as possible, to the proportions of the *individual*.

History is not the biography of great men; the history of mankind is the history of the progressive religion of mankind, and of the translation by symbols, or external actions, of that religion.

The great men of the earth are but the marking-stones on the road of humanity: they are the priests of its religion. Genius is like the flower which draws one-half of its life from the moisture that circulates in the earth, and inhales the other half from the atmosphere. The inspiration of genius belongs one-half to heaven, the other to the crowd of common mortals from whose life it springs.

It is evident that, of the two criteria of certainty, individual conscience and universal tradition, between which mankind has hitherto perpetually fluctuated; and the reconciliation of which appears to me to constitute the only means we possess of recognizing truth, Mr. Carlyle

adopts one alone—the first. He rejects, or at least wholly neglects, the other. All his views are the logical consequences of this choice. Individuality being everything, it must *unconsciously* reach Truth. The voice of God is heard in the intuition, in the instincts of the soul; to separate the *Ego* from every human external agency, and to offer it in native purity to the breath of inspiration from above—this is to prepare a temple to God. God and the individual man—Mr. Carlyle sees no other object in the world.

But how can the solitary individual approach God unless by transport, by enthusiasm, by the unpremeditated upward flight of the spirit, unshackled by method or calculation? Hence arises all Mr. Carlyle's antipathy to the labours of philosophy: they must appear to him like the labours of a Titan undertaken with the strength of a pigmy.

If we derive all our ideas of human affairs and labours from the notion of the individual, and see only in social life 'the aggregate of all the individual men's lives'—in history only 'the essence of innumerable biographies'—if we always place *man*, singly, isolated, in presence of the universe and of God, we shall have full reason to hold the language of Mr. Carlyle. If all philosophy be in fact, like that of the ancient schools, merely a simple physiological study of the individual,—an analysis, more or less complete, of his faculties,—of what use is it, but as a kind of intellectual gymnastics? If our powers be limited to such as each one of us may acquire by himself, between those moments of our earthly career which we call birth and death, they may indeed be enough to attain the power of guessing and of expressing a small fragment of the truth: but who can hope to *realize* it here?

But if we start from the point of view of the collective existence of Humanity, and regard social life as the continued development of an idea by the life of all its individuals; if we regard history as the record of this continuous development in time and space through the works of individuals; if we believe in the *co-partnery* and mutual responsibility of generations, never losing sight of the fact that the life of the individual is *his* development in a medium fashioned by the labours of all the individuals who have preceded him, and that the powers of the individual are *his* powers grafted upon those of all foregoing humanity,—our conception of life will change.

Mr. Carlyle seems to me almost always to forget this. Being thus without a sound criterion whereby to estimate individual acts, he is compelled to value them rather by the power which has been expended

upon them, by the energy and perseverance which they betray, than by the nature of the object toward which they are directed, and their relation to that object. Hence arises that kind of indifference which makes him, I will not say esteem, but love equally men whose whole life has been spent in pursuing contrary objects,—Johnson and Cromwell for example. Hence that spirit of fatalism (to call things by their right names) which remotely pervades his work on the French Revolution, which makes him so greatly admire every manifestation of power or daring, under whatever form displayed, and so often hail, at the risk of becoming an advocate of despotism, might as the token of right. He desires undoubtedly *the good* everywhere and always; but he desires it, from whatever quarter it may come—from above or from below,—imposed by power, or proclaimed by the free and spontaneous impulse of the multitude; and he forgets that the *good* is above all a moral question; that there is no true good apart from the consciousness of good; that it exists only where it is *achieved*, not *obtained* by man; he forgets that we are not machines from which as much work as possible is to be extracted, but free agents, called to stand or fall by our works.

Mr. Carlyle has instinctively all the presentiments of the new epoch; but following the teachings of his intellect rather than his heart, and rejecting the idea of the collective life, it is absolutely impossible for him to find the means of their realization. A perpetual antagonism prevails throughout all that he does; his instincts drive him to action, his theory to contemplation. Faith and discouragement alternate in his works, as they must in his soul. He weaves and unweaves his web like Penelope: he preaches by turns life and nothingness: he wearies out the powers of his readers, by continually carrying them from heaven to hell, from hell to heaven. Ardent, and almost menacing, upon the ground of ideas, he becomes timid and sceptical as soon as he is engaged on that of their application.

There is, in my opinion, something very incomplete, very narrow, in the kind of contempt which Mr. Carlyle exhibits, whenever he meets in his path with anything that men have agreed to call political reform. The forms of government appear to him almost without meaning; such objects as the extension of suffrage, the guarantee of any kind of political right, are evidently in his eyes pitiful things, materialism more or less disguised. What he requires is that men should grow morally better, that the number of just men should increase: one

wise man more in the world would be to him a fact of more importance than ten political revolutions. It would be so to me also, were I able to create him, as Wagner does his *Homunculus*, by blowing on the furnaces,—if the changes in the political order of things did not precisely constitute the very preliminary steps indispensable to the creation of the just and wise man.

*On the genius and tendency of the writings of Thomas Carlyle, 1843; Works, vol. IV*

## V

## On Poetry

Poetry, while it makes of human things its subject, yet regards them from on high, and is chiefly nourished and sustained by its own inborn energy and fervour. It is like a lever, which, although it may be brought to bear upon every object in the universe of reality in turn, yet rests for ever upon its own immovable fulcrum in the heart. It is as a lake that reflects the surrounding woods and fields with greater brilliancy and distinctness in proportion to its own purity and tranquillity. The offspring of heaven and genius, poetry touches without resting on the earth, even as earth and heaven meet without mingling at the horizon.

In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.

Now, if you withdraw the fulcrum from the lever, or disturb the quiet of the lake by constantly casting within it some material object; if you extinguish the light of the soul, and arrest the intellect in its flight by forcibly dragging it back within the limits of an obscure, unconnected, and mute reality,—what have you gained? The harmony, power, and fecundity of genius will disappear before the horror of a servitude—less stupid and unjust than the former it is true,—but all servitude is death to inspiration.

Poetry can never be regenerated, except by elevating it to the height of philosophy, the life, centre, and secret of modern civilization. So long as there be a sun in heaven, so long as the eye shall have tears to shed, so long as there be loveliness in woman, or a spirit that whispers

to man—*thou wast born for progress*—, and this spirit have power to produce martyrs, poetry will be the law of humanity.

But if we warp and torture poetry by exiling it from the loftier regions of philosophy, and destroy its independence by restricting it to the real ; if, while we hail the poet as the heaven-inspired son of genius and lawgiver of the soul, we say to him, Hold ! even though nature with her thousand voices bid thee spread thy wing and hail thee king of the universe, yet hold ! never depart from facts ; then all hope of literary regeneration will vanish, and our modern Italian civilization will never possess a poetry of its own.

Ask of the ashes of the few poets whose names have survived the ages, wherefore they have been hailed as great by time and the nations. They will answer you from their sepulchres : ‘ We were great because we were creators ; we penetrated the mysteries of Humanity, and the conception of Humanity is the creation of philosophy. But as the voice of philosophy, speaking through the medium of axioms and of principles, sounds obscure and harsh ; and while it awakens to reflection the thinking few, does but chill the multitude born only to feel ; we invested its lessons with the loveliness of form and colour to render them acceptable to mortals.

We studied the generations of men, we studied individuals and facts, because the *real* invariably contains the germs of truth, and the teaching of example is decisive among mankind ; but we studied them from on high, shedding upon them the light of our own genius, and constituting ourselves the interpreters of those universal laws which govern all things.

The multitude learns through the heart. Study the way to reach that heart ; study the material world as a means of understanding the moral ; deduce the unknown from the known ; and then reveal your discoveries to the world. So shall you become great, even as we were.’

*Essay on the Historical Drama, 1830 ; Works, vol. II*

For us, who have faith in the destinies of humanity, who believe in the duty of sacrifice, and the noble mission of man ; in a religion whose centre is the fatherland, and whose circumference embraces the whole earth ; a religion, the three terms of which are liberty, equality, humanity—there is poetry in every epoch. There is poetry in every land wherein a cry is uttered protesting against violated rights ; where the groan of the oppressed is not impotent and unheard ; where

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martyrdom numbers its apostles, and liberty her soldiers. Poetry exists in all things ; it is the solar ray that shines upon and mingles with every object ; it is the power of harmony that lies dormant in the harp, until touched by an awakening hand.

There is an element of poetry in every human heart, if the breath of generous passion do but awaken it, and certainly it is not an epoch of transition, like our own, that such inspiration will fail.

But poetry advances with age, and with the progress of events. Poetry is life, motion, the central fire of action, the star that illumines the path of the future, the column of fire leading the advances of the peoples across the desert. Poetry is enthusiasm, with wings of fire ; it is the angel of high thoughts, that inspires us with the power of sacrifice. No, poetry is not dead ; poetry is immortal as the eternal springs of love and liberty whence it draws its inspiration. . . . Poetry has forsaken ancient Europe to animate the young and lovely Europe of the peoples. It has fled like the swallow from the crumbling edifice, its former home, in search of a brighter world and purer sky. It has abandoned the solitary regal throne for the vast arena of the peoples, for the ranks of the martyrs for their country, for the scaffold of the citizen, for the prison of the hero betrayed.

Poets, brethren of the eagle, why look behind? . . .

Look around and before you. A European people awaits you. . . . Look on high, and be the prophets of the future. . . . Above all things, look to the future, and to the people. . . .

*From an article 'Thoughts addressed to the Poets of the nineteenth century' in the Journal Young Italy, 1830 ; Works, vol. I*

Young men, an important mission is confided to you by humanity. In former days the nation entrusted the sacred volume in which the laws and religion of its fathers were inscribed into the keeping of the poet, saying to him : ' Be it yours to see that this deposit remain inviolate in the hearts of your fellow-citizens ; your inspirations are sanctified and revered only within the walls of your country.' But you will have a whole world for the theatre of your glory ; every vibration of your lyre is the patrimony of the human race ; every chord you touch will resound beyond the extremest limits of the ocean. The spirit of love appeals to the hearts of all inhabitants of this our Europe, but confusedly, and with unequal power. Many centuries of error have worn away the impress of our common origin, but heaven has given us poetry wherewith to reunite the scattered and divided brethren

ren. It is yours to awaken and diffuse that spirit of love on every side ; to break down every barrier to human brotherhood, and to sing the passions that are universal, and the truths that are eternal.

Therefore you must study the works of all the nations. He who is acquainted with but one literature has read but one page of the book wherein the mysteries of genius are inscribed. Unite in tacit communion with those who suffer the same sorrows, rejoice in the same joys, and strive towards the same goal. What matter whether the sun dart his rays through the azure or through a veil of clouds? The hearts of all men beat more quickly at the breath of beauty ; all men have a tear and a word of consolation for the cry of the unhappy ; and lives there one whose soul is not renewed within him at the name of liberty?

Let these be the sources of your inspiration, and your poems will be an utterance of the voice of the universe. The palm of immortality blooms at the end of the career before you ; the peoples will plant it in reverence upon the tomb of him who first shall reach the goal, and eternity will inscribe upon his sepulchre : *Here sleeps the Poet of Nature, the Benefactor of Humanity.*

*Of an European Literature, 1829 ; Works, vol. II*

And now for Poetry. Alas ! After mature consideration, I find no *definition* at all ; by you it is not needed ; I am sure you have the *thing* in your soul, and that is better than all the definitions one could supply ; for Mr. Taylor I fear no definition of mine would do.

Suppose I gave a definition that seems to me very true, but that I ought to explain in two pages at least. ‘ Poetry is the feeling of a former and a future world.’ (Byron’s journal), he would find out that it belongs to Byron, and would find himself pledged to refuse it.

Suppose that I gave one of mine : ‘ Poetry is the Religion of the Individual Soul ; Religion is the Poetry of the Collective Soul.’ I fear that not only he, but perhaps you too, would ask for explanations which would fill up a lecture, not a note. . . .

Poetry is for me something like the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, which is Action.

*Letter to Mrs. Taylor, 1847*

You judge Leopardi correctly, dear : he was a poet ; but he spoiled the true vein by his becoming too much of a literary, classicist and

artificial writer as far as the form is concerned. One feels that at the very moment in which he was or ought to have been most deeply moved by a thought or feeling visiting him, he could not help hunting for the best epithet. It was so with the love of his country too: he *did* love Italy; but almost delighting, I think, with her own ruins and his own despondency. There was a great deal of scepticism, rather dry scepticism, in his soul: and it started mainly from his being unable, through certain deformities, to hope for being loved or for individual happiness. God knows that such a feeling is dreadful enough, and that I am inclined to feel very tolerant and full of pity on the subject; but, if one cannot master the results on his own being, he is to break the pen, and not write.

*On Leopardi, Letter to Mrs. Emilie Hawkes, 1855*

## VI

### On the Philosophy of Music

(Abridged)

**M**usic is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound:—how can you hope to seize that note if not by elevating your minds to the contemplation of the universe, viewing with the eyes of faith things invisible to the unbelieving, and compassing the whole creation in your study and affection? Why rest contented with stringing notes together—mere *trouvères* of a day—when it rests with you to consecrate yourselves, even on earth, to a mission such as in the popular belief only God's angels know?

The divine art which in mythological symbolization was identified with the earliest dawn of civilization; which, in the yet unformed lisps of its infancy, was held in Greece as the universal language of the nation, and the sacred vehicle of history, philosophy, laws, and moral education, is reduced at the present day to a mere amusement. An idle, sensual, and corrupt generation, regarding the artist as a mere improvisatore, bids him *save us from ennui*, and the artist obeys; he produces forms without soul, sounds without ideas; jumbling together notes without end; drowning the melody beneath an inextricable confusion of instrumentation; passing from one musical *motif* to another,



without developing any ; interrupting the sentiment or emotion excited by a series of trills, runs, and cadences, which distract the attention from the true meaning and effect of the music, by compelling the listener to the cold admiration of a privileged organization. The emotion excited is ephemeral ; laughter and tears which do not rouse the depths of the soul.

Yet Music, the sole language which, by being common to all nations, is explicitly prophetic of Humanity, was surely destined to a higher aim than that of amusing the listless hours of the idle few.

Music is an emanation of the modern world. It was born in Italy, in the sixteenth century, with Palestrina. The ancients possessed of it only its germ, Melody. Their instruments—and they had many—did not attempt more than an accompaniment, or rather an imitation, of the voice ; their musicians had little or no creative power, and the deeper mysteries of the soul remained for the most part unappealed to and unawakened. But, indeed, one-half of that which constitutes our human nature may be said to have been unrevealed to the ancients, and Music especially appeals to that half which was hidden from them, and it was therefore impossible it should express more than an echo or presentiment in their day.

But those people did possess a living religion ; and from that religion they derived that instinct of unity which is the secret of genius, the soul of all great things. It was owing to that instinct, however undefined, that the Arts advanced in unity among them, and since the incapacity of their musicians denied to Music a more direct and immediate connection with the grand Social Unity, it was invariably associated with Poetry. And from this union of the two sprang the wonders of the art in later days. Such music as they had was a part of the national and religious education of the multitude, and pursued by them in the same spirit as their most solemn sacrifices.

We, of the present day, have no religious faith, no earnest belief, no enlightening synthesis, no harmonious conception to direct our studies, no religion either of art, high hopes, or noble affections.

Let us suppose religion reborn ; materialism extinct ; and that spirit of analysis which we make our sole guide at the present day, reduced to its proper function—the progressive verification and application of synthesis ; let us suppose the same amount of intelligence which was displayed in the now exhausted mission of the eighteenth century employed upon the ultimate future of the nineteenth century.

enthusiasm once more held sacred, and a fitting public—a condition without which there can be no hope—prepared for the artist,—what path should genius pursue? of what problems should it seek the solution? What will be the tendency and direction of the new musical epoch now awaiting initiation?

It is only by a complete knowledge of our actual tendencies and direction, of the limits which have already been reached, of the philosophical boundaries now affixed to art, that we can understand what is to be the aim of future achievement, the secret of the art of the future.

These tendencies are nearly as various as the varieties of human intelligence itself; but if rightly studied, they will be found to be all of them secondary, and resolvable into questions of *form*; directed to the accessories rather than to the intimate life, the conception, which is the soul of music. And the study of that conception itself will prove to us that all these different tendencies may be organized, without losing their fitting rank or place, into two great series, centering round two primary elements.

These two primary elements are the eternal elements of all things, one or the other of which has ever been in operation and predominant in all the problems which have occupied the human mind for two thousand years; two *terms* which are found in opposition in every great question, and the progressive development of which throughout the course of the ages, upon two gradually convergent lines, is the subject-matter of all history.

These two terms: Man and Humanity; the individual idea and the social idea; and the science or theory of the human mind (and of art, which is one of its manifestations) may be said to oscillate between them.

Of the two schools to which these two terms have given rise, the one makes *individual man* its centre, and circles perpetually around that; the other cancels the individual by absorbing him in a complex conception of universal unity. The one is founded upon analysis; the other upon synthesis; and the exclusiveness and intolerance of both has carried down to our own day a contest which fractionizes our force and impedes our progress. The one, recognizing no *general* aim or purpose towards which to direct individual effort, sinks of necessity into materialism; the other, clinging helplessly to a synthesis unapplied, necessarily loses itself in a vague indefinite sphere of mysticism, leading to no real conquest or achievement.

*Melody* and *Harmony* are the two primary generating elements. The first represents the individual idea ; the second the social idea ; and in the perfect union of these two fundamental terms of all Music, and the consecration of this union to a sublime intent, a holy mission, lies the true secret of the art, and the conception of that *European* school of Music which—consciously or unconsciously—we all invoke.

Italian music is in the highest degree *melodious*. It assumed that character in the days when Palestrina translated Christianity into Music, and it has ever since retained it. It is animated by and breathes the soul of the middle ages. *Individuality*, the element and the theme of the middle ages, which has ever found fuller and more vigorous expression in Italy than elsewhere, has almost always inspired, and still dominates, our Music. The *Ego* there is king ; it reigns absolute and alone. Yielding to every dictate or caprice of an undisputed will, it follows the impulse of every desire. No rational and enduring law, no progressive unity of life, thoughtfully directed towards an aim, is there. There is in it strong feeling, rapidly and violently expressed. Italian Music surrounds itself with the objects and impulses of external life, receives their every impression, and gives them back to us beautified and idealized. Lyrical almost to delirium, passionate to intoxication, volcanic as the land of its birth, and brilliant as her sun ;—it cares little in its rapid modulations for method or mode of transition ; it bounds from object to object, from affection to affection, from thought to thought ; from the most ecstatic joy to the most hopeless grief ; from laughter to tears, from love to rage, from heaven to hell ; ever powerful, emotional, and concentrated. Endowed with an intensity of life double that of other lives, its pulse is the pulse of fever. Its inspiration is the inspiration of the tripod ; eminently artistic, not religious. Yet at times it utters a prayer, and when thus inspired by a ray of the spirit, a breath of the universe, or a vision of heaven, it prostrates itself and adores,—it is sublime ; its prayer is that of an enraptured saint, but the prayer is short, and you feel that if the brow be lowered, it is but for an instant, to be raised again a moment after in a thought of emancipation and independence ; you feel that it is bent beneath the dominion of a passing enthusiasm, not a lasting and habitual religious sentiment.

Religious belief is sustained by a faith placed beyond the visible world, by an aspiration towards the infinite, towards an aim and a mission which is identified with and governs its whole life, and revealed

even in its lightest actions. And Italian Music has neither faith nor aim beyond itself. '*Art for art's sake*' is its highest formula. Hence its want of unity, its fragmentary, unconnected, and interrupted character. There is in it the germ of a power which, were it directed to a great aim, would move the universe to attain it. But where is the aim? The fulcrum is wanting to the lever; a connecting link is wanting to the myriad sensations its melodies embody and represent. Our music might say with Faust: *I have penetrated the entire Universe, analysed its every section and fragment; but the soul, the God of the Universe, where is he?*

German music proceeds by other paths. God is there, but without man, without His image upon earth, the active and progressive creature destined to develop the divine Thought of which the universe is the symbol. The temple, the religion, the altar, and the incense—all are there; only the worshipper is wanting, the priest of the faith. In the highest degree *harmonious*, it represents the social thought, the general conception, the *idea*; but without the individuality which translates the thought into action, which developes and variously applies the conception, which symbolizes the idea. The *Ego* has disappeared. The soul lives, but lives a life which is not of this earth. As in the life of dreams, when the senses are mute, and another and more ethereal world dawns upon the spirit, and our fancies lose themselves in infinity,—the Music of Germany silences the instincts and material faculties, to raise the soul on high, and transport it over unknown regions to which faint memories seem to point, as though they had been before revealed to us by our mother's kiss in the first visions of infancy;—until at last the tumults, the joys, and the sorrows of this earth disappear.

German Music is eminently elegiac; it is the music of remembrance, of desire, of melancholy hopes, of sorrows which no human lip can console, a Music as if angels lost to heaven were hovering around. It aspires towards the Infinite, its country. Like the poetry of the North—where it has preserved its primitive character untouched by the influence of foreign schools—German Music moves lightly over the fields of earth, gliding over the creation with eyes raised to heaven. One would say it only set foot on earth to spring from it. One might liken it to a maiden born for smiles, but who has met no smile responsive to her own; whose soul is full of love, but who has found nought worthy of love on earth, and dreams of another sky, another universe,

wherein she shall see the form of the being that will return her love and answer her virgin smile—the being whom, unknown, she adores.

This form, this type of ideal beauty, appears ever and anon in German Music, but it is only faintly sketched, fantastic and indefinite. Its melody is short, timidly and slightly designed ; and while Italian melody defines, exhausts, and imposes an affection on the listener, German Music presents it to him veiled, mysterious, and only long enough seen to leave behind a memory and a desire to recreate the image for himself. The one forcibly hurries you along with it to the extreme limits of the ocean of passion, the other leads you to its brink, there to leave you. German Music is the Music of *preparation* ; it is profoundly religious, yet with a religion that has no symbol, and therefore no active faith translated in deeds, no martyrdom, no victory ; it embraces you with a chain of gradations linked by a master's hand ; surrounds you and cradles you upon a wave of chords, elevating and awaking the heart and the fancy, and arousing your every faculty—to what aim ? You fall back again, when the music has ceased, into reality, into the prosaic life that hums around, with the consciousness of another world revealed afar off, not bestowed ; with the sense of having approached the first mysteries of a great initiation, never begun ;—but neither stronger in will nor safer from the assaults of misfortune.

Italian Music lacks the conception or ruling thought that sanctifies all effort, the moral aim that directs the mental powers, and the baptism of a mission. German Music wants the energy to fulfil it ; it wants not the sentiment, but the formula of the mission. Italian Music is rendered barren by materialism : German Music consumes itself uselessly in mysticism.

The ruling synthesis of each epoch is manifested and expressed by all the arts of the epoch ; its spirit dominates them all ; and shall Music, which is in its own nature more synthetic and religious than any,—which begins where poetry ends,—its very mode of operation and expression being through general formula, which the sister arts can only reach through special subjects or cases,—shall Music, which is the algebra of the spirit that verifies and informs Humanity, alone remain inaccessible to the European synthesis and alien to the epoch—a flower detached from the wreath the universe is weaving for its Creator ?

Let our young artists elevate their hearts by the study of our national history, our national songs, the mysteries of poetry, and the mysteries

of nature ; let their glance embrace a vaster horizon than that afforded by their books and canons of art. Music is the perfume of the whole universe, and the artist who would seize that perfume must learn, by loving and faithful study of the harmonies that float over earth and heaven, to penetrate and identify himself with the Thought of the universe.

Let them also study the works of true musical genius, not in one country, age, or school, but in all ; not merely to dissect and anatomize them according to the doctrines of their *maestri* and professors, but endeavouring to penetrate the unitarian and creative spirit by which such works are always informed ; animated by no narrow and servile spirit of imitation, but by the noble emulation of free men, eager to link their own work with theirs.

Let them sanctify their hearts by enthusiasm, and by the breath of that true poetry which is eternal, and which the materialism of our age has hidden, not exiled from the world. Let them hold their art a sacred thing ; the link between heaven and earth, and prove that they worship it rightly by pursuing it with a high social aim ; making of it a priesthood and ministry of moral regeneration, and preserving it in their own hearts and in their own life, pure and uncontaminated by the spirit of traffic, and all that degrades the lovely realm of artistic creation.

*The Philosophy of Music*, 1833 ; *Works*, vol. IV

## VII

### On Art

Every art is governed by a synthesis ; every form of art by a law. Genius reveals to us from time to time one line of the law, marks one epoch of art, one development of the form. Art is one—one of the conception or ruling thought it pursues and will attain ; but it passes in its pilgrimage through an ascending series of formulæ, constituting the various schools recorded by history. Each of these formulæ comprehends, plus its own term, all the terms revealed by the preceding. Each one marks a new and higher development of the thought which art is called upon to express. From the whole progressive series of formulæ is evolved, in the fulness of time, the entire synthesis. Then is the initiation complete, the path marked out. On this path

art advances, strong, sure, and joyful in an aim of which it cannot henceforth by any possibility be deprived ; secured from abrupt transition or long uncertainty, and free alike from the servitude that enchains and the license that misleads.

*On Fatality considered as an element of the Dramatic Art, 1830 ; Works, vol. II*

There are two errors that threaten art :—the theory that it is an imitation of nature, and the theory that would make self-worship its ruling law, and has created the formula of *art for art's sake*. The first would deprive it of all spontaneous individual life ; the second breaks the link that binds it to the universe, and leaves it to wander like a sick man's dream, guided by no law, destitute of all mission or aim, at the bidding of every new sensation. The first theory renders art useless, the second dangerous ; both condemn it to sterility.

Art does not imitate but interpret. It searches out the idea lying dormant in the symbol, in order to present the symbol to men in such form as to enable them to penetrate through it to the idea. Were it otherwise, what would be the use or value of art ?

Nature is for art the garb of the Eternal. The *real* is the finite expression and representation of the true : *forms* are the limits affixed by time and space to the power of life. Nature, reality, and form, should, all of them, be so rendered and expressed by art, as to reveal to mankind some ray of the truth—a vaster and profounder sentiment of life.

The opposite theory reduces the poet to a level with the photographer.

Art is not the fancy or caprice of an individual. It is the mighty voice of God and the universe, as heard by the chosen spirit, and repeated in tones of harmony to mankind,

Art is no isolated, unconnected, or inexplicable phenomenon. It draws its life from the life of the universe, and with the universe it ascends from epoch to epoch towards the Almighty. It owes its power over the souls of men to that collective life—even as the trees and plants draw their life from earth, the common mother ; and its power would be destroyed should it attempt to forsake its source.

The artistic formula, *art for art's sake*, is as atheistic as the political formula, *each for himself*, which may for a few years rule the actions of a people in decline, but can never guide a people arising to new life, and destined to fulfil a great mission.

*Preface to Critical and Literary Essays, 1861*

I entertain all possible respect for the members of your Club ; but I venture to say that any contribution on Rest which will not exhibit at the top a definition of Life will wander sadly between wild arbitrary intellectual display and commonplaces.

Life is no sinecure, no '*recherche du bonheur*' to be secured, as the promulgators of the theory had it, by guillotine, or, as their less energetic followers have it, by railway shares, selfishness, or contemplation. Life is, as Schiller said, 'a battle and a march'; a battle for Good against Evil, for Justice against arbitrary privileges, for Liberty against Oppression, for associated Love against Individualism ; a march onwards to Self, through collective Perfecting to the progressive realization of an Ideal, which is only dawning to our mind and soul. Shall the battle be finally won during life-time? Shall it on Earth? Are we believing in a millennium? Don't we feel that the spiral curve through which we ascend had its beginning elsewhere, and has its end, if any, beyond this terrestrial world of ours? Where is then a possible foundation for your essays and sketches?

Goethe's 'Contemplation' has created a multitude of little sects aiming at Rest, where is no rest, falsifying art, the element of which is evolution, not reproduction, transformation, not contemplation, and enervating the soul in self-abdicating Brahmanic attempts. For God's sake let not your Club add one little sect to the fatally existing hundreds !

There is nothing to be looked for in life except the uninterrupted fulfilment of Duty, and, not Rest, but a promise, a shadowing forth of Rest in Love. Only there must be in Love absolute trust ; and it is very seldom that this blessing descends on us. The child goes to sleep, with unbounded trust, on the mother's bosom ; but *our* sleep is a restless one, agitated by sad dreams and alarms.

You will smile at my lugubrious turn of mind ; but if I was one of *your* Artists, I would sketch a man on the scaffold going to die for a great Idea, for the cause of Truth, with his eye looking trustfully on a loving woman, whose finger would trustfully and smilingly point out to him the unbounded. Under the sketch I would write, not Rest, but 'a Promise of Rest'.

*Letter to the Pen and Pencil Club, 1867*



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